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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR DAVID LYNDSAY

OF THE MOUNT,

LION KING AT ARMS, UNDER JAMES V.

A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED:

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR;

PREFATORY DISSERTATIONS;

AND

AN APPROPRIATE GLOSSARY.

BY GEORGE CHALMERS, F.R.S. S.A.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME, PATERNOSTER-ROW;

AND A. CONSTABLE AND CO., EDINBURGH.

1806.

12485.22.(2)

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IN COURT, THAT TYME, WAS GUDE SCHIR DAVID LYNDSAY;
IN VULGARE TOUNG, HE BURE THE BELL THAT DAY,
TO MAK METER, RIGHT CUNNING, AND EXPERT.

ROLLAND.

43406
5.8.116
51.3

THE

WORKS

OF

SIR DAVID LYNDSAY.

THE SATYRE

OF

THE THREE ESTAITIS.

PART THE SECOND.

PAUPER, *the pure man.*

Of your almis, gude folks, for Godis lufe of hevin;
For I haif motherles bairns either sax, or sevin:
Gif ye'ill gif me na gude, for the lufe of Jesus,
Wishe me[1] the richt way till Sanct-Androis.

DILIGENCE.

Quhare haif we gottin this gudly companzeoun?
Swyith! out of the feild, fals raggit loun.
God wat, gif heir be ane weill keipit place,
Quhen sic ane vyle begger carle may get entres[2].
Fy on yow officiaris! that mendis nocht thir failzies,
I gif yow all till the devill baith provost, and bailzies:

[1] *Wishe me;* direct me. [2] *entres;* entrance.

Without ye cum, and chase this carle away,
The devill a word ye'is get mair of our play.
Fals huresun, raggit carle, quhat devil is that thou rugs!

PAUPER.

Quha devil maid the ane gentil man, that wald not cut thy lugs?

DILIGENCE.

Quhat now! me thinkis the carle begins to crack,
Swyith! carle away, or be this day, Ise brek thy back.

[*Heir sall the* CARLE *clim up and sit in the* KINGS *cheyre.*]

Cum doun, or be Godis croun, fals loun, I sall slay the.

PAUPER.

Now sweir, be thy brynt schinis, the devill ding thame fra the.
Quhat say ye till thir court dastards? Be thay get hail clais[1],
Sa sune as[2] thay leir to sweir, and trip on thair tais.

DILIGENCE.

Me thocht, the carle callit me knave, evin in my face.

[1] *be thay get hail clais;* by the time they get whole clothes.

[2] *Sa sune as;* so soon *do t* the *as* here seems plainly a misprint.

Be Sanct Fillane, thou sal be slane, bot gif thou ask grace:
Loup doun[1], or be the gude Lord, thow sall los thy heid.

PAUPER.

I sal anis drink, or I ga, thocht thou had sworne my deid.

[*Heir* DILIGENCE *castis away the ledder.*

DILIGENCE.

Loup now, gif thou list, for thou hes lost the ledder.

PAUPER.

It is full weil thy kind, to loup, and licht, in a ledder[2].
Thou sal be faine, to fetch agane the ledder, or I loup;
I sall sit heir, into this cheir, till I have tumde the stoup[3].

[*Heir sall the* CARLE *loup aff the scaffald.*

Swyith! beggar, bogill[4], haist the away;
Thow art over pert to spill[5] our play.

PAUPER.

I wil not gif, for al your play, worth an sowis fart:
For, thare is richt lytill play, at my hungrie hart.

[1] *Loup doun;* leap down, descend from the chair.
[2] to leap and light in a halter.
[3] *tumde the stoup;* emptied the pitcher.
[4] *bogill;* ghost, contemptuously. [5] *spill;* spoil.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat devill ails this cruckit carle?

PAUPER.

Marie mekill sorrow:
I can not get, thocht I gasp[1], to beg, nor to borrow.

DILIGENCE.

Quhare devill is this thou dwells, or quhat's thy intent?

PAUPER.

I dwell intill Lowthiane, ane myle fra Tranent.

DILIGENCE.

Quhare wald thou be, carle? the suth to me schaw.

PAUPER.

Schir, evin to Sanct-Androis, for to seik law.

DILIGENCE.

For to seik law, in Edinburgh, was the neirest way.

PAUPER.

Schir, I socht law thare this monie deir day:
Bot, I culd get nane at sessioun, nor senzie[2];

[1] *gasp;* pant.

[2] at *sessioun*, nor *senzie*. The present court of session was established, in May 1532. The word *senzie* is supposed to

Tharefor, the mekill din devill droun all the menzie[1].

DILIGENCE.

Shaw me thy mater, man, with al the circumstances,
How, that thou hes happinit, on thir unhappie chances.

PAUPER.

Gude man, will ye gif me your charitie;
And I sall declair yow the black veritie.
My father was ane auld man, and ane hoir[2],
And was of age fourscore of yeiris, and moir.
And Mald, my mother, was fourscore and fyftene,
And with my labour I did thame baith sustene.
Wee had ane meir, that caryit salt, and coill[3],
And everilk yeir, scho brocht us hame ane foill.

mean *the assizes.* MS. Glos. It is, however, certain, that it meant the *consistory*; the purpose of the poet being to satirize both the civil, and the ecclesiastical courts. The Pauper afterwards says to the Pardoner; "Or to the bishop, I sal pass and plenzie, in Sanct-Androis: and summon yow to the *senzie.*" Again, the temporal estate says to the spirituality: "Gif he has faltit, summond him to *your senzie.*" The *senzie* was plainly, then, an ecclesiastical court. The synod, in the modern sense, did not exist in that age.

[1] *menzie*; the group.

[2] *hoir*; hoary.

[3] *coill*; coal: we here see, that coals were brought to the towns, on mares' backs.

Wee had thre ky, that was baith fat, and fair,
Nane tydier into the toun of Air[1].
My father was sa waik of blude, and bane,
That he deit, quharefor my mother maid gret mane;
Then scho deit, within ane day, or two;
And thare began my povertie, and wo.
Our gude gray meir was baitand on the feild,
And our lands laird tuke hir, for his heryeild[2],
The vickar tuke the best cow be the heid,
Incontinent, quhen my father was deid.
And quhen the vickar hard tel how that my mother
Was deid, fra hand, he tuke to him ane uther:
Then Meg, my wife, did murne baith evin, and
morrow,
Till at the last scho deit, for verie sorrow:
And quhen the vickar hard tell my wyfe was deid,
The thrid cow he cleikit be the heid.

[1] The town of *Air* is here brought in merely for the rhyme. The poor man lived, at Tranent, a place of ancient colliery; and to carry coals to Edinburgh, on his mare, was a natural circumstance: But, the town of Air had no connection with the man and his mare. What a *quibble* was to Shakspeare, according to Johnson, a *rhyme* was to Lyndsay, the fatal Cleopatra, for whom he lost the world, and was content to lose it. Yet, is the story well, and ably, and artfully told.

[2] *heryeild*; the fine paid to the landlord, on the death of his vassal or tenant.

Thair upmest clayis, that was of raploch gray,
The vickar gart his clark bere thame away.
Quhen all was gane, I micht, mak na debeat,
Bot, with my bairns, past, for till beg my meat.
Now, haif I tald yow the black veritie,
How I am brocht into this miserie.

DILIGENCE.

How did the parson? was he not thy gude freind?

PAUPER.

The devil stick him, he curst me for my teind[1];
And halds me yit under that same proces,
That gart me want the sacrament at Pasche.
In gude faith, schir, thocht he wald cut my throt,
I haif na geir except ane Inglis grot;
Quhilk, I purpois to gif ane man of law.

DILIGENCE.

Thou art the daftest fuill, that ever I saw;
Trows thou, man, be the law, to get remeid,
Of men of kirk? Na, nocht till thou be deid.

PAUPER.

Schir, be quhat law, tell me, quharefor, or quhy?
That ane vickar suld tak fra me thre ky.

[1] *curst me for my teind;* he excommunicated me for my *tythe.*

DILIGENCE.

Thay haif na law, exceptand consuetude[1],
Quhilk law, to thame, is sufficient and gude.

PAUPER.

Ane consuetude, aganis the common weill,
Suld be na law, I think, be sweit Sanct Geill.
Quhare will ye find that law, tell gif ye can?
To tak thre ky, fra ane pure husband man.
Ane, for my father, and for my wyfe ane uther,
And the thrid cow, he tuke for Mald my mother[2].

DILIGENCE.

It is thair law, all that thay haif in use,
Thocht it be cow, sow, ganer, gryse, or guse.

PAUPER.

Schir, I wald speir at yow ane questioun:
Behald sum prelats of this regioun,
Manifestlie, during their lustie lyfis,
Thay swyve ladyis, madinis, and uther men's wyfis;
And sa, thair cunts thay haif in consuetude;
Quhidder say ye, that law is evill, or gude?

[1] *excepting* consuetude.

[2] For the *corse-present*, or mortuary.

DILIGENCE.

Hald thy toung, man, it seims that thou war mangit[1],
Speik thou of preistis, but dout, thou will be hangit.

PAUPER.

Be him, that bure the cruell croun of thorne,
I cair nocht to be hangit, evin the morne.

DILIGENCE.

Be sure, of preistis thou will get na support.

PAUPER.

Gif that be trew, the feind resave the sort[2]!
Sa, sen I se, I get na uther grace,
I will ly doun, and rest me in this place.

[PAUPER *lyis doun in the feild:* PARDONER *entera.*

PARDONER[3].

Bona dies! Bona dies!

[1] *war mangit;* were deranged in mind.

[2] *the sort;* the devil receive the whole order.

[3] The *Pardoner* is a principal character in the Canterbury Tales, and Chaucer has ably pourtrayed him in the Prologue: he is also a frequent character in the old moralities. See Heywood's Four P.'s, the Palmer, the Pardoner, the Poticary, and the Pedlar. Dodsley's old Plays. John Heywood was one of the earliest of the English dramatists, and was contemporary with Lyndsay: Heywood fled from the Reformation; and Lyndsay courted her.

Devoit pepill, gude day, I say yow,
Now tarie ane lytill quhyll, I pray yow,
Till I be with yow knawin:
Wat ye weill how I am namit?
Ane nobill man, and undefamit,
Gif all the suith war schawin.
I am schir Robert Rome-raker,
Ane perfyte publik pardoner,
Admittit be the Pape[1]:
Sirs, I sall schaw yow, for my wage,
My pardons, and my pilgramage,
Quhilk ye sall se, and grape[2]:
I give to the devill, with gude intent,
This unsell[3] wickit New-testament,
With thame that it translaitit:

[1] *Pardoners* were well known characters, at the epoch of the Reformation, who retailed the pope's indulgences, for profit, in every Christian country. Chaucer exposed them to ridicule in England. Luther raised the indignation of Germany against them; and Lyndsay now tried to make the pardoner contemptible in Scotland. The impositions of the pardoners, on the credulity of the people, were checked by several councils. See Du Cange in v. *Quæstiarii*, and *Quæstionarius*. By the stat. 22 Henry VIII. c. 12. all *Procters*, and *Pardoners*, going about in any country, without sufficient authority, are to be treated as vagabonds.

[2] *grape;* grope, feel: "He kist me first, did *grape* my breests." Yorksh. Dialogue.

[3] *unsell;* evil, wicked.

Sen layik men knew the veritie,
Pardoners getis no charitie,
Without that thay debait it.
Amang the wyves with wrinks[1] and wyles,
As all my marrowis[2], men begyles,
With our fair fals flattrie:
Yea, all the craftis I ken, perqueir,
As I was teichit, be ane Freir,
Callit Hypocrisie.
Bot now, allace! our gret abusioun
Is cleirlye knawin till our confusioun,
That we may sair repent:
Of all credence, now I am quyte,
For, ilk man halds me, at dispyte,
That reids the New-test'ment.
Dule fell the braine, that hes it wrocht,
Sa, fall thame that the buke hame brocht:
Als, I pray to the rude,
That Martin Luther, that fals loun,
Black Bullinger, and Melancthoun,
Had bene smorde in their cude[3].

[1] *wrinks;* playful wreathings, tricks; the same as *crank.*

[2] *marrowis;* fellow-pardoners.

[3] *smorde* in their *cude;* smothered in their *cude,* or face-cloth with which the child was covered at baptism. Lyndsay repeats this expression frequently. In the Monarchies he makes the damned wish: "We had bene *smorit* in our *cude.*"

Be him, that bure the crowne of thorne,
I wald Sanct Paull had never bene borne,
And, als, I wald his bukis
War never red, in the kirk,
Bot, amangis freiris, into the mirk,
Or riven amang rukis[1].

[*Heir sall he lay doun his geir upon ane buird; and say:*

My patent pardouns, ye may se,
Cum fra the Can of Tartarie,
Weill seald, with oster-schellis.
Thocht ye haif na contritioun,
Ye sall haif full remissioun,
With help of bukes, and bellis.
Heir, is ane relict lang, and braid,
Of Fyn Macoull the richt chaft blaid[2],
With teith, and al togidder:

[1] *rukis;* rooks; applied to the building of rooks' nests.

[2] *Of Fyn Macoull the richt chaft blaid;* of Fin-Mac-Coul the proper jaw-bone. The allusion is obviously pointed to *Fin-Mac-Coul*, the famous Fingal, the son of Comhall. Fin-Mac-Coul is a personage, who, with the other heroes of Ossian, was very familiar to the historians, and poets of Scotland, during the age of Lyndsay, and during some centuries before. They were mentioned by Barber, in 1375; by Holland, in his *Howlat*, 1453;

Of Collins cow, heir is ane horne,
For eating of Makconnals corne,

by bishop Douglas, in his *Palice of Honour*; by the historians, Boece, and Lesley; and even by Colvil, in his *Whig's Supplication*, 1681. From all those premisses, it follows, that neither of the contending parties, about the genuineness of *Ossian*, are altogether right. The chronology of Hanmer, Macpherson, and their followers, is most egregiously erroneous. On the other hand, those who insist on the forgery of Ossian's Poems by Macpherson, and on the recentness of Ossian, argue against facts, which cannot be contradicted. Gawin Douglas, in his *Palice of Honour*, mentions

"Gret Gow Mac Morne, and Fin Mac Cowl, and how
"They suld be goddis, in Ireland, as they say."

Gow Mac Morne is *Gaul*, the son of *Morni*; *Gow* being the Scoto-Saxon pronunciation of *Gaul*. If we follow the learned bishop to Ireland, we shall discover "the Genealogy of *Fin-Erin*, or Fin-M'Coyl," in the Rev. Doctor Hanmer's Chronicle, p. 94. "The Danes of the line of *Fin-Erin*, that "came out of Denmarke, were these; David, the king's sonne; "who had to his sonne borne, in Ireland, Dewre Dove, who "had foure sonnes, Cowrry, Boyskene, Fyagh, and Oghe; Boy-"skene had a sonne called Gatreneslo; and Con-Caghmore "was his sonne; Con had a son named Ferrelagh; and he "had a son called *Trenmore*; this Trenmore had to his "sonne *Coylle*-Negoe; and he had a sonne called Fin-Fa, alias "Fin Mac Coyle; and he had a sonne called *Oshen*; and he "had a sonne called Osker. This *Oshen* lived An. Dom. 432, "in the dayes of St. Patrick, unto whom he made a relation of "many things before going, and was by him baptized, being "of the age of seven-score yeeres." Such is the egregious

Was slane into Balquhidder[1].
Heir is ane cord, baith gret, and lang,
Quhilk hangit Johne the Armistrang[2],
Of gude hemp soft, and sound:
Gude, halie pepill, I stand for'd,
Quhaever beis hangit, with this cord,
Neidis never to be dround.

fable of Dr. Hanmer! There were no Danes, in that age: there were no Danish rovers, or *sea-kings* till almost four centuries had elapsed after this epoch: yet, is this passage curious, as it contains so many characters, who have become of late, so very famous, and familiar to us. It is true, indeed, that Ossian, and his heroes, are always connected with the *Danes*; the *Danes* of *Ireland*: But, the true epoch of the arrival of the Danish sea-kings, in that island, is the beginning of the *ninth* century; as we know from Ware, and Usher: of consequence, in fair discussion, the story of Ossian, and his heroes, cannot be carried back, beyond the *ninth* century: Neither can poems, which are chiefly founded on that story, be older than the events, which compose that story. But, we find, in fact, that several of the heroes of Ossian were mentioned by our historians, and poets, for centuries before Macpherson was born; and Ossian, and his heroes, are, to this day, interwoven into the *topography* of Scotland, and the traditions of the country.

[1] *Balquhidder*; a parish in the west of Perthshire: the Mac Connals were a powerful clan in Lyndsay's age; but they lived chiefly in Kintyre.

[2] Johnny Armstrong, the well-known border freebooter, who, by a great effort of justice, was hanged, in June 1529, near Carlenrig, in Teviotdale.

The culum[1] of Sanct Bryds kow,
The gruntill of Sanct Antonis sow[2],
Quhilk bure his haly bell:
Quha ever he be heiris this bell clink,
Gif me ane ducat, for till drink,
He sall never gang to hell,
Without he be of Beliall borne,
Maisters, trow ye, that this be scorne[3]?
Cum win this pardoun, cum.

[1] the tail.

[2] the snout of St. Anthony's sow, which bore his holy bell. St. Anthony is said to have been originally a swineherd, and he is always represented with his favourite pig, having a bell about its neck. "He will follow him like *St. Anthony's pig*," is an old proverb. In Kent, the pet, or smallest pig of the litter, is called the *Anthony pig*. Lyndsay, in his exclamation against idolatry, in the Monarchies, states that, "Sanct Anthoné [is] set up with ane *sow*," and that the people invoke "Sanct Anthony to saif the *sow*."

[3] With Lyndsay's ludicrous collection of relics, compare the budget of Chaucer's Pardoner:

"His wallet lay beforne him in his lappe
Bretful of pardons come from Rome al hote."

"For in his male he hadde a pilwebere
Which, as he saide, was oure Ladies veil:
He saide he hadde a gobbet of the seyl
Whiche that Seint Peter had, whan that he went
Upon the see, till Jesu Christ him hent:

Quha luffis thair wyfis nocht, with thair hart,
I haif power thame for till part,
Me think yow deif, and dum.
Hes nane of yow curst wickit wyfis,
That halds yow intill sturt[1] and stryfis,
Cum tak my dispensatioun:
Of that cummer, I sall mak yow quyte,
Howbeit your selfis be, in the wyte[2],
And mak ane fals narratioun.
Cum win the pardoun, now let se,
For meill, for malt, or for monie,
For cok, hen, guse, or gryse.
Of relics, heir I haif ane hunder;
Quhy cum ye nocht? this is ane wonder:
I trow ye be nocht wyse.

SOWTAR.

Welcum hame, Robert Rome-raker,
Our halie patent pardoner:
Gif ye haif dispensatioun,
To pairt me, and my wickit wyfe,
And me deliver from sturt, and stryfe,
I mak yow supplicatioun.

He had a crois of laton ful of stones,
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones."

[1] vexation. [2] be to blame.

PARDONER.

I sall yow pairt, but mair[1] demand,
Sa, I get mony in my hand;
Tharefor let se sum cunzie.

SOWTAR.

I haif na silver, be my lyfe,
Bot fyve schillings, and my schaipping knyfe,
That sall ye haif, but sunzie[2].

PARDONER.

Quhat kynd of woman is thy wyfe?

SOWTAR.

Ane quick devill, schir, ane storm of stryfe,
Ane frog, that fyles the winde[3];
Ane fistand flag, a flagartie fuffe[4],
At ilk ane pant, scho lets ane puffe,
And hes na ho behind[5].
All the lang day, scho me dispytis,
And all the nicht, scho flingis, and flytis[6],
Thus sleip I never ane wink:

[1] *but mair*; without more.
[2] *but sunzie*; without excuse.
[3] *Ane frog, that fyles the winde*; a frog that defiles the air.
[4] a fisting jade, a flouncing whiff.
[5] *ho*, for hold; has no hold behind.
[6] *flytis*; scolds.

That cockatrice, that commoun hure,
The mekill devill may nocht indure,
Hir stubornnes, and stink.

SOWTAR'S WYFE.

Theif, carle, thy wordis I hard rycht weill,
In faith, my freindschip, ye sall feill,
And I the fang[1].

SOWTAR.

Gif I said ocht, dame, be the rude,
Except ye war baith fair, and gude,
God, nor I hang[2].

PARDONER.

Fair dame, gif ye wald be ane wower,
To part yow twa, I haif ane power,
Tell on[3], ar ye content?

SOWTAR'S WYFE.

Yea, that I am, with all my hart,
Fra that fals huresone till depart,
Gif this theif will consent.
Causes to part I haif anew;
Becaus I gat na chalmer-glew,
I tell yow, verely;

[1] If I thee gripe. [2] God, may I be hanged.
[3] *tell on*; speak out.

I mervell nocht, sa mot I lyve,
Howbeit, that swingeour can not swyve,
He is baith cauld, and dry.

PARDONER.

Quhat wil ye gif me, for your part?

SOWTAR'S WYFE.

Ane cuppill of sarks[1], with all my hart,
The best claith, in the land.

PARDONER.

To part, sen ye ar baith content,
I sall yow part, incontinent,
Bot, ye mon do command:
My will, and finall sentence is,
Ilk ane of yow uthers arsse kis:
Slip doun your hois[2], me thinkis the carle is glaikit[3],
Set thou not by, howbeit, scho kisse, and slaik it[4],

[*Heir sall scho kis his arsse with silence*[5].

Lift up hir clais, kis hir hoill with your hart.

[1] *sarks*; shirts. [2] *hois*; breeches, trouse.
[3] *glaikit*; foolish. [4] *slaik it*; lick it.
[5] There is a similar punishment, prescribed in Gammer Gurton's Needle. Hawkins, O. P. 238-9.

SOWTAR.

I pray yow, schir, forbid hir for to fart.

[*Heir sall the* CARLE *kis hir arsse with silence.*

PARDONER.

Dame, pas ye to the eist end of the toun;
And pas ye west, evin lyke ane cuckald loun;
Go hence ye baith, with Belial's braid blissing;
Schirs, saw ye ever mair sorrowles pairting?

[*Heir sall the boy cry aff the hill.*

WILKIN.

Hoaw! maister, hoaw! quhare ar ye now?

PARDONER.

I am heir, Wilkin, widdiefow[1].

WILKIN.

Schir, I haif done your bidding;
For, I haif fund ane gret hors bane,
Ane fairer saw ye never nane,
Upon dame Flescher's midding[2].
Schir, ye may gar the wyfis trow[3],
It is ane bane of Sanct Brydis cow;
Gude for the fever quartane:

[1] *widdiefow*; gallows-full: Shakspeare uses *gallows*, for a wretch deserving the gallows, or *widdie*.
[2] *midding*; dunghill. [3] believe.

Schir, will ye reull this relic weill,
All the wyfis will baith kis, and kneill,
Betwixt this, and Dumbartane[1].

PARDONER.

Quhat say thay of me, in the toun?

WILKIN.

Some sayis ye ar ane verie loun;
Sum sayis, *Legatus natus*;
Sum sayis y'ar ane fals Saracene;
And sum sayis ye ar, for certane,
Diabolus incarnatus.
Bot, keip yow, fra subjectioun,
Of the curst king, Correctioun:
For be ye with him fangit[2];
Becaus ye ar ane Rome-raker,
Ane common publick cawsay-paker[3],
But dout ye will be hangit.

PARDONER.

Quhare sall I luge into the toun?

[1] *Will ye reull this relic weill*; if you will manage this relic properly: St. Bryde's cow is often mentioned by Lyndsay, as the guardian saint of the old women's cows and calves.

[2] *fangit*; caught. [3] a street-walker.

WILKIN.

With gude, kynde, Christiane Anderson,
Quhare ye will be weill treatit.
Gif ony limmer[1] yow demandis,
Scho will defend yow with hir handis,
And womanlie debait it.
Bawburdie[2] says, be the Trinitie,
That scho sall beir yow cumpanie,
Howbeit ye byde ane yeir.

PARDONER.

Thou hes done weill, be Godis mother,
Tak ye the tane, and I the t'other;
Sa sall we mak greit cheir.

WILKIN.

I reid yow; speid yow heir,
And mak na langer tarie:
Byde ye lang thare, but weir[3],
I dreid your weird[4], yow warie[5].

[*Heir sall* PAUPER *rise and rax him*[6].

[1] *limmer*; rogue. [2] *bawburdie*; whoredom.

[3] *but weir*; without doubt. [4] *weird*; fate.

[5] *warie*; curse: I dread your fate; you will be undone.

[6] *rax him*; stretch himself.

PAUPER.

Quhat thing was yon that I hard crak and cry?
I haif bene dreamand, and dreveland, of my ky.
With my richt hand my haill bodie I saine[1],
Sanct Bryd, Sanct Bryd, send me my ky againe!
I se standand yonder ane halie man,
To mak me help, let me se, gif he can:
Halie maister, God speid yow! and gude morne.

PARDONER.

Welcum to me, thocht thou war at the horne[2],
Cum win the pardoun, and syne, I sall the saine.

PAUPER.

Wil that pardoun get me my ky againe?

PARDONER.

Carle, of thy ky, I haif nathing ado:
Cum win my pardon, and kis my relics to.

[*Heir sall he saine him with his relics.*

PARDONER.

Now lowse thy pursse[3], and lay doun thy offrand,
And thou sall haif my pardon evin fra hand.

[1] *saine*; bless.

[2] *at the horne*; a person is said, in the Scotish law, to be *at the horn*, when he is proclaimed a rebel, and outlawed, by three blasts of a horn.

[3] *lowse thy pursse*; loose, untye thy purse-strings.

With raipis[1], and relics, I sall the saine againe;
Of gut, or gravel, thou sall never haif paine:
Now, win the pardon, limmer, or thou art lost.

PAUPER.

My haly father, quhat wil that pardon cost?

PARDONER.

Let se quhat mony thou bearest in thy bag.

PAUPER.

I haif ane groat heir bund into ane rag.

PARDONER.

Hes thou na uther silver bot ane groat?

PAUPER.

Gif I haif mair, schir, cum, and rype[2] my coat.

PARDONER.

Gif[3] me that groat, man, gif[4] thou hest na mair.

PAUPER.

With all my hart, maister, lo tak it thair:
Now let me se your pardon, with your leif.

[1] *raipis*; ropes. [2] *rype*; search.
[3] Gif; give. [4] if.

PARDONER.

Ane thousand yeir of pardonis, I the geif.

PAUPER.

Ane thousand yeir! I will nocht live sa lang;
Deliver me it, maister, and let me gang.

PARDONER.

Ane thousand yeir, I lay upon thy head,
With *totiens quotiens:* now, mak me na mair plead[1]:
Thou hast resaivit thy pardon now already.

PAUPER.

Bot, I can se na thing, schir, be our Lady;
Forsuith, maister, I trow, I be nocht wyse,
To pay ere I haif sene my marchandyse.
That ye haif gottin my groat full sair I rew:
Schir, quhidder is your pardon black, or blew?
Maister, sen ye haif tane fra me my cunzie,
My marchandyse, schaw me, withouttin sunzie[2];
Or, to the bischop, I sall pass, and plenzie[3],
In Sanct-Androis, and summond yow to the senzie[4].

PARDONER.

Quhat cravis the carle? me thinkis thou art not wise.

[1] *plead;* plea, objection.
[2] *sunzie;* excuse.
[3] *plenzie;* complain.
[4] *senzie;* the consistory court.

PAUPER.

I craif my groat, or ellis my marchandyse.

PARDONER.

I gaif the pardon, for ane thowsand yeir.

PAUPER.

How sall I get that pardon, let me heir?

PARDONER.

Stand still, and I sall tell the haill storie:
Quhen thow art deid, and gais to purgatorie,
Being condemnit to paine a thowsand yeir,
Then, sall thy pardoun the releve but weir[1]:
Now, be content, ye ar ane mervelous man.

PAUPER.

Sall I get nathing, for my groat, quhill than?

PARDONER.

That sall thou not, I mak it to yow plaine.

PAUPER.

Na, than, gossip, gif me my groat againe.
Quhat say ye, maisters, call ye this gude resoun?
That he suld promeis me ane gay pardoun:

[1] *but weir*; without doubt.

And he resave my money, in his stede;
Syne, mak me na payment till I be dede.
Quhen I am dede, I wat full sikkerlie,
My sillie saull will pas to purgatorie:
Declair me this? now God, nor Beliall, bind the,
Quhen I am thare, curst carle, quhare sall I find the?
Not into hevin, but rather into hell:
Quhen thou art thare, thou cannot help thy sel.
Quhen will thou cum my dolours till abait?
Or, I the find, my hippis will get ane hait.
Trowis thou, butchour, that I will by blind lambis:
Gif me my groat, the devill dryte in thy gambis[1].

PARDONER.

Swyith! stand abak! I trow this man be mangit:
Thou gets not this, carle, thocht thou suld be hangit.

PAUPER.

Gif me my groat, weill bund intill ane clout,
Or, be Godis breid, Robin[2] sall beir ane rout.
[*Heir sal thay fecht with silence, and* PAUPER *sal cast doun the buird, and cast the relics in the water.*]

DILIGENCE.

Quhat kind of daffing is this al day?
Swyith! smaiks[3], out of the feild, away:

[1] *gambis*; for gums, to suit the rhyme.
[2] *Robin* Rome-raker. [3] *smaiks*; knaves.

Intill ane presoun, put them, sone,
Syne, hang thame, quhen the play is done.

[*Heir sall* DILIGENCE *mak his proclamatioun.*

DILIGENCE.

Famous pepill, tak tent, and ye sall se
The thre estatis of this natioun
Cum to the court, with ane strange gravitie;
Tharefor, I mak yow supplicatioun,
Till ye haif heard our haill narratioun,
To keip silence, and be patient, I pray yow,
Howbeit we speik be adulatioun,
Wee sall say nathing, bot the suith, I say yow:
Gude, verteous men, that luffis the veritie,
I wat thay will excuse our negligence:
Bot, vicious men, denude of charitie,
As fenzeit, fals, flattrand Saracens;
Howbeit, thay cry on us ane loud vengence,
And of our pastyme mak ane fals report:
Quhat may wee do, bot tak in patience,
And us refer unto the faithfull sort.
Our Lord Jesus, Peter, nor Paull,
Culd nocht compleis the pepill all,
Bot sum war miscontent:
Howbeit thay schew the veritie,
Sum said, that it war herisie,
Be thair maist fals jugement.

[*Heir sall the thre estatis cum fra the palzeoun; gang-and backwart, led be thair vyces.*]

WANTONNES.

Now braid benedicite,
Quhat thing is yon that I se?
Luke[1] Solace, my hart.

SOLACE.

Brother, Wantonnes, quhat thinkis thow?
Yon ar the thre estatis, I trow;
Gangand backwart.

WANTONNES.

Backwart, backwart, out wallaway!
It is gret schame, for thame, I say,
Backwart till gang;
I trow the king Correctioun,
Man mak ane reformatioun,
Or it be lang.
Now, let us go, and tell the king: [*Pausa.*
Schir, wee haif sene ane mervelous thing,
Be our jugement:
The thrie estatis of this regioun,
Ar cummand backwart, throw this toun,
To the parlament.

KIT.

Backwart, backwart, how may that be?
Gar speid them haistelie to me;
In dreid, that thay ga wrang.

[1] *Luke*, look.

PLACEBO.

Schir, I se thame yonder cummand,
Thay will be heir evin fra hand,
Als fast as thay may gang.

GUDE-COUNSEL.

Schir, hald you stil, and skar thame nocht[1],
Till ye persave quhat be thair thocht,
And se quhat men thame leidis:
And let the king Correctioun,
Mak ane scharp inquisitioun,
And mark thame be the heidis.
Quhen ye ken the occasioun,
That makis thame sic persuasioun;
Ye may expell the caus:
Syne thame reforme, as ye think best,
Swa that the realme may live in rest,
According to Godis lawis.

[*Heir sall the thrie estatis cum and turne thair faces to the* KING.]

SPIRITUALITIE.

Glore, honour, laud, triumph, and victorie,
Be to your michtie, prudent, excellence:
Heir ar we cum, all the estatis thrie,
Readie to mak our dew obedience,
At your command, with humill observance,

[1] *skar thame nocht;* affright them not.

As may pertene to Spiritualitie,
With counsall of the Temporalitie.

TEMPORALITIE.

Schir, we with michtie curage, at command
Of your superexcellent majestie,
Sall mak service, baith with our hart, and hand,
And sall not dreid, in thy defence, to die:
Wee ar content, but dout that wee may se
That nobill hevinlie king Correctioun,
Sa he, with mercie, mak punitioun.

MERCHAND.

Schir, we ar heir, your burgessis, and marchandis,
Thanks be to God, that we may se your face:
Traistand wee may now, into divers landis,
Convoy our geir, with support of your grace:
For now, I traist, wee sall get rest, and peace,
Quhen misdoars ar, with your swerd, overthrawin;
Then, may leil-merchandis live upon thair awin.

REX.

Welcum to me, my prudent lordis all,
Ye ar my members, suppois I be your heid:
Sit doun, that we may, with your just counsall,
Aganis misdoars find soverane remeid:
Wee sall nocht spair, for favour, nor for feid[1],

[1] *feid*; enmity: This is a favourite expression of our poet.

With your avyce to mak punitioun;
And put my swerd till executioun.

CORRECTIOUN.

My tender freindis, I pray yow, with my hart,
Declair till me the thing, that I wald speir,
Quhat is the caus, that ye gang all backwart?
The veritie thareof, faine wald I heir.

SPIRITUALITIE.

Soverane, we haif gane sa, this mony a yeir;
Howbeit, ye think we go undecently,
Wee think wee gang richt wonder plesantly.

DILIGENCE.

Sit doun, my lordis, intill your proper places:
Syne let the king consider all sic caces.
Sit doun, schir scribe, and sit doun Dempster[1] to:
And fence the court[2], as ye war wont to do.

[*Thay ar set doun, and* GUD-COUNSELL *sall pas to his seat.*]

[1] *Dempster*; the executive officer, who pronounces the *dome*, or judgment of the court.

[2] *to fence the court*; to proclaim the sitting of the court: When the courts of justice sat in the open air, it became necessary to *fence* the court; for keeping off the multitude.

REX.

My prudent lordis of the thrie estatis,
It is our will abufe all uther thing,
For to reforme all thame that makis debatis,
Contrair the richt, quhilk daylie dois maling;
And thay, that dois the common-weill doun thring,
With help, and counsell, of king Correctioun,
It is our will, for to mak punisching;
And plaine oppressouris put to subjectioun.

SPIRITUALITIE.

Quhat thing is this, schir, that ye haif devysit?
Schirs, ye haif neid, for till be weill avysit:
Be nocht haistie into your executioun,
And be nocht ovir extreme in your punitioun.
And gif ye plese to do, schir, as wee say,
Postpone this parlament till ane uther day:
For quhy? the pepill of this regioun
May nocht indure extreme correctioun.

CORRECTIOUN.

Is this the part, my lordis, that ye will tak?
To mak us supportatioun to correct:
It dois appeir, that ye ar culpabill,
That ar nocht to Correctioun applyabill.
Swyith, Diligence, ga schaw it is our will,
That everilk man, opprest, geve in his bill[1].

[1] *bill;* bill of complaint.

DILIGENCE.

All maneir of men, I warne, that be opprest,
Cum, and complaine, and thay sal be redrest:
For quhy, it is the nobill prince's will,
That ilk compleiner sall gif in his bill.

JOHNE *the Common-weill.*

Out of my gait, for God's saik, let me ga:
Tell me againe, gude maister, quhat ye say.

DILIGENCE.

I warne al that be wrangouslie offendit,
Cum, and complaine, and thay sall be amendit.

JOHNE.

Thankit be Christ, that bure the croun of thorne,
For I was never sa blyth, sen I was borne.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat is thy name, fallow, that wald I feill[1]?

JOHNE.

Forsuith, thay call me Johne the common-weill.
Gude maister, I wald speir at you ane thing,
Quhare, traist ye, I sall find yon new-cumde[2] king?

[1] *wald I feill;* would I know.
[2] *new-cumde;* new-come.

DILIGENCE.

Cum over, and I sall schaw the to his grace.

JOHNE.

God's bennison[1] licht on that luckie face!
Stand by the gait, let se, gif I can loup,
I man rin fast, in cace I get ane coup.

[*Heir sall* JOHNE *loup the stank, or els fall in it.*

DILIGENCE.

Speid the away, thou taryis all to lang.

JOHNE.

Now be this day I may na faster gang.

JOHNE *to the King.*

Gude day, gud day, greit God saif baith your graces!
Wallie, wallie[2] fall thae twa weill fairde faces.

REX.

Shaw me thy name, gude man, I the command.

JOHNE.

Marie, Johne the common-weill of fair Scotland.

REX.

The common-weill hes bene amang his fais.

[1] *bennison;* blessing. [2] *Wallie, wallie;* well, good befall!

JOHNE.

Yea, schir, that gars the common-weill want clais.

REX.

Quhat is the caus the common-weill is crukit?

JOHNE.

Becaus the common-weill hes bene overlukit.

REX.

Quhat gars the luke sa, with ane dreirie hart?

JOHNE.

Becaus the thrie estatis gangis all backwart.

REX.

Schir Common-weill, knaw ye the limmers, that them leidis?

JOHNE.

Thair canker cullours, I ken thame be the heidis:
As for our reverent fathers of Spiritualitie,
Thay ar led be Covetice, and cairles Sensualitie.
And as ye se Temporalitie hes neid of correctioun,
Quhilk hes lang tyme bene led be publick oppressioun:
Lo! quhare the loun lyis lurkand, at his back;
Get up, I think to se thy craig gar ane raip crack[1].

[1] *thy craig gar ane raip crack;* thy neck make a rope break.

Lo! heir is Falset, and Dissait, weill I ken,
Leiders of the merchants, and sillie craftis-men.
Quhat mervell thocht the thrie estatis backwart gang?
Quhen sic an vyle cumpanie dwels thame amang;
Quhilk hes reulit this rout mony deir dayis,
Quhilk gars Johne the common-weill want his warme clais:
Schir, call thame befoir yow, and put thame in ordour,
Or els, Johne the common-weill man[1] beg on the bordour.
Thou feinzeit Flattrie, the feind fart in thy face[2],
Quhen ye was guyder of the court we gat litill grace.
Ryse up Falset, and Dissait, without ony sunzie[3],
I pray God! nor the devils dame dryte on thy grunzie[4].
Behauld, as the loun lukis evin lyke a theif,
Mony wicht[5] warkman, thou brocht till mischeif.
My soverane lord, Correctioun, I mak yow supplication,
Put thir tryit truckers[6] from Christis congregation.

[1] *man;* must.

[2] *the feind fart in thy face;* An old Scotish curse. MS. Glos.

[3] excuse. [4] *grunzie;* snout.

[5] *wicht;* stout, good.

[6] *thir tryit truckers;* these experienced truckers, cheats.

CORRECTIOUN.

As ye haif devysit, but dout, it sal be done:
Cum heir, my sergeants, and do your debt[1] sone:
Put thir thrie pillours[2] into presoun strang,
Howbeit, ye suld hang thame, ye do thame na wrang.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Soverane lordis, wee sall obey your commandis:
Brother, upon thir limmers, lay on thy handis;
Ryse up sone loun, thou luikis evin lyke ane lurdan,
Your mouth war meit to drink an wesche jurdan[3].

SECUND SERGEANT.

Cum heir, gossop, cum heir, cum heir,
Your rackles[4] lyfe ye sall repent:
Quhen was ye wont to be sa sweir?
Stand still, and be obedient.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Thare is nocht, in all this toun,
Bot, I wald nocht this tale war tald.
Bot, I wald hang him, for his goun,
Quhidder, that it war laird, or laid[5].

[1] *debt;* duty. [2] *pillours;* thieves.

[3] *wesche jurdan;* the contents of a chamber-pot.

[4] *rackles;* careless.

[5] *laird, or laid;* landlord, or common fellow: and *laid* is put, to suit the rhyme, for *lad,* young fellow.

I trow this pillour be spur-gaid[1],
Put in thy hand into this cord,
Howbeit, I se thy skap skyre skaid[2];
Thou art ane stewat[3] I stand for'd.

[*Heir sall the vycis be led to the stocks.*

SECUND SERGEANT.

Put in your leggis into the stockis,
For, ye had never ane meiter hois[4]:
Thir stewats stinkis as thay war brokis[5],
Now, ar ye sikker, I suppois. [*Pausa.*
My lordis, wee haif done your commandis;
Sall wee put Covetice, in captivitie?

CORRECTIOUN.

Yea, hardlie lay on thame your handis:
Richt sa upon Sensualitie.

SPIRITUALITIE.

This is my grainter[6] and my chalmerlaine;
And hes my gould, and geir, under thir curis:

[1] *spur-gaid;* spur-gall'd, as in Shakspeare: "*Spur-gall'd,* and tir'd by jaunting Bolingbroke."

[2] *skap skyre skaid;* head shining, scabby.

[3] *stewat;* a stinkart. [4] *meiter hois;* fitter hose.

[5] *brokis;* badgers, as in Wiclif.

[6] *grainter;* granary-keeper: The grainter, and the chamberlain had the gold, and geir of the Spirituality under their care.

I mak ane vow to God, I sall complaine
Unto the Paip, how ye do me injuris.

COVETICE.

My reverent fatheris, tak in patience,
I sall nocht lang remane from your presence,
Thocht for ane quhyll, I man from yow depart,
I wait my spreit sall remane in your hart:
And quhen this king Correctioun beis absent,
Then, sall we twa returne, incontinent;
Tharefor adew!—

SPIRITUALITIE.

Adew, be Sanct Mavene,
Pas quhare ye will, we ar twa naturall men[1].

SENSUALITIE.

Adew, my lord.

SPIRITUALITIE.

Adew, my awin sweit hart:
Now, dule fell me, that wee twa man depart[2].

SENSUALITIE.

My lord, howbeit, this parting dois me paine,
I traist in God, we sal meit sone againe.

[1] *twa naturall men;* we two are naturally connected.
[2] *man depart*; must part.

SPIRITUALITIE.

To cum againe, I pray yow, do your cure,
Want I yow twa, I may nocht lang indure.

[*Heir sal the* SERGEANTS *chase thame away, and they sal gang to the seat of* SENSUALITIE.]

TEMPORALITIE.

My lordis, ye knaw the thrie estatis,
For Common-weill suld mak debatis:
Let now, amang us, be devysit,
Sic actis that, with gude men, be praysit:
Conforming to the common law,
For of na man we suld stand aw:
And, for till saif us, fra murmell[1],
Schone[2], Diligence fetch us Gude-counsell;
For quhy, he is ane man, that knawis,
Baith the canon, and civill lawis.

DILIGENCE.

Father, ye man, incontinent,
Passe to the lordis of parliament:
For quhy, thay ar determinat all,
To do na thing bot be your counsall.

[1] *murmell*; murmur: The final syllable is changed for the rhyme: So afterwards:

"How we sall *slaik* the gret *murmell*."

[2] *schone*; soon.

GUDE-COUNSELL.

That sal I do, within schort space;
Praying the Lord, to send us grace,
For till conclude, or wee depart;
That thay may profeit, efterwart,
Baith to the kirk, and to the king,
I sall desyre na uther thing. [*Pausa.*
My lordis, God glaid the cumpanie!
Quhat is the caus, ye send for me?

MERCHAND.

Sit doun, and gif us your counsell,
How we sall slaik the gret murmell[1],
Of pure pepill, that is weill knawin,
And as the Common-weill hes schawin;
And als, we knaw, it is the kingis will,
That gude remeid be put tharetill.
Schir Common-weill, keip ye the bar,
Let nane except yourself cum nar.

JOHNE.

That sall I do, as I best can,
I sall hald out baith wyfe, and man.
Ye man let this pure creature,
Support me, for till keip the dure:
I knaw his name, full sickerly,
He will complaine, als weill as I.

[1] *slaik the gret murmell;* quench the great murmur.

COUNSELL.

My worthy lordis, sen ye haif tane on hand
Sum reformatioun, to mak into this land:
And als, ye knaw, it is the kingis mynd,
Quha till the Common-weill hes ay bene kynd:
Thocht reif, and thift, wer stanchit weill aneuch[1],
Yit sumthing mair belangis to the pleuch.
Now, into peace, ye suld provyde for weiris,
And be sure of how mony thowsand speiris,
The king may be, quhen he hes ocht ado;
For quhy, my lordis, this is my resoun to:
The husband-men, and commons, thay war wont,
Go, in the battell, formest in the front,
Bot, I haif tint all my experience,
Without ye mak sum better diligence:
The Common-weill mon uther wayis be styllit,
Or, be my faith, the king will be begyllit.
Thir pure commons, daylie, as ye may se,
Declynis doun till extreme povertie:
For, sum ar hichtit sa into thair maill[2],
Thair winning will nocht find thame water kaill[3].

[1] The allusion here, is to the great expedition, in 1529, to Liddisdale, and Eusdale, when so many thieves were hanged: Yet, something more was necessary *to speed the plough.*

[2] *sum ar hichtit sa into thair maill;* some are so raised, in their *rents*: This seems to imply, that prosperity had made some beginning.

[3] Their gain will not find them *water kaill;* which, in contradistinction to *beef kail*, means kail stewed in water, without any flesh: Cole, *kail*, pottage, saith Coles.

How prelatis hichtis thair teinds, it is weill knawin,
That husband-men may not weill hald thair awin[1]:
And, now beginis ane plague, amang thame, new,
That gentill men thair steadings taks in few:
Thus, man thay pay gret ferme, or lay thair steid,
And sum ar plainlie harlit out be the heid[2],
And ar distroyit, without God on thame rew[3].

PAUPER.

Schir, be Godis breid, that talę is verie trew.
It is weill kend, I had baith nolt, and hors;
Now, all my geir ye se upon my cors[4].

CORRECTIOUN.

Or I depairt, I think till mak ane ordour.

JOHNE.

I pray you, schir, begin first at the bordour:
For, how can we fend us aganis Ingland,
Quhen we can nocht, within our native land,
Destroy our awin Scotis, common trator theifis,
Quha, to leill laborers, daylie dois mischeifis?

[1] Old Sir Richard Maitland lived to reprobate Lyndsay's reformation, which produced the grievous oppression of the commons, by their *temporal* masters:

"Sum commouns, that hes bene weill stakit,
Under *kirkmen*, ar now all wrakit;
Sen that the teind, and the kirk landis,
Came in gret *temporal* mennis handis."

[2] Some are hurled out, turned out *neck and shoulders*.

[3] have compassion. [4] *cors*; body.

War I ane king, my lord, be Godis wounds,
Quha ever held common theifis within thair bounds,
Quharethrow, that dayly leil men micht be wrangit,
Without remeid, thair chiftanis suld be hangit,
Quhidder he war ane knicht, ane lord, or laird,
The devill draw me to hell, and he war spaird[1].

TEMPORALITIE.

Quhat uther enemies hes thou, let us ken?

JOHNE.

Schir, I complene upon the idill men:
For quhy, schir, it is Godis awin bidding,
All Christian men to wirk, for thair living.
Sanct Paull, that pillar of the kirk,
Sayis to the wretchis, that will nocht wirk,
And bene to vertews laith[2],
Qui non laborat non manducet.
This is, in Inglische toung, or leit[3]:
QUHA LABOURIS NOCHT HE SALL NOT EIT.

[1] If he should be spared. All this had been done by James V. in 1529: Cockburn of Henderland, Scot of Tushilaw, two lairds, were tried, and executed; the earl of Bothwell was imprisoned; and other great examples were made. Lesley; Pitscottie. At least fifty thieves, with Johnny Armstrong, were hanged in Euisdale.

[2] *laith;* loath, loth; as in Spenser: "With lofty eyes, half *loth* to look so low."

[3] We here see, that Lyndsay thought he was writing in the

This bene against the strang beggers,
Fidlers, pypers, and pardoners;
Thir jugglars, jestars, and idill cuitchouris[1],
Thir carriers, and thir quintacensouris[2];
Thir babil-beirers[3] and thir bairdis[4],
Thir sweir swyngeouris[5] with lordis, and lairdis:
Ma, than thair rentis may sustene,
Or to thair profeit neidfull bene,
Quhilk bene ay blythest of discordis,
And deidly feid amang thair lordis:
For then, thae sleutchers man be treatit,
Or els, thair querrelis undebaitit.
This bene aganis thir gret fat freiris,
Augustenes, Carmleits, and Cordeleiris:
And all utheris, that in cowls bene cled,
Quhilk labouris nocht, and bene weill fed.
I mein nocht laborand, spirituallie,
Nor, for thair living, corporallie:
Lyand, in dennis, lyke idill doggis,
I thame compair to weill fed hoggis.
I think thay do thame selfis abuse,
Seing that thay the warld refuse:

Inglische toung; *leit*, for *leid*, *leden*, according to Chaucer, *language*.

1 *cuitchouris*; gamblers. 2 backbiters.

3 tale-bearers.

4 bards: By the 6 Ja. II. c. 22, All judges, at each court, suld inquire of sorners, fuiles, *bairds*, vagaboundes.

5 loungers.

Haifing profest sic povertie,
Syne fleis fast fra necessitie.
Quhat, gif thay povertie wald profes?
And do, as did Diogenes,
That gret famous philosophour;
Seing, in erth, bot vaine labour,
Alutterlie, the warld refusit,
And, in ane tumbe, him self inclusit,
And leifit on herbis, and water, cald,
Of corporall fude, na mair he wald:
He trottit nocht, from toun to toun,
Beggand to feid his carioun:
Fra tyme that lyfe he did profes,
The warld[1] of him was cummerles[2].
Richt sa of Mary Magdalene,
And of Mary th' Egyptiane,
And of auld Paull, the first hermeit;
All thir had povertie compleit.
Ane hundreth ma, I micht declair,
Bot, to my purpois I will fair;
Concluding sleuthfull idilness,
Aganis the Common-weill express.

CORRECTIOUN.

Quhom upon ma, will ye complene?

[1] *world* in the ed. 1602, 1604.

[2] *cummerles*; unincumbered.

JOHNE.

Marie, on ma, and ma againe:
For, the pure pepill cryis, with cairis,
The infetching of Justice airis[1],
Exercit mair, for covetyce,
Than, for the punisching of vyce.
Ane peggrall[2] theif, that steillis ane kow,
Is hangit; but he, that steillis ane bow[3],
With als mekill geir, as he may turs[4],
That theif is hangit be the purs:
Sic pykand[5], peggrall, theifis ar hangit;
Bot, he that all the warld hes wrangit,
Ane cruell tyrane, ane strang transgressour,
Ane common publick plaine oppressour,

[1] *The infetching of Justice airis;* the introducing of justice airs. *Justice airs* were very antient in the Scotish jurisprudence. In 1528, it was enacted by 3 Parl. of Ja. V. c. 6, that the maister suld answer, for his man, in *the justice aires.* In 1535, justice aires were made *peremptour at the second diette* 4 Ja. V. c. 33, which recited an act made in 1525, "anentis the setting of justice aires to the seconde aire." But, what *the infetching of justice airis* alludes to, I know not. The Statute-book is the best answer to Lyndsay's *Complaynts*, whereof there seems to be no end.

[2] *peggrall;* petty. [3] *bow;* a fold of cattle.

[4] *turs;* truss, as in Hooker: "Some of them send the Scriptures before, *truss* up bag, and baggage."

[5] *pykand;* picking, piddling.

By buds[1], may he obtene favouris
Of tresureris, and compositouris,
Thocht he serve[2] gret punitioun,
Gets easie compositioun:
And, throch laws consistoriall,
Prolixt, corrupt, and perpetuall,
The common pepill ar put sa under,
Thocht thay be pure, it is na wonder.

CORRECTIOUN.

Gude Johne, I grant, all that is trew,
Your infortune full sair I rew[3]:
Or, I pairt aff this natioun,
I sall mak reformatioun.
And als, my lord Temporalitie,
I yow command, in tyme, that ye
Expell oppressioun aff your landis:
And als, I say to yow, Merchandis,
Gif ever I find, by land, or sie,
Dissait be in your cumpanie,
Quhilk ar to common-weill contrair,
I vow to God, I sall nocht spair,
To put my swerd till executioun,
And mak on yow extreme punitioun.
Mairover, my lord Spiritualitie,
In gudelie haist, I will, that ye

[1] *buds;* bribes. [2] *serve;* deserve.
[3] *rew;* pity, compassionate.

Set into few[1] your temporall landis,
To men that labours with thair handis;
Bot nocht, to ane gearking[2] gentill man,
That nether will he wirk, nor can:
Quharethrouch the policy may incresse.

TEMPORALITIE.

I am content, schir, be the messe;
Swa, that the Spiritualitie
Sets thairs, in few, als weill as wee.

CORRECTIOUN.

My Spirituall Lordis, ar ye content?

SPIRITUALITIE.

Na, na! we man tak advysement;
In sic materis, for till conclude,
Ovir haistelie, we think nocht gude.

CORRECTIOUN.

Conclude ye nocht, with the Common-weill,
Ye sal be punischit, be Sanct Geill.

[*Heir sall the bischopis cum with the freir.*

[1] *few*; feud, freehold: Much of this had been, in fact, done by the clergy.

[2] *gearking*; vain.

SPIRITUALITIE.

Schir, we can schaw exemptioun,
Fra your temporall punitioun;
The quhilk we purpois till debait.

CORRECTIOUN.

Wa[1]! than, ye think to stryve for stait.
My lordis, quhat say ye to this play?

TEMPORALITIE.

My soverane lord, we will obay,
And tak your part, with hart, and hand,
Quhat ever, ye pleis, us till command.

[*Heir sal the Temporal Stait sit doun on thair kneis, and say:*

Bot, we beseik yow, soverane!
Of all our crymis, that ar bygane,
To gif us ane remissioun;
And heir, we mak to yow conditioun,
The Common-weill, for till defend,
From hence-forth till our lives end.

CORRECTIOUN.

On that conditioun, I am content,
Till pardon yow, sen ye repent,

[1] *Wa;* woe, wo!

The Common-weill, tak be the hand,
And mak, with him, perpetuall band.

[*Heir sall the Temporal Staitis, to wit, the* LORDIS *and* MERCHANDIS, *imbreasse* JOHNE *the Common-weill.*]

Johne, haif ye ony ma debaitis[1],
Aganis the lordis of spirituall staitis?

JOHNE.

Na, schir, I dar nocht speik ane word,
To plaine on preistis, it is na bourd[2].

CORRECTIOUN.

Flyt on thy fow[3] fill, I desyre the:
Swa, that thou schaw bot the veritie..

JOHNE.

Grandmerces, then, I sall nocht spare,
First, to complene on the vickare:
The pure cottar, being lyke to die[4],
Haifand young infants, twa, or thrie;

[1] *debaitis;* complaints.

[2] *na bourd;* no jest.

[3] *Flyt on thy fow;* flyte on thy *full;* complain as long as you please.

[4] *cottar lykand to die,* in ed. 1604.

And hes twa ky, but ony ma[1],
The vickar must haif ane of thae,
With the gray frugge[2], that covers the bed,
Howbeit, the wyfe be purelie cled,
And gif the wyfe die, on the morne,
Thocht all the bairns sould be forlorne,
The uther kow, he cleikis away,
With the pure cot of raploch gray:
Wald God! this custome war put doun,
Quhilk never was foundit be resoun.

TEMPORALITIE.

Ar all thae tales trew, that thou tellis?

PAUPER.

Trew, schir, the divill stick me ellis:
For, be the halie Trinitie,
That same was practeisit on me;
For our vickar, God give him pyne,
Hes yit thre tydie kye of myne:
Ane, for my father, and for my wyfe, ane uther,
And the thrid cow, he tuke, for Mald my mother.

JOHNE.

Our parsone, heir, he takis na uther pyne,
Bot, to resave his teinds, and spend thame syne:

[1] *but ony ma*; without any more.
[2] *frugge*; rugg, coverlid.

Howbeit, he be obleist, be gude resoun,
To preich the Evangell to his parochoun[1].
Howbeit, thay suld want preiching sevintene yeir,
Our parsoun will nocht want ane scheif of beir.

PAUPER.

Our bischopis, with thair lustie rokatis, quhyte,
Thay flow, in riches, royallie, and delyte,
Lyke paradyce, bene thair palices, and places,
And wantis na plesour of the fairest faces.
Als, thir prelatis hes gret prerogatyves;
For quhy, thay may depairt ay with thair wyves,
Without ony correctioun, or damnage;
Syne, tak ane uther wantoner, but mariage.
But dout, I wald think it ane plesant lyfe,
Ay on[2], quhen I list, to part with my wyfe;
Syne, tak ane uther of far greter bewtie:
Bot, ever alace! my lordis, that may nocht be,
For I am bund, alace! in mariage,
Bot thay, lyke ramis, rudlie, in thair rage,
Unpysalt[3], rinnis, amang the sillie yowis;
Sa lang, as kynde of nature, in thame growis,

[1] *parochoun;* parochin, parish.

[2] *Ay on;* always.

[3] *Unpysalt;* at large, at liberty: These two verses are repeated in the Monarchie.

PARSON.

Thou lies, fals huresun, raggit loun!
Thare is na preistis, in all this toun,
That ever usit, sic vicious craftis.

JOHNE.

The feind resave thay flattrand chaftis[1]:
Schir Domine, I trowit, ye had bene dum,
Quhare devil gat we this ill fairde blaitie bum[2]?

PARSON.

To speik of preistis be sure it is na bourdis;
Thay will burne men, now, for rackles wordis,
And, all thae wordis ar herisie, in deid.

JOHNE.

The mekil feind resave the saul, that leid[3];
All, that I say, is trew, thocht thou be greifit[4],
And that, I offer, on thy pallet, to preif it[5].

SPIRITUALITIE.

My lordis, quhy do ye thole that lurdan loun,
Of kirk-men, to speik sic detractioun:

[1] *chaftis;* chaps, jaws.
[2] *ill fairde blaitie bum;* ill-favoured simpleton.
[3] lied.
[4] *greifit;* grieved.
[5] *on thy pallet, to preif it;* on thy head, to prove it.

I let yow wit, my lordis, it is na bourdis,
Of prelatis, for till speik sic wantoun wordis.
[*Heir* SPIRITUALITIE *faims*[1] *and rages.*
Yon villaine puttis me out of charitie.

TEMPORALITIE.

Quhy, my lord, sayis he ocht bot veritie;
Ye can nocht stop ane pure man, for till pleinzie[2],
Gif he hes faltit, summond him to your seinzie.

SPIRITUALITIE.

Yea, that I sall, I mak gret God a vow!
He sall repent, that he spak of the kow;
I will nocht suffer sic wordis of yon villaine.

PAUPER.

Than, gar gif me my thrie fat ky againe.

SPIRITUALITIE.

Fals carle, to speik to me, standis thou not aw?

PAUPER.

The feind resave thame, that first devysit that law!
Within an houre, efter my dad was dede,
The vickar had my kow hard be the hede.

[1] foams: This stage direction is not in the ed. 1604

[2] *pleinzie;* complain.

PARSON.

Fals huresun carle! I say that law is gude,
Becaus, it hes bene lang our consuetude.

PAUPER.

Quhen I am Paip, that law I sal put doun;
It is ane sair law, for the pure commoun.

SPIRITUALITIE.

I mak an vow, thae wordis thou sal repent.

COUNSELL.

I yow requyre, my lordis, be patient:
Wee came nocht heir, for disputatiouns;
Wee came to make gude reformatiouns.
Herefor, of this your propositioun,
Conclude, and put till execution.

MERCHAND.

My lordis conclude that al the temporal landis
Be set, in few, to laboreris, with thair handis,
With sic restrictiouns as sall be devysit;
That thay may live, and nocht to be supprysit,
With ane resonabill augmentatioun:
And, quhen thay heir ane proclamatioun,
That the kingis grace dois mak him, for the weir[1],
That thay be reddie, with harneis, bow, and speir.

[1] *mak him, for the weir;* prepare for war.

As for my self, my lord, this I conclude.

COUNSELL.

Sa, say we all, your resoun be sa gude:
To mak ane act on this we ar content.

JOHNE.

On that, schir scribe, I tak ane instrument[1]:
Quhat do ye of the corspresent, and kow?

COUNSELL.

I wil conclude nathing of that, as now,
Without my Lord of Spiritualitie,
Thareto consent, with all this haill cleargie.—
My lord bischop, will ye thareto consent?

SPIRITUALITIE.

Na, na! never, till the day of jugement:
Wee will want nathing, that we haif in use,
Kirtil nor kow, teind lambe, teind gryse, nor guse.

TEMPORALITIE.

Forsuith, my lord, I think we suld conclude;
Seing this kow, ye haif in consuetude:
Wee will decerne heir, that the kingis grace
Sall wryte unto the Paipis holines:

[1] *tak ane instrument;* make a protestation: The Parliamentary Record is full of such protestations.

With his consent, be proclamatioun,
Baith corspresent, and cow, we sall cry doun.

SPIRITUALITIE.

To that, my lordis, we plainlie disassent,
Noter, thareof, I tak ane instrument.

TEMPORALITIE.

My lord, be him that al the warld hes wrocht,
Wee set nocht by, quhider ye consent, or nocht:
Ye ar bot ane estait, and we ar twa,
Et ubi major pars ibi tota.

JOHNE.

My lordis, ye haif richt prudentlie concludit;
Tak tent, now, how the land is clein denudit,
Of gould, and silver, quhilk daylie gais to Rome,
For buds, mair than the rest of Christindome.
War I ane king, schir, be coks passioun[1],
I sould gar mak ane proclamatioun,
That never ane penny suld go to Rome at all,
Na mair than did to Peter, nor to Paull.
Do ye nocht sa, heir, for conclusioun,
I gif yow all my braid black malisoun[2].

[1] "Wer I ane king, schir, be *coks passioun*:" This is a favourite expression of Lyndsay: It returns often, in this play. This oath occurs in Shakspeare: and, it is a corruption of—*God's-passion.*

[2] *malisoun*; malediction.

MERCHAND.

It is of treuth, schirs, be my christindome,
That mekil of our money gais to Rome:
For, we merchandis, I wat, within our bounds,
Hes furneist preistis ten hundreth thowsand pounds,
For thair finnance, nane knawis sa weill as wee:
Tharefor, my lords, devyse sum remedie;
For throw thir playis, and thir promotioun,
Mair for deneirs, nor for devotioun,
Schir Symonie hes maid, with thame, ane band,
The gould of weicht, thay leid out of the land;
The common-weill, tharethrouch, beand sair oppresst;
Tharefor, devyse remeid, as ye think best.

COUNSELL.

It is schort tyme, sen ony benefice,
Was sped in Rome, except greit bischopries.
Bot, now for ane unworthie vickarage,
Ane preist will rin to Rome, in pilgramage.
Ane cavell[1], quhilk was never at the scule,
Will rin to Rome, and keip ane bischopis mule;
And syne, cum hame, with mony colorit crack[2],
With ane burdin of benefices on his back;

[1] *cavell;* sorry fellow: So in Christ Kirk on the Green, "The kenzie cleikit to the *cavell.*"

[2] *colorit crack;* plausible talk, or boast.

Quhilk bene aganis the law, ane man alane,
For till posses ma benefices nor ane:
Thir gret commendis, I say, withoutin faill,
Suld nocht be given, bot to the blude royall:
Sa, I conclude, my lordis, and sayis for me,
Ye suld annull all this pluralitie.

SPIRITUALITIE.

The Paip hes given us dispensatiouns.

COUNSELL.

Yea, that is, be your fals narratiouns:
Thocht the Paip, for your plesour, will dispence,
I trow, that can nocht cleir your conscience:
Advyse, my lordis, quhat ye think till conclude.

TEMPORALITIE.

Schir, be my faith, I think it verie gude,
That, fra hence furth, na preistis sall pass to Rome;
Becaus, our substance thay do still consume,
For pleyis, and for thair profeit singulair,
Thay haif, of money, maid this realme bair:
And als, I think it best, be my advyse,
That ilk preist sall haif bot ane benefice:
And gif thay keip nocht thât fundatioun,
It sall be caus of deprivatioun.

MERCHAND.

As ye haif said, my lord, we wil consent:
Scribe, mak ane act on this, incontinent.

COUNSELL.

My lordis, thair is ane thing yit unproponit;
How prelatis, and preistis, aucht to be disponit:
This beand done, wee haif the les ado;
Quhat say ye, schirs? this is my counsall, lo!
That, or we end this present parliament,
Of this mater, to tak rype advysement.
Mark weill, my lordis, thare is na benefice,
Given to ane man, bot for ane gude office.
Quha takis office, and syne, thay can nocht use it,
Giver, and taker, I say, ar baith abusit.
Ane bischopis office is for to be ane preichour,
And of the law of God ane publick teichour.
Richt sa, the parsone unto his parochoun,
Of the Evangell suld leir thame ane lessoun.
Thare suld na man desyre sic dignities,
Without he be abill, for that office:
And for that caus, I say, without leising,
Thay haif thair teinds, and for na uther thing.

SPIRITUALITIE.

Freind, quhare find ye, that we suld prechouris be?

COUNSELL.

Luke quhat Sanct Paul wrytis unto Timothie:
Tak thare the buke, let se, gif ye can spell.

SPIRITUALITIE.

I never red that, tharefor reid it yoursell.

[COUNSELL *sall read thir wordis on ane buik*:

Fidelis sermo, Siquis episcopatum desiderat, bonum opus desiderat: oportet eum irreprehensibilem esse, unius uxoris virum, sobrium, prudentem, ornatum, pudicum, hospitalem, doctorem: non vinolentum, non percussorem: sed modestum. *That is:*

This is a true saying, If any man desire the office of a bischop, he desireth a worthie worke: A bischop tharefore must be unreproveable, the husband of one wife, &c.

SPIRITUALITIE.

Ye temporall men, be him that heryit hell,
Ye ar ovir pert, with sic materis to mell.

TEMPORALITIE.

Sit still, my lord, ye neid not for till braull,
Thir ar the verie wordis of th' apostill Paull.

SPIRITUALITIE.

Sum sayis, be him that wore the croun of thorne,
It had bene gude that Paull had nevir bene borne.

COUNSELL.

Bot ye may knaw, my lord, Sanct Paulis intent,
Schir, red ye never the New testament?

SPIRITUALITIE.

Na, schir, be him that our Lord Jesus sauld,
I red never the New testament, nor auld;

Nor, ever thinkis to do, schir, be the rude;
I heir freiris say, that reiding dois na gude.

COUNSELL.

Till yow, to reid thame, I think it is no lack[1],
For anis, I saw them baith, bund on your back:
That samin day, that ye was consecrat,
Schir, quhat meinis that?

SPIRITUALITIE.

The feind stick thame that wat[2].

MERCHAND.

Then, befoir God, how can ye be excusit?
To haif ane office, and watis not how to usit:
Quharefor, war gifin yow all the temporal landis?
And all thir teindis, ye haif amang your handis:
Thay war givin yow, for uther causses, I weine,
Nor mummil matins[3] and hald your clayis cleine.
Ye say till the apostils, that ye succeid,
Bot ye schaw nocht that, into word, nor deid.
The law is plaine, our teindis suld furnisch teichours.

COUNSELL.

Yea, that it suld, or susteine prudent preichours.

[1] For you to read them I think it is no fault.
[2] The devil stab them that knows.
[3] *mummil matins*; mutter morning service.

PAUPER.

Schir, God, nor I be stickit with ane knyfe,
Gif ever our parsoun preichit in all his lyfe.

PARSON.

Quhat devil raks the of our preiching, undocht[1]?

PAUPER.

Think ye, that ye suld haif the teindis, for nocht?

PARSON.

Trowis thou, to get remeid, carle, of that thing?

PAUPER.

Yea, be Godis breid, richt sone, war I ane king.

PARSON.

Wald thou, of prelatis mak deprivatioun?

PAUPER.

Na, I suld gar thame keip thair fundatioun:
Quhat devill is this, quhom of suld kingis stand aw?
To do the thing, that thay suld be the law.
War I ane king, be coks deir passioun,
I suld richt sone mak reformatioun.

[1] What devil matters it to thee our preaching, blockhead? *undocht;* silly fellow, coward.

Failzeand thareof, your grace suld richt sone finde,
That preistis sall leid yow, lyke ane bellie blinde[1].

JOHNE.

Quhat, gif king David war levand, in thir dayis?
The quhilk did found sa mony gay abayis:
Or out of hevin, quhat gif he luikit doun?
And saw the greit abominatioun,
Amang thir Abbasies[2], and thir Nunries,
Thair publick huredomes, and thair harlotries:
He wald repent, he narrowit sa his boundis,
Of yeirlie rent, threscoir of thowsand poundis;
His successours makis litill ruisse[3], I ges,
Of his devotioun, or of his holines.

ABBASSE.

How dar thou, carle, presume, for till declair,
Or, for to mell the, with sa heich a mater?
For, in Scotland, thair did yit never ring,
I let the wit, ane mair excellent king.
Of holines he was the verie plant[4],
And now, in hevin, he is ane michtfull[5] sanct;
Becaus, that fyftene abbasies he did found[6];
Quhare throw, gret riches hes ay done abound.
Into our kirk, and daylie yit aboundis,
Bot, kingis now, I trow, few abbasies foundis,

[1] *bellie blinde;* a person blindfolded, for playing at hide and seek. [2] Abbeys, Monasteries.
[3] *ruisse;* praise. [4] flower. [5] *michtfull;* mighty.
[6] David founded somewhat more than *fifteen abbasies.*

I dar weill say, thou art condempnit in hell,
That dois presume, with sic materis, to mell.
Fals, hureson, carle, thou art ovir arrogant,
To juge the deidis of sic ane halie sanct.

JOHNE.

King James, the first, roy of this regioun,
Said, that he was ane sair sanct to the croun[1].
I heir men say, that he was sumthing blind,
That gave away mair, nor he left behind.
His successours, that halines did repent,
Quhilk gart thame do greit inconvenient[2].

ABBASSE.

My lord bischop, I mervel, how that ye
Suffer this carle, for to speik heresie.
For, be my faith, my lord, will ye tak tent,
He servis[3], for to be brynt, incontinent.
Ye can nocht say, bot it is heresie,
To speik aganis our law, and libertie.

[1] Lyndsay is rather an apocryphal historian: He is quoted by Pitscottie, and Buchanan, for the *apparition*, which is said by him, and by others, after him, to have intruded upon the *matins* of James IV., at Linlithgow. He now tells us, by the reforming tongue of John the Commonweal, of the often repeated saying of James I., that *David had been a sair sanct to the croun.*

[2] Lyndsay seems not to have known, amidst his *complaynt* and his *grumble*, that David left more to the crown, than he had found, when he came to the throne.

[3] *servis*; deserves.

SPIRITUALITIE.

Sancte pater, I mak yow supplicatioun,
Exame[1] yon carle, syne mak his dilatioun:
I mak ane vow to God, omnipotent,
That bystour[2] sal be brynt, incontinent.
Venerabill father, I sall do your command,
Gif he servis deid I sall sone understand. [*Pausa.*
Fals, hureson, carle, schaw furth thy faith!

JOHNE.

Me think ye speik, as ye war wraith,
Till yow, I will nathing declair;
For ye ar nocht my ordinair.

FLATTERIE.

Quhom in, trowis thou, fals monster mangit[3]?

JOHNE.

I trow to God, to se the hangit:
War I ane king, be coks passioun,
I suld gar mak ane congregatioun,
Of all the freiris of the four ordouris,
And mak yow vagers[4], on the bordouris.
Schir, will ye give me audience,
And I sall schaw your excellence;

[1] *exame;* for examine. [2] *bystour;* rude fellow.

[3] In whom believe thou, false mad monster?

[4] *vagers;* vagabonds.

Sa, that your grace will give me leife,
How into God, that I beleife.

CORRECTIOUN.

Schaw furth your faith, and feinze nocht.

JOHNE.

I beleife in God, that all hes wrocht,
And creat everilk thing of nocht,
And, in his son, our Lord Jesu,
Incarnat of the Virgin trew;
Quha, under Pilat tholit passioun,
And deit[1], for our salvatioun;
And, on the thrid day, rais agane;
As halie scriptour schawis plane:
And als, my lord, it is weill kend,
How he did to the hevin ascend;
And set him doun, at the richt hand
Of God, the father, I understand;
And sall cum juge, on dumisday:
Quhat will ye mair, schir, that I say?

CORRECTIOUN.

Schaw furth the rest, this is na game[2].

JOHNE.

I trow sanctam Ecclesiam,

[1] *deit;* died.

[2] *game;* jest, opposed to earnest, as in Spenser.

Bot, nocht, in thir bischopis, nor thir freiris,
Quhilk will, for purging of thir neiris[1],
Sard[2] up the ta raw, and doun the uther,
The mekill devill resave the futher[3].

CORRECTIOUN.

Say quhat ye will, schirs, be Sanct Tan[4],
Me think Johne ane gude Christian man.

TEMPORALITIE.

My lordis, let be your disputatioun;
Conclude, with firme deliberatioun,
How prelatis, fra thyne[5], sall be disponit[6].

[1] *neiris;* kidneys, reins.

[2] *Sard;* a typographical mistake for *fard*, in both the editions. There is no such word as *sard*, in this sense: Mr. Sibbald, without understanding the passage, says it means *soard* up and down the street: Lyndsay means to satirize the *freirs* for *santering*, in their cloisters: But itmay be doubted whether the word *santer*, for *loiter*, existed when Lyndsay wrote, in the Scotish language: The proper word of the author was, therefore, *fard*, for *went* up the *ta*, or one row, and down the other. Mr. Sibbald is often to be reprehended, for not quoting the passages of the books, where he has found any words, in peculiar senses.

[3] *the futher*; the whole group of bishops, and friars.

[4] *Sanct Tan*, for the rhyme.

[5] *fra thyne;* from thence; as in Gawin Douglas: So *thyen, thien*, thence, in Rob. of Brunne.

[6] *disponit*; disposed; as in Chaucer.

MERCHAND.

I think, for me, evin as ye first proponit[1],
That the kingis grace sall gif na benefice,
Bot till ane preichour, that can use that office:
The sillie saulis, that bene Christis scheip,
Suld nocht be givin to gormand wolfis to keip.
Quhat bene the caus of all the heresies,
Bot the abusioun of the prelacies?
Thay will correct, and will nocht be correctit;
Thinkand to na prince thay wil be subjectit:
Quharefor, I can find na better remeid,
Bot that thir kingis[2] man tak it in thair heid,
That thare be given to na man bischopries,
Except thay preich out throch thair diosies;
And ilk parson preich in his parochon;
And this, I say, for finall conclusion.

TEMPORALITIE.

Wee think your counsall is verie gude;
As ye haif said we all conclude.
Of this conclusioun, Noter, we mak ane act.

SCRYBE[3].

I wryte all day bot getis never ane plack.

[1] *proponit;* proposed.

[2] *thir kingis;* those kings, Humanitie, and Correctioun, must take it in their heads.

[3] The scribe of court suld be notar to all instruments, taken in judgment, and court. 6 Ja. V. c. 81.

PAUPER.

Och! my lordis, for the halie Trinitie,
Remember to reforme the consistorie:
It hes mair neid of reformatioun,
Nor Plutois court, schir, by coks passioun.

PARSON.

Quhat caus hes thou, fals pillour, for to pleinze,
Quhare was ye ever summond to thair seinze?

PAUPER.

Marie, I lent my gossop my mear, to fetch hame collis,
And he hir drounit into the querrell hollis[1]:
And I ran to the consistorie, for to pleinze,
And thare I happinit amang ane greidie meinze.
Thay gave me first ane thing, thay call *citandum*,
Within aucht dayis, I gat bot *lybellandum*,
Within ane moneth, I gat ad *opponendum*,
In half ane yeir, I gat inter *loquendum*,
And syne, I gat, how call ye it? ad *replicandum*:
Bot, I could never ane word yit understand him;
And than, thay gart me cast out mony plackis,
And gart me pay, for four-and-twentie actis:
Bot, or thay came half gate to *concludendum*,
The feind ane plack[2] was left for to defend him.

[1] *querrell hollis*; quarry-holes.

[2] *The feind ane plack*; the devil a plack.

Thus, thay postponit me twa yeir, with thair traine,
Syne, *hodie ad octo*, bad me cum againe:
And than, thir rukis, thay rowpit wonder fast[1],
For sentence silver, thay cryit at the last.
Of *pronunciandum*, thay maid me wonder faine;
Bot, I gat never my gude gray mear againe.

TEMPORALITIE.

My lordis, we mon reforme thir consistory lawis,
Quhais great defame, above the hevinis, blawis[2].
I wist[3] ane man, in persewing ane kow,
Or he had done, he spendit half ane bow[4]:
Sa that the kingis honour we may avance;
Wee will conclude, as thay haif done in France.
Let sprituall materis pas to Spritualitie,
And temporall materis to Temporalitie.
Quha failzeis of this sall cost thame of thair gude:
Scrybe, mak ane act, for sa wee will conclude.

SPIRITUALITIE.

That act, my lordis, plainlie, I will declair,
It is aganis our profeit singulair:
Wee will nocht want our profeit, be Sanct Geill.

[1] those rooks, they croaked wondrous fast.

[2] whose abuses cry to heaven.

[3] *wist;* knew.

[4] *spendit half ane bow;* spent half a fold of cows.

TEMPORALITIE.

Your profeit is aganis the common-weill.
It sal be done, my lordis, as ye haif wrocht,
We cure nocht, quhidder ye consent, or nocht:
Quharefor servis, then, all thir temporall juges?
Gif temporall materis suld seik, at yow, refuges[1],
My lord, ye say, that ye ar spirituall;
Quharefor mell ye, than, with thingis temporall?
As we haif done conclude, sa sall it stand:
Scrybe, put our actis, in ordour, evin fra hand.

SPIRITUALITIE.

Till all your actis, plainlie, I disassent:
Notar, thareof, I tak ane instrument.

[*Heir sall* VERITIE *and* CHASTITIE *mak thair plaint at the bar.*]

VERITIE.

My soverane, I beseik your excellence,
Use justice on Spiritualitie:
The quhilk to us hes done gret violence;
Becaus, we did rehers the veritie.
Thay put us close, into captivitie,
And sa remanit into subjectioun:

[1] *refuges;* refuges, in the plural, for the rhyme, protection, redress; as in Dryden:

"Fair majesty! the *refuge* and *redress*
Of those, whom fate pursues."

Into gret langour, and calamitie,
Till we war fred[1] be king Correctioun.

CHASTITIE.

My lord, I haif gret caus for to complane,
I could get na lugeing intill this land:
The Spirituall stait had me sa at disdane,
With dame Sensuall, thay haif maid sic ane band,
Amang thame all, na freindschip, schirs, I fand;
And quhen I came the nobill nunis amang,
My lustie ladie Priores, fra hand,
Out of hir dortour, durlie, scho me dang.

VERITIE.

With the advyse, schir, of the parliament,
Hartlie, we mak yow supplicatioun:
Cause king Correctioun tak, incontinent,
Of all this sort, examinatioun.
Gif thay be digne of deprivatioun,
Ye haif power, for till correct sic cases:
Cheise the maist cunning clerkis of this natioun,
And put mair prudent pastouris in thair places.
My prudent lordis, I say, that pure craftismen,
Abufe sum prelatis, ar mair for till commend:
Gar exame thame and sa ye sall sone ken,
How thay, in vertew, bischopis dois transcend[2].

[1] *fred;* freed.

[2] After hearing this outcry of Lyndsay about the clerks,

SCRYBE.

Thy life, and craft, mak to thir kingis kend:
Quhat craft hes thow, declair that to me plaine?

TAILZOUR.

Ane tailzour, schir, that can baith mak and mend;
I wat nane better intill Dumbartane [1].

SCRYBE.

Quharefore of tailzours beiris thou the style?

TAILZOUR.

Becaus I wat is nane, within ane myle,
Can better use that craft, as I suppois:
For, I can mak baith doublit, coat, and hois.

prelates, and bishops, hear what sir Ralph Sadler said to one of the privy council, in 1540: "To be plain with you, "though the noblemen be well-minded, and diverse others "that be of the council, and about the king; yet, I see none "among them, that hath any such agility of wit, gravity, learn- "ing, or experience, to set forth the same, or to take in hand "the direction of things: So that the king, as far as I can "perceive, is of force driven to use the bishops, and his "clergy, as his only ministers, for the direction of his realm: "They be the men of wit, and policy, that I see here." Sir Ralph Sadler's Negotiations in Scotland. Printed at Edinburgh, 1720. p. 61.

[1] *Dumbartane*, for the rhyme, as the town of Ayr before.

SCRYBE.

How cal thay you, schir, with the schaiping knife?

SOWTAR.

Ane sowtar, schir, nane better intill Fyfe.

SCRYBE.

Tel me, quharefore, ane sowtar ye ar namit?

SOWTAR.

Of that surname, I neid nocht be aschamit:
For, I can mak schone, brotekins, and buittis;
Gif me the coppie of the kingis cuittis[1],
And ye sall se, richt sune, quhat I can do:
Heir, is my lastis, and weill wrocht ledder to.

COUNSELL.

O Lord, my God, this is an mervelous thing,
How sic misordour, in this realme, suld ring.
Sowtars, and tailzours, thay ar far mair expert,
In thair pure craft, and in thair handie art,
Nor ar our prelatis, in thair vocatioun:
I pray yow, schirs, mak reformatioun.

VERITIE.

Alace! alace! quhat gars thir temporal kings,
Intill the kirk of Christ, admit sic doings?

[1] *cuittis;* ankles.

My lordis, for lufe of Christis passioun,
Of thir ignorants, mak deprivatioun,
Quhilk, in the court, can do bot flatter, and fleich,
And put into thair places, that can preich:
Send furth, and seik, sum devoit cunning clarkis,
That can steir up the pepill to gude warkis.

CORRECTIOUN.

As ye haif done, madame, I am content,
Hoaw! Diligence, pas hyne[1], incontinent,
And seik out throw all townis and cities;
And visie all the universities.
Bring us sum doctouris of divinitie,
With licents, in the law, and theologie,
With the maist cunning clarkis, in all this land;
Speid sune your way, and bring thame heir, fra hand.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat, gif I find sum halie provinciall?
Or minister of the gray freiris all?
Or ony freir, that can preich prudentlie,
Sall I bring them, with me, in cumpanie?

CORRECTIOUN.

Cair thou nocht quhat estait sa ever he be,
Sa thay can teich, and preich the veritie,

[1] *hyne*; hence, a Cumberland word.—Ray.

Maist cunning clarkis, with us, is best belovit,
To dignitie, thay sal be first promovit;
Quhidder thay be munk, channon, preist, or freir,
Sa thay can preich, faill nocht to bring thame heir.

DILIGENCE.

Then fair-weill, schir, for I am at the flicht,
I pray the Lord, to send yow all gude nicht.

[*Heir sall* DILIGENCE *pas to the palzeoun.*

TEMPORALITIE.

Schir, we beseik your soverane celsitude,
Of our dochtouris till haif compassioun;
Quhom we may na way marie, be the rude,
Without we mak sum alienatioun
Of our land, for thair supportatioun;
For quhy? the markit raisit bene sa hie,
That prelatis dochtouris, of this natioun,
Ar maryit, with sic superfluitie:
Thay will nocht spair to gif twa thowsand pound,
With thair dochtouris, to ane nobill man:
In riches, sa thay do superabound:
Bot, we may nocht do sa, be Sanct Allan[1];
Thir proud prelatis, our dochteris sair may ban;
That thay remane, at hame, sa lang unmaryit:

[1] *Sanct Allan*, for the rhyme: One of the churches of Renfrewshire is dedicated to Saint Allan.

Schir, let your barrouns do the best thay can,
Some of our dochtouris, I dreid, sal be miscaryit.

CORRECTIOUN.

My lord, your complaint is richt resonabill,
And richt sa to our dochtouris profitabill:
I think, or I pas aff this natioun,
Of this mater, till mak reformatioun.

[*Heir sall enter* COMMON THIFT.

THIFT.

Ga by the gait, man, let me gang,
How devill came I, into this thrang;
With sorrow, I may sing my sang,
And[1] I be tane:
For, I haif run baith nicht, and day,
Throw speid of fut, I gat away,
Gif I be kend, heir, wallaway!
I will be slane.

PAUPER.

Quhat is thy name, man, be thy thrift?

THIFT.

Hureson, thay call me Common Thift:
For quhy, I had na uther schift,
Sen, I was borne:

[1] If I be taken.

In Eusdaill[1] was my dwelling place,
Mony ane wyfe, gart I cry alace!
At my hand, thay gat never grace,
Bot, ay forlorne.
Sum sayis ane king is cum amang us,
That purposis to hede, and hang us:
Thare is na grace, gif he may fang us,
But, on an pin.
Ring he, we theifis will get na gude,
I pray God, and the halie rude,
He had bene smord intill his cude,
And all his kin.
Get this curst king me in his grippis,
My craig will wit quhat weyis my hippis[2]:
The devill, I gif his toung, and lippis,
That of me tellis:
Adew! I dar na langer tarie;
For, be I kend, thay will me carie,
And put me in ane feirie farie[3],
I se nocht ellis.
I raife[4], be him that herryit hell,
I had almaist foryet my sell:
Will na gude fallow to me tell,
Quhair I may finde

[1] A southern district on the border, noted, in that age, as the haunt of freebooters.

[2] *My craig will wit quhat weyis my hippis;* my neck will know the weight of my hips.

[3] *feirie farie;* a flutter. [4] *raife;* rave.

The erle of Rothes best haiknay,
That was my errand, heir away:
He is richt stark, as I heir say,
And swift as winde.
Heir is my brydill, and my spurris,
To gar him lance ovir land, and furris[1]:
Micht I him get to Ewis-durris[2],
I tak na cure.
Of that hors, micht I get ane sicht,
I haife na doubt, yit or midnicht,
That he and I suld tak the flicht
Throuch Dysart-mure[3].
Of companarie[4], tell me brother,
Quhilk is the richt way to the Strother[5];
I wald be welcum to my mother,
Gif I micht speid:
I wald gif baith my coat, and bonet,
To get my lord Lindesayis broun jonet,
War he beyond the watter of Annet[6],
We sould nocht dreid.

[1] *furris;* furrows.

[2] a place at the pass into Ewisdale.

[3] The Moor of Dysart, a town in Fyfe, between the earl of Rothes's house and the ferry, at Kinghorn.

[4] *companarie;* fellowship.

[5] The earl of Crawfurd's seat in Fyfe.

[6] *Annet,* for the rhyme; the water of Annand, in Dumfriesshire.

Quhat now, Oppressioun, my maister deir!
Quhat mekill devill hes brocht yow heir?
Maister, tell me the caus, perqueir,
Quhat is, that ye haif done?

OPPRESSIOUN.

Forsuith, the kingis majestie,
Hes set me heir, as ye may se:
Micht I speik Temporalitie,
He wald me releife sone.
I beseik yow, my brother deir,
Bot halfe ane houre, for till sit heir;
Ye knaw, that I was never sweir[1],
Yow till defend;
Put in your leg into my place,
And heir, I sweir be Godis grace,
Yow to releife, within schort space,
Syne, let yow wend[2].

THIFT.

Than, maister deir, gif me your hand,
And mak to me ane faithfull band,
That ye sall cum agane, fra hand,
Withoutin faill.

[1] *sweir;* backward.

[2] *wend;* go, as in Chaucer: "To Athenes shalt thou *wende.*"

OPPRESSIOUN.

Tak thare my hand, richt faithfullie,
Als I promit the, verelie,
To gif to the ane cuppill of kye,
In Liddisdaill[1].
[THIFT *puts his legs in the stockis.*
Haif I nocht maid ane honest schift,
That has betraisit[2] Common Thift?
For thare is nocht under the lift[3],
Ane curster corse:
I am richt sure, that he, and I,
Within this hal yeir[4], craftely,
Hes stolne ane thowsand scheip, and ky,
By[5] mearis, and horse.
Wald God! I war baith sound, and haill,
Now liftit[6] into Liddisdaill,
The Mers[7] sould find me beef, and kaill,
Quhat rak of bread[8]:

[1] A well-known district on the border, which was a famous haunt of freebooters, in that age.

[2] *betraisit*; betrayed.

[3] *lift*; firmament.

[4] *hal yeir*; whole year.

[5] *By*; besides.

[6] *liftit*; conveyed.

[7] *The Mers*; which frequently suffered from the depredations of the Liddisdale thieves: See Sir Richard Maitland's Complaint "Aganis the Thiefis of Liddisdaill." Maitland Poems, p. 331.

[8] what care of bread.

War I thare liftit, with my lyfe,
The devill suld stick me, with ane knyfe,
And[1] ever I cum againe to Fyfe,
Quhyll I war dead.
Adew! I leife the devill amang yow,
That, in his fingeris, he may fang yow,
With all leill men, that dois belang yow:
For, I may rew,
That ever I came into this land;
For quhy, ye may weill understand,
I gat na geir to turne my hand;
Yit, anis adew[2]!

[*Heir sall* DILIGENCE *convoy the thrie Clarkis.*

DILIGENCE.

Schir, I haif brocht, unto your excellence,
Thir famous clarkis of greit intelligence:
For, to the common pepill, thay can preich,
And in the sculis, in Latine toung, can teich.
This is ane doctour of divinitie,
And thir twa licents[3], men of gravitie.
I heare men say, thair conversatioun
Is maist[4], in divine contemplatioun.

DOCTOUR.

Grace, peace, and rest, from the hie Trinitie,
Mot rest amang this godlie cumpanie:

[1] *And;* if.
[2] yet, once again adieu!
[3] licentiates.
[4] *maist;* most.

Heir ar we cumde, as your obedientis,
For to fulfill your just commandementis.
Quhat evir it please your grace us to command,
Schir, it sall be obeyit, evin fra hand.

REX.

Gude freindis, ye ar richt welcome to us all;
Sit doun all thrie, and geve us your counsall.

CORRECTIOUN.

Schir, I give yow baith counsall, and command,
In your office, use exercitioun [1]:
First, that ye gar serch out throch all your land,
Quha can nocht put to executioun
Thair office, efter the institutioun,
Of godlie lawis, conforme to thair vocatioun:
Put in thair places men of gude conditioun,
And this ye do, without dilatioun[2].
Ye ar the hede, schir, of this congregatioun,
Preordinat, be God, omnipotent;
Quhilk hes me send, to mak yow supportatioun,
Into the quhilk I sal be diligent:
And quhasa ever beis inobedient,
And will nocht suffer, for to be correctit,
Thay sal be all deposit, incontinent,
And fra your presence, thay sall be dejectit[3].

[1] *exercitioun*; exertion, elongated, for the verse.
[2] *dilatioun*; delay. [3] *dejectit*; ejected.

COUNSELL.

Begin first, at the spritualitie;
And tak of thame examinatioun,
Gif thay can use thair divyne dewtie,
And, als, I mak yow supplicatioun,
All thay, that hes thair offices misusit,
Of thame, mak haistie deprivatioun:
Sa, that the pepill be na mair abusit.

CORRECTIOUN.

Ye ar ane prince of spritualitie:
How have ye usit your office, now let se?

SPIRITUALITIE.

My lordis, quhen was thare ony prelatis wont,
Of thair office till ony king mak count?
Bot, of my office, gif ye wald have the feill[1],
I let yow wit, I haif it usit weill:
For, I tak in my count, twyse in the yeir,
Wanting nocht of my teind ane boll of beir.
I gat gude payment of my temporall landis,
My buttock-maill[2], my coattis, and my offrandis,
With all that dois pertene my benefice,
Consider now, my lord, gif I be wyse.

[1] *feill;* knowledge.

[2] the fine paid by fornicators to excuse their doing penance: So in *M'Gregor's Testament*: "Fra adulteraris to tak the *buttock-maill.*"

I dar nocht marie, contrair the common law,
Ane thing thair is, my lord, that ye may knaw.
Howbeit, I dar nocht plainlie spouse ane wyfe,
Yit concubenis I haif had four, or fyfe.
And to my sonis I haif givin rich rewairdis,
And all my dochteris maryit upon lairdis.
I let yow wit, my lord, I am na fule,
For quhy, I ryde upon ane amland mule[1].
Thare is na temporall lord, in all this land,
That makis sic cheir, I let yow understand.
And als, my lord, I gif with gude intentioun,
To divers temporall lordis ane yeirlie pensioun;
To that intent, that thay, with all thair hart,
In richt, and wrang, sal plainlie tak my part[2].
Now, have I tald yow, schir, on my best wayis,
How that I have exercit my office.

CORRECTIOUN.

I wein'd[3] your office had bene, for till preich,
And Godis law to the pepill teich;

[1] *I ryde upon ane amland mule.* Lyndsay repeatedly intimates this practice of the bishops riding on mules. So in his Complaynt: "And mollet moylie on ane mule." And in his Papingo he exclaims against "the rich array with freinzeis fyne," "Upon the bairding of ane bischoppis mule."

[2] *In richt, and wrang, sal plainlie tak my part*: Here he alludes to the bonds of Manrent, which were common in that age: Beaton, the cardinal, had a bond of Manrent from Norman Leslie, who slew him.

[3] *wein'd*; thought.

Quharefor wer ye that mytour? ye me tell.

SPIRITUALITIE.

I wat nocht, man, be him that herryit hell.

CORRECTIOUN.

That dois betakin, that ye, with gude intent,
Suld teich, and preich, the Auld and New testament.

SPIRITUALITIE.

I haif ane freir, till preiche into my place,
Of my office, ye heir na mair quhyll Pasche.

CHASTITIE.

My lordis, this abbot, and this priores,
Thay scorne thair Godis, this is my reson, quhy,
Thay bere an habite of feinzeit halynes,
And, in thair deid, thay do the contrary:
For, to live chaist, thay vow solemnitly,
Bot, fra that, thay be sikker of thair bowis[1],
Thay live in huredome, and in harlotry,
Examine thame, schir, how thay observe thair vowis.

CORRECTIOUN.

Schir Scrybe, ye sall, at Chastities requeist,
Pas, and exame yon thrie, in gudelie haist.

[1] *bowis*; bulls; from the time, that they are sure of their bulls from Rome.

SCRYBE.

Father abbot, this counsall bids me speir,
How ye have usit your abbay, thay wald hèir:
And als, thir kingis hes givin to me commissioun,
Of your office, for till mak inquisitioun.

ABBOT.

Tucheing my office, I say to yow plainlie,
My monkis and I, we leif[1] richt easelie:
Thare is na monkis, from Carrick to Carraill[2],
That fairis better, and drinkis mair hailsum aill.
My prior is ane man of gret devotioun:
Tharefor, daylie, he getis ane double portioun.

SCRYBE.

My lordis, how have ye keipit your thrie vowis?

ABBOT.

Indeid richt weill, till I gat hame my bowis[3],
In my abbay, quhen I was sure professour,
Then, did I leife, as did my predecessour.
My paramours is baith als fat, and fair,
As ony wench, intill the toun of Air.

[1] *leif;* live.

[2] from Carrick, in Ayrshire, to Crail, in Fyfe; Carrick and Crail, for the alliteration, and the rhyme.

[3] *bowis,* for the rhyme, bulls: Till I got home from Rome my bulls.

I send my sonis to Pareis, to the scuillis[1],
I traist in God that thay sal be na fuillis.
And all my douchteris, I haif weill provydit,
Now, juge ye, gif my office be weill gydit.

SCRYBE.

Maister Parson, schaw us gif ye can preich?

PARSON.

Thocht I preich nocht, I can play at the caiche[2]:
I wat thare is nocht ane amang yow all,
Mair ferylie can play at the fute-ball;
And for the cartis, the tabils, and the dyse,
Above all parsouns, I may beir the pryse[3].
Our round bonats, we mak thame now four nuikit[4],
Of richt fyne stuff, gif yow list, cum, and luikit.
Of my office, I haif declarit to the;
Speir quhat ye pleis, ye get na mair of me.

SCRYBE.

Quhat say ye now, my ladie priores?
How have ye usit your office, can ye ges?

[1] *scuillis;* schools; according to the practice of that age.

[2] *caiche,* for the rhyme; *cache, catch*: *Cacche* is the old form of catch, in Chaucer: The game may have been *blind-man's buff*: The purpose of Lyndsay was to throw contempt upon the *parson*: *Hurling*, or *Houlting*, says the MS. Glos.

[3] *pryse;* prize.

[4] *nuikit;* cornered.

Quhat was the caus ye refusit harbrie:
To this young, lustie, ladie Chastitie.

PRIORES.

I wald haif harborit hir, with gude intent,
Bot, my complexioun thareto wald not assent:
I do my office, efter auld use, and wount,
To your parliament, I will mak na mair count.

VERITIE.

Now, caus sum of your cunning clarkis,
Quhilk ar expert in hevinlye warkis,
And men fulfillit[1] with charitie,
That can weill preiche the veritie,
And gif to sum of thame command,
Ane sermon for till mak, fra hand.

CORRECTIOUN.

As ye have said, I am content,
To gar sum preich incontinent. [*Pausa.*
Magister noster, I ken how ye can teiche,
Into the scuillis, and that richt ornatlie:
I pray yow, now, that ye wald plese to preiche,
In Inglisch toung, leud folk to edyfie[2].

[1] *fulfillit;* well filled.

[2] The *Inglisch toung* is chosen, we see, to *edyfie* the illiterate folk of Fyfe.

DOCTOUR.

Soverane, I sall obey yow hummillye,
With ane schort sermon, presentlye, in this place:
And schaw the word of God unfenzeitlye,
And sinceirlye, as God will give me grace.

[*Heir sall the* DOCTOUR *pas to the pulpit and say:*

"Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata."

Devoit pepill, Sanct Paull, the prechour sayis,
The fervent lufe, and fatherlye pitie,
Quhilk God almychtie hes schawin, mony wayis,
To man, in his corrupt fragilytie,
Excedis all lufe, in erth, sa far, that we
May never, to God, mak recompence conding[1];
As quhasa lists[2] to reid the verytie,
In halie Scripture, he may find this thing:

"Sic Deus dilexit mundum."

Tuching nathing, the gret prerogatyve,
Quhilk God, to man, in his creatioun, lent:
How man, of nocht creat, superlatyve,
Was to the image of God, omnipotent:
Let us consider that speciall lufe ingent[3],
God had to man, quhen our fore father fell;
Drawing us all, in his loynis immanent,
Captive from glore, in thirlage[4] to the hell;

[1] *conding;* condign. [2] whoso pleases.
[3] *ingent;* huge. [4] *thirlage;* bondage.

Quhen angelis fell, thair miserabil ruyne
Was never restorit, bot for our miserie,
The Sone of God, secund persone divyne,
In ane pure virgin tuke humanitie:
Syne, for our saik, gret harmis suffered he,
In fasting, walking, in preching, cauld, and heit,
And, at the last, ane schamefull deth deit[1] he,
Betwix twa theifis, on croce, he yeild the spreit[2]:
And, quhare an drop of his maist precious blude
Was recompence sufficient, and conding,
Ane thowsand warlds, to ransoun, from that wod,
Infernall feind, Sathan; nochtwithstanding,
He luffit us sa, that for our ransoning,
He sched furth all the blude of his bodie,
Riven, rent, and sair woundit, quhare he did hing,
Naild on the croce, on the Mont Calvary:

"Et copiosa apud eum redemptio."

O cruell deth, be the, the venemous
Dragon, the devil infernall, lost his pray:
Be the, the stinkand, mirk, contageous,
Deip pit of hell, mankynd eschaipit fray:
Be the, the port of paradice alsway
Was patent maid unto the hevin sa hie:
Opinnit to man and maid ane reddie way,
To glore eternall, with th' haly Trinitie.

[1] *deit*; died. [2] yielded the spirit.

And yit, for all this lufe incomparabill,
God askis na reward, fra us agane,
Bot, lufe, for lufe, in his command, but fabill[1],
Contenit ar all haill the lawis ten;
Baith ald, and new, and commandements ilk ane,
Lufe bene the ledder, quhilk hes bot steppis twa:
By quhilk, we may clim up to lyfe againe,
Out of this vaill of miserie, and wa.

"Diliges Dominum Deum tuum ex toto corde tuo, et proximum tuum sicut teipsum; in his duobus mandatis, &c."

The first step, suithlie, of this ledder is,
To lufe thy God, as the fontane, and well
Of lufe, and grace; and the secund, I wis,
To lufe thy nichtbour, as thou luffis thy sell.
Quha tynis ane step of thir twa, gais to hell,
But he repent, and turne to Christ anone.
Hald this na fabill, the halie evangell
Bears, in effect, thir wordis, everilk one:

"Si vis ad vitam ingredi, serva mandata Dei."

Thay tyne thir stepis, all thay quha ever did sin,
In pryde, invy, in ire, and lecherye;
In covetyce, or ony extreme win[2],
Into sweirnes, or into gluttonye:

[1] *but fabill;* without fable.

[2] *win;* gain, profit.

Or quha dois nocht the deidis of mercie,
Gif hungrie meit, and gif the naikit clayis[1].

PARSON.

Now, walloway! thinkis thou na schame to lie?
I trow, the devill a word is trew, thou sayis:
Thow sayis, thare is bot twa steppis to the hevin,
Quha failzeis thame man backwarts fall in hell:
I wat it is ten thowsand mylis, and sevin,
Gif it be na mair, I do it upon thy sel.
Schort leggit men, I se, be Brydis bell,
Will nevir cum thare, thae steppis bene sa wyde:
Gif thae be the wordis of the evangell;
The spirituall men hes mister[2] of ane gyde.

ABBOT.

And I beleife, that crukit men, and blinde,
Sall never get up upon sa hich ane ledder:
By my gude faith, I dreid to ly behinde,
Without, God draw me up into ane tedder[3];
Quhat and[4] I fal, than I will brak my bledder:
And I cum thare this day, the devill speid me;
Except, God make me lichter, nor ane fedder,
Or send me doun gude widcok[5] wingis to flie.

[1] Give the hungry meat, and give the naked clothes.
[2] *mister;* need.
[3] *tedder;* halter, a rope.
[4] *Quhat and;* what if.
[5] *widcok;* woodcock.

PARSON.

Cum doun, dastart, and gang sell draff[1],
I understand nocht quhat thow said;
Thy wordis war nouther corne, nor caff[2];
I wald thy toung agane war laide,
Quhare, thou sayis pryde is deidlie sin:
I say pryde is bot honestie,
And covetyce, of warldlie win,
Is bot wisdome, I say for me:
Ire, hardines, and gluttonie,
Is nathing ellis, bot lyfis fude:
The naturall sin of lecherie
Is bot trew lufe; all thir ar gude.

DOCTOUR.

God, and the kirk, hes givin command,
That all gude Christian men refuse thame.

PARSON.

Bot, war thay sin, I understand,
We men of kirk wald never use thame.

[1] *draff;* grains, refuse; as in Chaucer:

"Why shuld I sowen *draf* out of my fist,
"Whan I may sowen whete, if that me *list.*"

[2] *caff;* chaff, refuse of corn; as in Wiclif, Mat. iii. 12: "And he shall gadre his *whete* into his barne; but, the *chaff* he shall brenne with fire."

DOCTOUR.

Brother, I pray the Trinitie,
Your faith, and charytie, to support:
Causand yow knaw the verytie,
That ye your subjectis may confort.
To your prayers, pepill, I recommend,
The rewlaris of this nobill regioun:
That our Lord God his grace mot to thame send,
On trespassouris, till mak punitioun:
Prayand to God, from feindis yow defend,
And of your sins, to gif yow full remissioun:
I say na mair, to God, I yow commend!

[*Heir* DILIGENCE *spyis the* FREIR *roundand*[1] *to the* PRELATE.]

DILIGENCE.

My lordis, I persave, that the sprituall stait,
Be way of deid, purpois to mak debait:
For, be the counsall of yon flattrand freir,
Thay purpois, till mak all this toun on steir.

FIRST LICENT[2].

Traist ye[3], that thay wil be inobedient,
To that, quhilk is decreitit[4] in parliament?

[1] *roundand;* whispering. [2] Licenciate.
[3] *traist ye;* think ye.
[4] *decreitit*; decreed; as in Milton:
"Father eternal! thine is to *decree.*"

DILIGENCE.

Thay se the Paip, with awfull ordinance,
Makis weir aganis the michtie king of France[1]:
Richt sa, thay think, that prelatis suld nocht sunzie[2],
Be way of deid, defend thair patrimonie.

FIRST LICENT.

I pray the, brother, gar me understand,
Quhare ever Christ possessit ane fute of land.

DILIGENCE.

Yea, that he did, father, withoutin fail;
For, Christ Jesus was king of Israell.

FIRST LICENT.

I grant, that Christ was king abufe al kingis;
Bot, he mellit never with temporall thingis;
As he hes plainlie done declair himsell,
As thou may reid, in his halie Evangell:
Birdis hes thair nestis, and todis[3] hes thair den,
Bot, Christ Jesus, the saviour of men,

[1] The war of Leo X. against Francis I., in 1522, if this were not an interpolation of the year 1546.

[2] *sunzie;* excuse: Should not make any excuse, for defending their patrimony.

[3] *todis;* foxes: This verse, and the four following, are repeated in the Monarchie.

In all this warld, hes nocht ane penny breid[1],
Quhareon, he may repois his hevinlye head.

DILIGENCE.

And is that trew?—

BATCHELOR.

—Yes, brother, be Alhallows:
Christ Jesus had na propertie bot the gallows;
And left nocht, quhen he yeildit up the spreit,
To by[2] himself ane simpill winding scheit.

DILIGENCE.

Christ's successouris, I understand,
Thinkis na schame till haif temporall land.
Father, thay have na will, I yow assure,
In this warld, to be indigent, and pure:
Bot, schir, sen ye ar callit sapient,
Declair to me the caus, with trew intent,
Quhy, that my lustie ladie Veritie
Hes nocht bene weill treatit, in this cuntrie?

BATCHELER.

Forsuith, quhare prelatis uses the counsall
Of beggand freiris, in monie regioun,
And thae prelatis, with princes principall,
The veritie, but dout, is trampit doun;

[1] *breid*; breadth.

[2] *by*; buy: This verse is repeated in the Monarchie.

And Common-weill put to confusioun.
Gif this be trew, to yow, I me report:
Tharefor, my lordis, mak reformatioun,
Or ye depart, hartlie, I yow exhort:
Schirs, freiris wald never, I yow assure,
That ony prelatis usit preiching:
And[1] prelatis tuke on thame that cure,
Freiris wald get nathing, for thair fleiching[2]:
Tharefor, I counsall yow, fra hand,
Banische yon freir out of this land,
And that incontinent:
Do ye nocht sa, withoutin weir[3],
He will mak all this toun on steir,
I knaw his fals intent.
Yon Priores, withoutin fabill,
I think scho is nocht profitabill,
For Christis regioun.
To begin reformatioun,
Mak of thame deprivatioun,
This is my opinioun.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Schir, pleis ye, that we twa invaid thame,
And ye sall se us sone degraid thame,
Of coill, and chaplarie[4]?

[1] *And;* if. [2] *fleiching;* flattery.
[3] *withoutin weir;* without doubt.
[4] *coill, and chaplarie;* cowl, and scapulary.

CORRECTIOUN.

Pas on, I am richt weill content,
Syne, banische thame, incontinent,
Out of this cuntrie.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Cum on, schir freir, and be nocht fleyit[1],
The king our maister mon be obeyit,
Bot ye sall have na harme:
Gif ye wald travell, fra toun to toun,
I think this hude, and hevie goun,
Will hald your wambe[2] ovir warme.

FLATTRIE *the Freir.*

Now, quhat is this, that thir monsters meinis?
I am exemptit fra kingis, and quenis,
And fra all humane law.

SECUND SERGEANT.

Tak ye the hude, and I the gown,
This limmer lukis als lyke ane lown,
As any that ever I saw.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Thir freiris, to chaip[3] punitioun,
Halds thame at thair exemptioun,
And na man will obey:

[1] *fleyit;* frightened. [2] *wambe;* womb, belly. [3] *chaip;* escape.

Thay ar exempt, I yow assure,
Baith fra paip, king, and empreour,
And that makis all the pley[1].

SECUND SERGEANT.

On dumisday, quhen Christ sall say,
" Venite benedicti :"
The freiris will say, without delay,
" Nos sumus exempti."

[*Heir sall thay spuilze*[2] FLATTRIE *of the Freiris habite.*

GUDE-COUNSALL.

Schir, be the halie Trinitie,
This same is feinzeit Flattrie,
I ken him, be his face :
Beleivand[3], for till get promotioun,
He said, that his name was Devotioun :
And sa begylit your grace.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Cum on, my ladie Priores,
We sall leir yow to dance ;
And that, within ane lytill space.
Ane new pavin[4] of France.

[1] *pley ;* plea, debate. [2] *spulzie ;* despoil.
[3] believing.
[4] *pavin,* from *pavo,* a peacock; a grave kind of dance, which is supposed to have been invented in Spain. Hawkins's Music, v. ii. p. 134.—Dodsley's O. P. v. viii. p. 15.

[*Heir sall thay spuilze the* PRIORES, *and scho sall have ane kirtill of silk under hir habite*[1].]

Now brother, be the masse,
Be my jugement, I think,
This halie priores
Is turnit in ane cowclink[2].

PRIORES.

I gif my freindis my malisoun,
That me compellit till be ane nun,
And wald nocht let me marie:
It was my freindis gredines,
That gart me be ane priores,
Now hartlie thame I warie[3].
Howbeit, that nunnis sing nichtis, and dayis,
Thair hart watis nocht quhat thair mouth sayis,
The suith, I yow declair:
Makand yow intimatioun,
To Christis congregatioun,
Nunnis are nocht necessair.

[1] It appears from several passages, in the old English drama, that the *courtezans* formerly wore some particular garment, like a *waistcoat*. Dodsley's Old Plays, v. iii. p. 291. There seems to be some allusion to that practice, in the stage direction, which discovers *Ane kirtill of silk under the habite of the Priores*.

[2] a harlot. [3] *warie;* curse.

Bot, I sall do the best I can,
And marie sum gude honest man,
And brew gude aill, and tun[1]:
Mariage, be my opinioun,
It is better religioun,
As[2] to be freir, or nun.

FLATTRIE *the Freir.*

My lordis, for Godis saik, let not hang me,
Howbeit, that widdiefows[3] wald wrang me,
I can mak na debait,
To win my meat, at pleuch, nor harrowis,
Bot, I sall help to hang my marrowis[4],
Baith Falset, and Dissait.

CORRECTIOUN.

Than pas thy way, and graith[5] the gallowis,
Syne help for till hang up thy fellowis,
Thou getis na uther grace.

FLATTRIE.

Of that office, I am content,
Bot, our prelatis, I dreid, repent,

[1] *tun*; to tun up, to put ale into a tun.
[2] *As*; than. [3] *widdiefows*; ill-natured fellows.
[4] *marrowis*; fellows.
[5] *graith*; prepare; as in Chaucer:
"These clerkis bete him wel, and let him lie,
"And *grethen* hem, and take her hors anon."

Be I fleimde[1] from thair face.

[*Heir sall* FLATTRIE *sit besyde his marrowis.*

DISSAIT.

Now Flattrie, my auld companzeoun,
Quhat dois yon king Correctioun?
Knawis thou nocht his intent?
Declair till us of thy novellis.

FLATTRIE.

Ye'ill all be hangit, I se nocht ellis;
And that, incontinent.

DISSAIT.

Now, walloway! will ye gar hang us?
The devill brocht yon curst king, amang us,
For mekill sturt, and stryfe.

FLATTRIE.

I had bene put to deid amang yow,
War nocht I tuke on hand till hang yow[2];
And sa I saifit my lyfe:
I heir thame say, thay will cry doun,
All freiris, and nunnis, in this regioun,
Sa far as I can feill[3]:

[1] Be I *fleimde*; Be I *banished* from their face.
[2] Had I not undertaken to hang you.
[3] *feill*; perceive.

Becaus, thay ar nocht necessair,
And als, thay think thay ar contrair,
To Johne the Common-weill.

[*Heir sal the* KINGIS *and the* TEMPORAL STAIT *round*[1] *togider.*]

CORRECTIOUN.

With the advyce of King Humanitie,
Heir I determine, with rype avysement,
That all thir prelatis sall depryvit be,
And be decreit of this present parliament;
That thir thrie cunning clarkis sapient,
Immediatlye thair places sall posses;
Becaus, that thay have bene sa negligent,
Suffring the word of God for till decres.

REX HUMANITIE.

As ye have said, but dout, it sal be done,
Pas to, and mak this interchainging sone.

[*The Kingis servants lay hands on the thrie prelatis and sayis:—*

WANTONNES.

My lordis, we pray yow till be patient,
For, we will do the kingis commandement.

[1] whisper.

SPIRITUALITIE.

I mak ane vow to God, and ye us handill[1],
Ye sall be curst, and gragit[2], with buke, and candill[3]:
Syne, we sall pas unto the Paip, and pleinzie;
And to the devill of hell condemne this meinzie[4]:
For quhy, sic reformatioun, as I weine,
Intill Scotland was never hard, nor seine.

[*Heir sal thay spuilze thame with silence, and put thair habite on the thrie* CLARKIS.]

MERCHAND.

We mervell of yow, paintit sepulturis,
That was sa bauld, for till accept sic curis.
With glorious habite, rydand upon your muillis[5],
Now men may se, ye ar bot verie fuillis.

[1] *and ye us handill*; if ye touch us.

[2] *gragit*; excommunicated.

[3] *with buke and candill*: The ecclesiastical law of England directed, that certain articles should be explained in English, with *bells tolling*, and *candles lighted*; that the ceremony may cause the greater dread. Johnson's Eccles. Laws, v. ii. We may infer, from Lyndsay's sarcasm, that a similar ceremony existed, in the Scotican church. The Bastard cries out, in King John:

"*Bell*, *book*, and *candle*, shall not drive me back,
"When gold, and silver, becks me to come on."

[4] *meinzie*; the whole group of reformers.

[5] From this, and other passages, it appears, that the bishops, in that age, rode *muillis*; *ambling mules*.

SPIRITUALITIE.

We say, the kingis war greter fuillis, nor we,
That us promovit to sa greit dignitie.

ABBOT.

Thare is ane thowsand, in the kirk, but dout,
Sic fuillis as we, gif thay war weill socht out;
Now, brother, sen it may na better be,
Let us ga soup, with Sensualitie.

[*Heir sall thay pas to* SENSUALITIE.

SPIRITUALITIE.

Madame, I pray yow, mak us thrie gude cheir;
We cure nocht to remane with yow all yeir.

SENSUALITIE.

Pas fra us, fuillis, be him, that hes us wrocht,
Ye luge nocht heir, becaus I knaw yow nocht.

SPIRITUALITIE.

Schir, Covetyce, will ye also misken[1] me?
I wat richt weill, ye wil baith gif, and len me:
Speid hand, my freind, spair nocht to brek the lockis;
Gif me ane thowsand crouns out of my box.

COVETYCE.

Quharefor, schir fuil, gif yow ane thowsand crowns?
Ga hence, ye seme to be thrie verie lowns.

[1] *misken;* misknow, disown.

SPIRITUALITIE.

I se nocht els, brother, withoutin faill,
Bot, this fals warld is turnit top ovir taill:
Sen, all is vaine, that is under the lift[1],
To win[2] our meat, we man[2] mak uther schift.
With our lawbour, except we mak debait,
I dreid full sair, we want baith drink, and meat.

PARSON.

Gif, with our lawbour, we man us defend,
Then, let us gang, quhare we war never kend.

SPIRITUALITIE.

I wyte[3] thir freiris, that I am thus abusit;
For, by thair counsall, I haif bene confusit:
Thay gart me trow, it suffysit, allace!
To gar them plainlie preich, intill my place.

ABBOT.

Allace! this reformatioun, I may warie;
For, I haif yit twa dochteris for to marie;
And, thay ar baith contractit, be the rude,
And wats nocht how to pay thair tocher-gude[4].

PARSON.

The devill mak cair, for this unhappie chance,
For, I am young, and thinkis to pas till France;

[1] *lift*; firmament, heavens. [2] *win*; earn: *man*; must.
[3] *wyte*; blame. [4] *tocher-gude*; marriage portion.

And tak wages, amang the men of weir,
And win my living, with my swerd, and speir[1].

[*The* BISCHOP, ABBOT, PARSON, *and* PRIORES *depairtis altogidder.*]

GUDE-COUNSALL.

Or ye depairt, schir, aff this regioun,
Gif Johne the Common-weill ane gay garmoun[2];
Becaus, the Common-weill hes bene overlukit,
That is the caus, that Common-weill is crukit.
With singular profeit, he hes bene sa supprysit,
That he is baith cauld, naikit, and disgysit.

CORRECTIOUN.

As ye have said, father, I am content:
Sergeants, gif Johne ane new abuilzement[3].
Of sating, damais, or of the velvoit fyne;
And gif him place, in our parliament, syne.

[*Heir sal thay cleith* JOHNE *the Common-weill gorgeouslie, and set him doun amang thame in the parliament.*]

All verteous pepil, now, may be rejoysit,
Sen, Common-weill hes gottin ane gay garmoun:
And ignorantis, out of the kirk, deposit,

[1] The allusion here is to a very common practice, in that unindustrious age.

[2] *garmoun*, for the rhyme; garment. [3] dress.

Devoit doctouris, and clarkis of renoun,
Now, in the kirk, sall haif dominioun:
And Gude-counsall, with ladie Veritie,
Ar profest[1] with our kings majestie.
Blist is that realme, that hes ane prudent king,
Quhilk dois delyte to heir the veritie;
Punisching thame, that plainlie dois maling,
Contrair the common-weill, and equitie.
Thare may na pepill have prosperitie,
Quhare ignorance hes the dominioun,
And common-weill, be tyrants, trampit doun.
[*Pausa.*

Now maisteris ye sall heir incontinent,
At gret leysour, in your presence, proclamit
The nobill actis of our parliament;
Of quhilkis, we neid nocht for to be aschamit.
Cum heir trumpet, and sound your warning tone,
That everilk man may knaw quhat we have done.

[*Heir sall* DILIGENCE *with the* SCRIBE *and the trumpet pas to the pulpit and proclame the actis.*

THE FIRST ACT.

It is devysit, be thir prudent kingis,
Correctioun, and king Humanitie,

[1] *are profest;* Good-counsel and ladie Veritie are *declared friends* with the king; as in Shakspeare:

"He is dishonour'd, by a man, which ever
"*Profess'd* to him——"

That thair leigis, induring all thair ringis[1],
With the avyce of the estatis thrie,
Sall manfullie defend and fortifie
The kirk of Christ, and his religioun,
Without dissimulance, or hypocrisie;
Under the paine of thair punitioun[2].

2. Als thay will, that the actis honorabill,
Maid be our prince, in the last parliament[3],
Becaus thay ar baith gude, and profitabill;
Thay will, that everilk man be diligent
Thame till observe, with unfenzeit intent:
Quha disobeyis, inobedientlye,
Be thir lawis, but dout, thay sall repent,
And painis contenit tharein sall underlye[4].

3. And als the common-weill, for til avance,
It is statute, that all the temporall landis,
Be set in few, efter the forme of France[5],
Til verteous men, that labouris, with thair handis;

[1] reigns.

[2] In those times, and long before, there was a practice of passing an act of parliament, during every session, at least, at the commencement of every reign, providing that, "The freedome of halie kirk suld be keeped."—Skene.

[3] Upon consideration of the whole context, it appears to me, that the allusion here is to the parliament, which was held at Edinburgh, on the 7th of June 1535, when many acts, "baith gude, and profitabill," were certainly enacted. See the Black Acts.

[4] *underlye*; be subject to.

[5] This seems to have been a very favourite conceit of

Resonabillie restrictit, with sic bandis,
That thay do service, nevertheles,
And to be subject ay under the wandis[1];
That riches may, with policie, incres[2].

4. Item, this prudent parliament hes devysit,
Gif lordis halds under thair dominioun
Theifis, quhare throch pure pepil bene supprysit:
For thame thay sall mak answeir to the croun,

Lyndsay: That the lands of France were all *freehold*, and not leasehold, I doubt: It is a fact, which the prejudice of our satirist did not see, that the tenants of the churchmen were by far the freest, and easiest, in their situations: The poor tenants felt severely their change of masters, after the Reformation; as we may learn from sir Richard Maitland, who had seen many a change: See his *Complaint aganis Oppression of the Commouns.*" Mait. Poems, 321:

" Sum with deir ferme ar herreit hail,
That wount to pay but penny maill;
Sum be thair lordis ar opprest,
Put fra the land that they possest:
* * * * * *
Sum commouns, that has been weil stakit
Under kirkmen, are *now all wrakit*,
Sen that the *teind*, and the *kirklands*
Came in gret temporal mennis hands:
They gar the tennents pay sic soumes,
As thay will ask; or, quha ganestands,
Thay will be put some fra thair roumes."

1 *wandis;* power, dominion of the landlords; *wand* is the badge of authority.

2 So in the Dreme: " That riches might be policy increes."

And to the pure mak restitutioun:
Without thay put thame in the juges handis;
For thair default to suffer punitioun;
Sa that na theifis remane within thair landis[1].

5. To that intent, that justice sould increse,
It is concludit, in this parliament,
That into Elgin, or into Invernesse,
Sall be ane sute of clarkis sapient,
Togidder with ane prudent precident;
To do justice, in all the norther airtis[2],
Sa equallie, without impediment,
That thay neid nocht seik justice in thir pairtis.

6. With licence of the Kirks halines,
That justice may be done, continuallie,
All the materis of Scotland, mair, and les,
To thir twa famous salts, perpetuallie,
Sal be directit, becaus men seis, plainlie,
Thir wantoun Nunnis ar na way necessair,
Till common-weill, nor yit to the glorie
Of Christis kirk, thocht thay be fat, and fair.
And als, that fragill ordour feminine
Will nocht be missit in Christis religioun,

[1] There was an act made, in 1515, for "punitioun of thift, and stouthrief, and maisters, and sustainers of thiefis;" which seems to have enacted what Lyndsay, and his parliament, now reenacted.

[2] *norther airtis;* northern parts, beyond the Spey.

Thair rentis usit till ane better fyne[1],
For common-weill of all this regioun.
Ilk senatour, for that erectioun,
For the uphalding of thair gravitie,
Sall have fyve hundreth mark of pensioun.
And also bot twa sall thair nummer be;
Into the north, saxtene sall thare remane,
Saxtene rycht sa, in our maist famous toun
Of Edinburgh, to serve our soverane;
Chosen without partiall affectioun
Of the maist cunning clarkis of this regioun:
Thair chancellar chosen of ane famous clark,
Ane cunning man of gret perfectioun,
And for his pensioun have ane thowsand mark[2].

7. It is devysit, in this parliament,
From this day furth, na mater temporall,
Our new prelatis thareto hes done consent,
Cum befoir juges consistoriall,
Quhilk hes bene sa prolixt, and partiall;
To the gret hurt of the communitie:
Let temporall men seik juges temporall,
And spirituall men to spritualitie.

[1] *fyne;* end.

[2] In May 1532, there was erected by parliament, "a college of cunning and wyse men baith of spiritual, and temporal estate, for doing of justice in all civile actionis;" and this was followed, by a whole code, for the better regulation of this college of justice.—See the Black Acts.

8. Na benefice beis giffin, in tyme cumming,
Bot to men of gude eruditioun;
Expert in the halie Scripture, and cunning,
And that thay be of gude conditioun,
Of publick vices, but[1] suspicioun,
And qualyfeit richt prudentlye to preich,
To thair awin folk baith into land, and toun,
Or ellis, in famous scullis, for to teich;
Als becaus of the gret pluralitie
Of ignorant preistis, ma than ane legioun:
Quharethroch, of teicheouris the heich dignitie
Is vilipendit[2], in ilk regioun:
Tharefor, our court hes maid ane provisioun,
That na bischops mak teichouris, in tyme cumming,
Except, men of gude eruditioun,
And for preistheid qualyfeit and cunning.
Siclyke[3] as ye se, in the burrows toun[4],
Ane tailzeour is nocht sufferit to remaine,
Without he can mak doublet, coat, and gown,
He man gang till his prentischip againe:
Bischopis sould nocht ressave, me think certaine
Into the kirk, except ane cunning clark:
Ane ideot preist, Esay compaireth, plaine[5],
Till ane dum dogge, that can nocht byte, nor bark.

[1] *but;* without. [2] *vilipendit;* disesteemed, vilified.
[3] *siclyke;* such. [4] *toun;* for touns, to suit the rhyme.
[5] *plaine;* plainly: This allusion to *Esay* is frequently made by Lyndsay, and also by Knox.

10. From this day furth, se na prelatis pretend,
Under the paine of inobedience,
At prince, or Paip, to purchase ane command
Againe the kow[1], becaus it dois offence:
Till ony preist, we think sufficience
Ane benefice, for to serve God withall;
Twa prelacies[2] sall na man have, from thence,
Without, that he be of the blude royall.

11. Item, this prudent counsall hes concludit,
Sa that our haly vickars be nocht wrath,
From this day furth, thay sal be clene denudit,
Baith of corspresent cow, and upmest claith[3],
To pure commons, becaus it hath done skaith:
And mairover, we think it lytill force,
Howbeit, the barrouns thareto will be laith,
From thine-furth, thay sall want thair hereyeld hors[4].

12. It is decreit, that in this parliament,
Ilk bischop, minister, priour, and parsoun;

[1] *againe the kow*: That they should not purchase from prince, nor pope, a command against the ordinance as to the cow, or for abolishing the *cors-present*.

[2] *Twa "prelacies;"—"prelats,"* in both the ed. 1602 and 1604.

[3] The uppermost cloth, or coverlid of the bed, which went to the vicar, as a cors-present.

[4] *hereyeld-horse*; their *heriot*: This duty was formerly a relief, for war, from the tenant to the lord; but, now, it is taken, for the best chattel, that the tenant hath, at the hour of his death, be it horse, ox, or any such like.—Blount.

To the effect, thay may tak better tent
To saulis, under thair dominioun,
Efter the forme of thair fundatioun,
Ilk bischop, in his diosie sall remane:
And everilk parsone, in his parochoun,
Teiching thair folk, from vices to refrane.

13. Becaus that clarkis our substance dois consume,
For bills, and proces, of thair prelacies:
Tharefor thare sall na money ga to Rome,
From this day furth, for any benefice:
Bot gif[1], it be for gret archbischopries;
As for the rest, na money gais at all:
For the incressing of thair dignities,
Na mair, nor did to Peter, nor to Paull.

14. Considering that our preistis, for the maist part,
Thay want the gift of chastitie, we se;
Cupido hes sa perst thame throch the hart;
We grant thame licence, and frie libertie,
That thay may have fair virgins to thair wyfis:
And sa keip matrimoniall chastitie,
And nocht, in huredome, for to leid thair lyfis.

15. This parliament, richt sa, hes done conclude:
From this day forth, our barrouns temporall
Sall na mair mix thair nobil ancient blude,
With bastard bairnis[2] of stait spirituall:
Ilk stait amang thair awin selfis marie sall;
Gif nobils marie with the spiritualitie,

[1] *Bot gif;* except. [2] brats.

From thyne[1], subject thay sal be, and all
Sal be degraidit of thair nobilitie,
And from amang the nobils cancellit,
Untill the tyme, thay buy thair libertie,
Rehabilit, be the civill magistrate[2]:
And sa sall marie the spiritualitie;
Bischopis with bischopis sall mak affinitie,
Abbotis, and prioris, with the priores:
As bischop Annas, in Scripture, we may se,
Maryit his dochter on bischop Caiphas.
Now, haif ye heard the actis honorabill,
Devysit in this present parliament,
To common-weill we think agreabill:
All faithfull folk suld heirof be content,
Thame till observe, with hartlie trew intent;
I wat nane will aganis our actis rebell,
Nor till our law be inobedient,
Bot Plutois band[3], the potent prince of hell.

[*Heir sall* PAUPER *cum befoir the* KING *and say:*—

[1] *thyne;* thence.

[2] The meaning seems to be, that if any nobleman should marry a bastard of a bishop, as the son of lord Lyndsay had married the bastard daughter of cardinal Beaton, he should be degraded, till, by paying a fine, or obtaining a license from the civil magistrate, he should be reestablished in his privileges.

[3] *Bot Plutois band;* except Pluto's crew.

PAUPER.

I gif yow my braid bennisoun,
That hes givin Common-weill a goun:
I wald nocht, for ane pair of plackis,
Ye had nocht maid thir nobill actis.
I pray to God! and sweit sanct Geill!
To gif yow grace to use thame weill:
Wer thay weill keipit, I understand,
It war gret honour to Scotland.
It had bene als gude, ye had sleipit,
As to mak actis, and be nocht keipit:
Bot, I beseik yow, for Alhallows,
To heid Dissait, and hang his fellows;
And banische Flattrie aff the toun;
For thare was never sic ane loun.
That beand done, I hald it best,
That everilk man ga till his rest.

CORRECTIOUN.

As thou hes said, it sal be done,
Swyith! sergeants, hang yon swingeours, sone.

[*Heir sal the* SERGEANTS *louse the presoners out of the stockis, and leid thame to the gallows.*]

FIRST SERGEANT.

Cum heir, schir theif, cum heir, cum heir;
Quhen war ye wont to be sa sweir?

To hunt cattell ye war ay speidie,
Tharefor ye sall wave in ane widdie[1].

THIFT.

Man I be hangit? allace! allace!
Is thare nane heir, may get me grace?
Yit, or I die, gif me ane drink.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Fy! hureson carle, I feil ane stink.

THIFT.

Thocht I wald nocht, that it war wittin,
Schir, in gude faith, I am bedirtin:
To wit[2] the veritie, gif ye pleis,
Louse doun my hois, put in your neis.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Thou art an limmer, I stand for'd,
Slip in thy hede intill this cord:
For, thou had never ane meiter tippit.

THIFT.

Allace! this is ane fellon rippit[3]. [*Pausa.*

[1] swing in the gallows. [2] *wit;* know.

[3] *fellon rippit;* a very bad business: the expression is colloquial, and can only be paraphrased.

The widdifow wardanis[1] tuke my geir,
And left me nether hors, nor meir;
Nor erthlie gude, that me belangit,
Now, walloway! I man be hangit.
Repent your lyfis, ye plaine oppressouris,
All ye misdoars, and transgressouris:
Or ellis, gar chuse yow gude confessouris,
And mak yow for'd[2]:
For gif ye tarie in this land,
And cum under Correctioun's hand:
Your grace sal be, I understand,
Ane gude scharp cord.
Adew! my bretheren, common theifis,
That helpit me, in my mischeifis:
Adew! Grosars, Nicksons, and Bellis,
Oft have we run ou'r-thort the fellis.
Adew! Robsonis, Hansles, and Pyllis,
That in our craft hes mony wylis;
Lytils, Trumbels, and Armestrangis,
Adew! all theifis that me belangis;
Tailzeours, Curwings, and Elwandis,
Spedie of fute and wicht of handis.
The Scottis of Ewisdaill, and the Gramis,
I have na tyme, to tell your namis[3].

[1] *widdifow wardanis;* the rascally wardens of the borders.

[2] and make you ready *for it;* that is, the cord, the halter.

[3] Those are the names of most of the west border families.

With king Correctioun, and ye be fangit[1],
Beleif richt weill, ye wil be hangit.

FIRST SERGEANT.

Speid hand man, with thy clitter clatter.

THIFT.

For God's saik, schir, let me mak watter;
Howbeit, I have bene cattel-gredie,
It schamis to pische into ane widdie.

[*Heir sal* THIFT *be drawin up, or his figour.*

SECUND SERGEANT.

Cum heir, Dissait, my companzeoun,
Saw ever ane man, lyker ane loun?
To hing upon ane gallows.

of that age. In the Paper Office, there is a letter from Thomas Musgrave to lord Burleigh, in 1583; giving that intelligent statesman, a very minute account of the several rivers, and dales, on that border, with the several families living on them, together with their marriages and alliances. The Nixons, the Rutledges, the Taylors, the Graymes, the Battesons, the Elliotts, the Armstrongs, the Irwyns, the Forsters, the Nobles, the Pandours, the Bells, are very numerous: Some of those, who are mentioned by Lyndsay, though not in lord Burleigh's letter, may have been persons, that were more noted for their robberies, than known for their connections.

[1] if ye be caught.

DISSAIT.

This is aneuch to mak me mangit,
Dule fell me, that I man be hangit,
Let me speik with my fallows.
I trow wan-fortune[1] brocht me heir;
Quhat mekill feind maid me sa speidie?
Sen it was said, it is sevin yeir,
That I sould wave into ane widdie,
I leirit my maisters to be gredie.
Adew! for I se na remeid:
Luke quhat it is to be evil-deidie[2].

SECUND SERGEANT.

Now, in this halter slip thy heid[3],
Stand still, me think ye draw aback.

DISSAIT.

Allace! maister, ye hurt my crag.

SECUND SERGEANT.

It will hurt better, I wod an plak,
Richt now, quhen ye hing on ane knag.

[1] misfortune. [2] given to evil deeds.

[3] This is "*hand*," in both the ed. 1602 and 1604: But "*heid*" is required both by the sense, and by the rhyme: The thief complains immediately after, "Allace! ye hurt my *crag*," or neck.

DISSAIT.

Adew! my maisters, merchant men,
I have yow servit, as ye ken,
Truelie, baith air, and lait:
I say to yow, for conclusioun,
I dreid, ye gang to confusioun,
Fra tyme ye want Dissait.
I leirit yow, merchants, mony ane wyle,
Upalands wyfis[1], for till begyle,
Upon ane markit day:
And gar thame trow your stuffe was gude,
Quhen it was rottin, be the rude,
And sweit it was nocht sway[2].
I was ay roundand, in your eir,
And leirit yow, for to ban, and sweir,
Quhat your geir cost in France:
Howbeit, the devill ane word was trew,
Your craft, gif King Correctioun knew,
Wald turne yow to mischance.
I leirit yow wyllis mony fauld[3],
To mix the new wyne, and the auld,
That faschioun was na follie:
To sell richt deir, and by gude chaip,
And mix ry-meill amang the saip,
And saiffrone with oyl-dolie[4].

[1] country wives.
[2] so; — sway is a perversion of *swa*, for the rhyme.
[3] manyfold. [4] oil-olive. MS. Glos.

Foryet nocht ocker[1], I counsall yow,
Mair than the vickar dois the kow,
Or lordis thair doubill maill:
Howbeit, your elwand[2] be too skant,
Or your pound wecht thrie unces want,
Think that bot lytill faill.
Adew! the gret clan Jamesone,
The blude royal of Clappertoun,
I was ay to yow trew:
Baith Andersone, and Patersone,
Abufe thame all, Thome Williamsone[3],
My absence ye will rew.
Thome Williamsone, it is your part,
To pray for me, with all your hart,
And think upon my warkis:
How I leirit yow ane gude lessoun,
For to begyle, in Edinburgh toun,
The bischop and his clarkis.
Ye young merchants may cry allace,
For wanting of your wonted grace,
Yon curst king ye may ban:
Had I leifit bot halfe ane yeir,
I sould haif leirit yow craftis, perqueir,
To begyle wyfe, and man.

[1] usury. [2] ell-measure.

[3] Those were, doubtless, well-known swindlers, in that age.

How may ye merchants mak debait?
Fra tyme ye want your man, Dissait,
For yow, I mak gret cair:
Without I ryse fra deid to lyfe,
I wat weill, ye will never thryfe,
Farther nor the fourth air[1].

[*Heir sal* DISSAIT *be drawin up, or ellis his figure.*

FIRST SERGEANT.

Cum heir, Falset, and mense[2] the gallows,
Ye man hing up amang your fallows,
For your cankart conditioun:
Monie ane trew man have ye wrangit;
Tharefor, but dout, ye sal be hangit,
But[3] mercie, or remissioun.

FALSET.

Allace! man I be hangit to?
Quhat mekill devil is this ado;
How came I to this cummer[4]?
My gude maisters, ye craftis men,
Want ye Falset, full weill I ken,
Ye will all die for hunger.
Ye men of craft, may cry allace!
Quhen ye want me, ye want your grace;
Tharefor, put into wryte

[1] heir. [2] grace the gallows.
[3] without. [4] *cummer*; trouble.

My lessouns, that I did yow leir,
Howbeit, the commons eyne[1] ye bleir,
Count ye nocht that ane myte.
Find me ane wobster[2], that is leill,
Or ane walker[3], that will nocht steill,
Thair craftines, I ken:
Or ane millair, that hes na falt,
That will nouther steill meall, nor malt;
Hald thame for halie men.
At our fleschers[4] tak ye na greife,
Thocht thay blaw leane mutton, and beife,
That thay seme fat, and fair[5]:
Thay think that practick bot ane mow[6],
Howbeit, the devill a thing it dow[7];
To thame I leirit that lair[8].
I leirit tailzeours[9], in everie toun,
To schaip fyve quarters in ane goun,
In Angus, and in Fyfe:
To uplands tailzeours, I gave gude leife,
To steill ane sillie stump[10], or sleife,
Unto kittok, his wyfe.

[1] eyes. [2] webster, weaver. [3] fuller. [4] butchers.
[5] He alludes to the vile practice of blowing up the cellular membrane, which is common with the butchers of the present day.
[6] a jest. [7] avails. [8] I taught that lesson.
[9] taylors. [10] remnant.

My gude maister, Andro Fortoun,
Of tailzeours, that may weir the croun,
For me, he will be mangit[1]:
Tailzeour, Baberage, my sone, and air,
I wat for me, will rudlie rair[2],
Fra tyme, he se me hangit.
The barfit[3] deacon, Jamie Ralfe,
Quha never yit bocht kow, nor calfe;
Becaus he can nocht steall:
Willie Cadzeoch will mak na pleid[4],
Howbeit, his wyfe want beife, and breid,
Get he gude barmie aill[5].
To the browsters[6] of Cowper toun,
I leife my braid black malisoun[7],
Als hartlie, as I may:
To mak thinne aill, thay think na falt,
Of mekill burne, and lytill malt[8],
Agane the market day.
And thay can mak, withoutin doubt,
Ane kynde of aill, thay call Harns-out,
Wat ye how thay mak that?

[1] deranged. [2] roar. [3] barefooted. [4] complaint.

[5] *barm*, is *yest*: *barmie aill*, is strong ale, well barmed, or fermented.

[6] brewers. [7] broad, black maledictiion, curse.

[8] much water, and little malt.

Ane curtill quene[1], ane laidlie lurdane[2],
Of strang wesche[3], scho will tak ane jurdane,
And settis in the gyle-fat[4].
Quha drinkis of that aill, man, or page,
It will gar all his harnis[5] rage;
That jurdane I may rew:
It gart my heid rin hiddie giddie[6],
Schirs, God! nor I die in ane widdie[7],
Gif this tale be nocht trew.
Speir at the sowtar, Geordie Sillie,
Fra tyme, that he had fill'd his bellie,
With this unhailsum aill:
Than, all the baxters[8] will I ban,
That mixes bread, with dust, and bran,
And fyne flour, with beir maill.
Adew! my maisters wrichts, and maissouns,
I have neid to leir[9] yow few lessouns,
Ye knaw my craft, perqueir:
Adew! blak-smithis, and lorimers,
Adew! ye craftie cordiners,
That sellis the schone over deir.
Gold-smithis, fair-weill, abufe thame all!
Remember my memoriall,
With mony ane sittill[10] cast:

[1] a sluttish wench.
[2] loathsome jade.
[3] urine.
[4] the mashing-vat, in brewing.
[5] brains.
[6] turn round.
[7] may I die in a gallows.
[8] bakers.
[9] teach.
[10] subtle.

To mix, set ye nocht by twa preinis[1],
Fyne ducat gold, with hard gudlingis,
Lyke as, I leirnit yow last.
Quhen I was ludgit upaland[2],
The schephirds maid with me ane band,
Richt craftelie to steill:
Than, did I gif ane confirmatioun
To all the schephirdis of this natioun,
That thay sould never be leill[3]:
And ilk ane to reset ane uther,
I knaw fals schephirds fiftie uther,
War thair canteleinis[4] kend:
How thay mak, in thair conventiouns,
On montanis, far fra ony touns,
To let thame never mend.
Amang craftis men, it is ane wonder,
To find ten leill amang ane hunder,
The treuth I to yow tell:
Adew! I may na langer tarie,
I man pass to the king of Farie,
Or ellis the rycht to hell.
[*Heir sall he luke up to his fallowis hingand*[5].
Wais me! for the gude common thift,
Was never man maid ane mair honest schift,
His leifing for to win:

[1] pins.
[2] in the country.
[3] honest.
[4] tricks known.
[5] hanging.

Thare was nocht ane, in all Lidisdaill,
That ky mair craftelie culd staill,
Quhare thou hingis on that pin.
Sathan ressave thy saull, Dissait,
Thou was to me ane faithfull mait,
And als my father brother:
Dule fell the sillie merchant men,
To mak thame service weill I ken,
Thay'll never get sic ane uther

[*Heir sall thay festin the cord to his neck with ane dum countenance: thareftер he sall say:—*

Gif any man list, for to be my mait,
Cum follow me, for I am at the gait:
Cum follow me all catyfe covetous kingis,
Revers, but richt, of uthers realmis, and ringis[1];
Togidder with all wrangous conquerouris,
And bring with yow all publick oppressouris;
With Pharao, king of Egiptians,
With him, in hell, sal be your recompense,
All cruell schedders of blude innocent,
Cum follow me, or ellis, rin, and repent.

[1] *Revers, but richt, of uthers realmis, and ringis.* Lyndsay seems to have thought this one of his happiest verses: For, he transferred it, more than once, to his *Monarchies*: And, undoubtedly, what with the alliteration, and what with the flow, it must be deemed a happy verse, when the sense reechoes to the sound: Spoilers, without right, of other's kingdoms.

Prelatis, that hes ma benefeits, nor thrie,
And will nocht teche, nor preche, the veritie:
Without, at God, in tyme, thay cry for grace,
In hiddeous hell, I sall prepair thair place.
Cum follow me all fals corruptit juges,
With Pontius Pilat, I sall prepair your luges:
All ye officials, that partis men with thair wyfis,
Cum follow me, or els gang mend your lyfis:
With all fals leiders of the constrie[1] law,
With wanton scribis, and clarkis, intill ane raw;
That to the pure, maks mony partiall traine,
Syne, *hodie ad octo*, bids thame cum againe.
And ye, that takis rewards, at baith the handis,
Ye sall, with me, be bund in Belial's bandis.
Cum follow me all curst unhappie wyfis,
That with your gudemen, dayly, flytis, and stryfis,
And quyetlie, with rybaldis, makis repair;
And takis na cure to mak ane wrangous air[2]:
Ye sal, in hell, rewardit be, I wene,
With Jesabell of Israell, the quene.
I haif ane curst, unhappie, wyfe my sell,
Wald God! scho war, befoir me, into hell:
That bismere[3], war scho thare, withoutin doubt,
Out of hell, the devill scho wald ding out[4].

[1] consistory. [2] heir. [3] *bismere;* a scold.
[4] the devil she would drive out.

Ye maryit men, evin as ye lufe your lyfis,
Let never preistis be hamelie with your wyfis.
My wyfe, with preistis, scho doith me gret unricht,
And maid me, nine tymes, cuckald, on ane nicht.
Fairweil! for I am to the widdie wend[1],
For quhy, Falset maid never ane better end.
[*Heir sal he be heisit up, and not his figure, and an Craw, or ane Kae, sal be castin up, as it war his saull.*]

FLATTRIE.

Have I nocht chaipit the widdie weil?
Yea, that I have, be sweit Sanct Geill;
For I had nocht bene wrangit;
Becaus I servit, be Alhallows,
Till have bene marchellit, amang my fallowis,
And heich, above thame hangit.
I maid, far ma faltis, nor my maitis[2],
I begylde all the thrie estaitis,
With my hypocrisie;
Quhen I had on my freiris hude,
All men beleifit, that I was gude;
Now, juge ye, gif I be.
Tak me, ane rackles rubyatour[3],
Ane theif, ane tyrane, or ane tratour,
Of everie vyce the plant:

[1] to the gallows gone.
[2] I committed far more faults than my mates.
[3] careless robber.

Gif him the habite of ane freir,
The wyfis will trow, withoutin weir[1],
He be ane verie saint.
I knaw that cowle, and skaplarie,
Genners mair hait, nor charitie,
Thocht thay be blak, or blew:
Quhat halines is thare within,
Ane wolfe cled in ane wedders skin,
Juge ye, gif this be trew.
Sen, I haif chaipit this feirie farie[2],
Adew! I will na langer tarie,
To cumber yow, with my clatter:
Bot, I will, with ane hummill spreit,
Gang serve the hermeit of Laureit[3]:
And leir him, for till flatter.

[*Heir sall enter* FOLY.

[1] without doubt.

[2] escaped this terrible trouble.

[3] *hermeit of Laureit;* the hermit at the chapel of Loretto, at the east end of the town of Musselburgh, which was a famous place of pilgrimage, in the time of Lyndsay, who cries out against it in his Exclamation against Idolatry, in the Monarchies:—

"And specially that hermeit of Laureit,
He pat the commoun pepil in beleif,
That blynd gat sicht, and crukit gat thair feit,
The quhilk the palzeard na way can appreif."

FOLY.

Gude day, my lordis, and als God saine!
Dois na man bid gude day againe?
Quhen fuillis ar fow, then ar thay faine[1],
Ken ye nocht me?
How call thay me, can ye nocht tell?
Now, be him that herryit hell,
I wat nocht how thay call my sell,
Bot gif I lie.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat brybour[2] is this, that maks sic beiris[3]?

FOLY.

The feind ressave that mouth, that speiris:
Gude man, ga play yow, with your feiris[4],
With muck upon your mow.

DILIGENCE.

Fond fule, quhare hes thou bene sa lait?

FOLY.

Marie, cummand throw the Schogait[5]:

[1] When fools are *drunk*, then are they *glad*. There is another proverb: "Fair words make fools fain."

[2] rascal. [3] bawl, noise.

[4] fellows, equals.

[5] coming through the *Shoe-gate*, a street in Cupar.

Bot, thare hes bene ane gret debait,
Betwix me, and ane sow.
The sow cryit guff, and I to ga,
Throw speid of fute, I gat awa,
Bot, in the midst of the cawsa[1],
I fell into ane midding[2]:
Scho lap upon me, with ane bend,
Quha ever the midings suld amend[3],
God send thame ane mischevous end!
For, that is bot God's bidding.
As I was pudlit thare, God wait,
But, with my club, I maid debait;
Ise never cum againe that gait,
I sweir yow, be Alhallows.
I wald the officiars of the toun,
That suffers sic confusioun,
That thay war harbreit with Mahown[4],
Or hangit on ane gallows.
Fy! fy! that sic ane fair cuntrie
Suld stand sa lang, but policie[5]:
I gif thame to the devill, hartlie,
That hes the wyte:

[1] causey. [2] dunghill.

[3] whoever should remove the dunghill from the street.

[4] were lodged with the devil.

[5] without policy.

I wald the provost wald tak in heid,
Of yon midding, to mak remeid,
Quhilk pat me, and the sow, at feid[1],
Quhat may I do, bot flyte?

REX.

Pas on my servant, Diligence,
And bring yon fule to our presence.

DILIGENCE.

That sall be done, but tarying:
Foly, ye man ga to the king.

FOLY.

The king, quhat kynde of thing is that?
Is yon he, with the goldin hat?

DILIGENCE.

Yon same is he, cum on thy way.

FOLY.

Gif ye be king, God yow gude day!
I have ane plaint, to make to yow.

REX.

Quhom on, Foly?

[1] enmity.

FOLY.

Marie, on ane sow.
Schir, scho hes sworne, that scho sall sla me,
Or ellis, byte baith my balloks fra me:
Gif ye be king, be Sanct Allan,
Ye suld do justice to ilk man.
Had I nocht keipit me, with my club,
The sow had drawin me in ane dub.
I heir thame say, thare is cum to the toun,
Ane king, callit Correctioun:
I pray yow, tell me, quhilk is he?

DILIGENCE.

Yon, with the wings, may nocht se?

FOLY.

Now, wallie fall that weill fairde mow[1],
Schir, I pray yow, correct yon sow:
Quhilk with hir teith, but swerd, or knyfe,
Had maist have reft me of my lyfe:
Gif ye will nocht mak correctioun,
Than gif me your protectioun,
Of all swyne, for to be skaithles,
Betwix this toun, and Invernes.

DILIGENCE.

Foly, hes thou ane wyfe, at hame?

[1] Good befal that well-favoured mouth.

FOLY.

Yea, that I have, God send hir schame:
I trow be this scho is neir deid,
I left ane wyfe bindand hir heid,
To schaw hir seiknes, I think schame;
Scho hes sic rumbling, in hir wame,
That, all the nicht my hart overcasts,
With boking, and with thunder-blasts.

DILIGENCE.

Peradventure, scho be with bairne.

FOLY.

Allace! I trow scho be forfairne[1].
Scho sobbit, and scho fell in sown,
And than, thay rubbit hir up and doun:
Scho riftit, routit, and maid sic stendis,
Scho yeild, and gaid, at baith the endis.
Till scho had castin ane cuppill of quarts,
Syne, all turnit to ane rickill of farts.
Scho blubert, bockit, and braikit still,
Hir arse gaid evin, lyke ane wind-mill.
Scho stumblit, and stutterit, with sic stendis,
That scho recantit, at baith the endis.
Sik dismell drogs, fra hir scho schot,
Quhill scho maid all the flure on flot.

[1] wasted, worn out.

Of hir hurdies, scho had na hauld,
Quhyll scho had tumed[1] hir mony fauld.

DILIGENCE.

Better bring hir, to the leiches[2] heir.

FOLY.

Trittill trattill, scho may nocht steir[3],
Hir verie buttokis makis sic beir,
It skaris baith foill, and fillie:
Scho bokis sic bagage fra hir breist,
He wants na bubbils that sittis hir neist,
And ay scho cryis, A preist, a preist,
With ilk a quhillie lillie[4].

DILIGENCE.

Recoverit scho nocht at the last?

FOLY.

Yea, bot wit ye weil, scho fartit fast;
Bot, quhen scho sichis, my hart is sorie.

DILIGENCE.

Bot, drinkis scho ocht?

[1] emptied. [2] doctors. [3] stir.

[4] By these cant expressions, I believe, that Lyndsay meant to scoff at the last consolations offered to the dying.

FOLY.

Yea, be Sanct Marie,
Ane quart at anis, it will nocht tarie,
And leif the devill a drap:
Than sic flobbage, scho layis fra hir,
About the wallis, God wat sic wair,
Quhen it was drunkin, I gat to skair,
The lickings of the cap.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat is, in that creill[1], I pray the tell?

FOLY.

Marie, I have folie-hats, to sell.

DILIGENCE.

I pray the, sell me ane, or tway.

FOLY.

Na, tarie quhyll the market day.
I will sit doun, heir, be Sanct Clune,
And gif my babies thair disjune[2]:
Cum heir, gude Glaiks[3], my dochter deir,
Thou sal be maryit, within ane yeir,

[1] basket, hamper. [2] breakfast.

[3] *gude Glaiks*: So, in Christ Kirk on the Green, "His wife bad him ga hame, *gude Glaiks*." The term is applied to a thoughtless, foolish fellow, or girl.

Upon ane freir of Tillilum;
Na, thou art nather deaf nor dum:
Cum hidder, Stult, my sone, and air,
My joy, thou art baith gude, and fair:
Now, sall I fend yow, as I may,
Thocht ye cry lyke ane kae[1], all day.

[*Heir sal the bairns cry keck lyke ane Kae, and he sal put meat in thair mouths.*]

DILIGENCE.

Get up, Foly, but tarying,
And speid yow haistelie to the king;
Get up, me think, the carle is dum.

FOLY.

Now, bum, balerie, bum, bum.

DILIGENCE.

I trow the trukour[2] lyis, in ane trance;
Get up, man, with ane mirrie mischance;
Or be Sanct Dyonis of France,
Ise gar the want thy wallet;
It's schame, to se, man, how thow lyis.

FOLY.

Wa, yit againe, now this is thryis:
The devill wirrie me, and I ryse,

[1] a jackdaw. [2] trucker, rogue.

Bot, I sall break thy pallet[1].
Me think, my pillok will nocht ly doun;
Hald doun your head, ye lurdon loun[2],
Yon fair las, with the satin goun,
Gars yow thus bek, and bend:
Tak thare ane neidill, for your cace:
Now, for all the hiding of your face,
Had I yow, in ane quyet place,
Ye wald nocht waine to flend[3]:
Thir bony armis, that ar cled in silk,
Ar evin als wantoun, as any wilk[4],
I wald forbeir, baith bread, and milk,
To kis thy bony lippis:
Suppois ye luke, as ye war wraith,
War ye at quyet, behind ane claith,
Ye wald not stick, to preife my graith,
With hobling of your hippis.

DILIGENCE.

Swyith! harlot[5], haist the to the king,
And let allane thy trattilling.

[1] Break thy crown, or pate: So, Sir Richard Maitland, *On the Malyce of the Poetis*:

" Ye maid of me ane ballet,
For your reward, now I sall *break your pallet.*"

[2] worthless knave.

[3] ye would not wish to flee, or run away. [4] periwinkle.

[5] Away! scoundrel: The opprobrious epithet *harlot* was formerly applied to both sexes.—See Glossary.

Lo! heir is Folie, schir, alreadie,
Ane richt sweir swingeour[1], be our Ladie.

FOLY.

Thou art nocht half sa sweir thy sell;
Quhat meinis this pulpit, I pray the tell?

DILIGENCE.

Our new bischopis hes maid ane preiching,
Bot thou hard never sic plesant teiching:
Yon bischop will preich throch the coast.

FOLY.

Than stryk ane hag into the poast[2],
For, I hard never, in all my lyfe,
Ane bischop cum, to preich in Fyfe.
Gif bischopis to be preichours leiris[3],
Wallaway! quhat sall word of freiris[4]!
Gif prelatis preich, in brugh, and land[5],
The sillie freirs, I understand,
Thay will get na mair meall, nor malt,
Sa I dreid freiris sall die for falt[6].
Sen, sa is, that yon nobill king
Will mak men bischopis for preiching:

[1] lazy rascal.
[2] strike a notch in the post; a proverbial expression, meaning, record such a transaction, as extraordinary.
[3] learns.
[4] what shall become of friars!
[5] in town, and country.
[6] want.

Quhat say ye, schirs, hald ye nocht best?
That I gang preich, amang the rest.
Quhen, I have preichit on my best wayis[1],
Then, will I sell my merchandyse,
To my bretherin, and tender maitis[2],
That dwellis amang the thrie estaitis:
For I have heir gude chaffery[3],
Till any fule that listis to by.

[*Heir sall* FOLY *hing up his hattis on the pulpet and say:*

God sen[4], I had ane doctouris hude.

REX.

Quhy, Folie, wald thou mak ane preiching?

FOLY.

Yea, that I wald, schir, be the rude,
But, eyther flattering, or fleiching[5].

REX.

Now, brother, let us heir his teiching,
To pas our tyme, and heir him raife.

[1] best manner.

[2] soft *marrows*, or fools, among the three estates.

[3] *chaffery*; wares, merchandise: as in Chaucer: "Hir *chaffaré* was so thrifty, and so newe."

[4] God send!

[5] The *alliteration* has carried Lyndsay into a *pleonasm*.

DILIGENCE.

He war, far meiter, for the kitching[1],
Amang the pottis, sa Christ me saife,
Fond[2] Foly, sall I be thy clark?
And answeir the ay, with amen.

FOLY.

Now, at the beginning of my wark,
The feind ressave that graceles grim[3].

[*Heir sall* FOLY *begin his sermon, as followis;*

" Stultorum numerus infinitus:"

Salomon, the maist sapient king,
In Israell, quhan he did ring,
Thir wordis, in effect, did write,
The nummer of fuillis ar infinite.
I think na schame, sa Christ me saife,
To be ane fuill, amang the laife,
Howbeit, ane hundreth standis heir by,
Perventure, als gret fuillis as I.

" Stultorum:"

I have of my genelogie,
Dwelland, in everie cuntrie,

[1] far *fitter* for the *kitchen*. [2] foolish.

[3] *grim;* ugly face, terrific countenance; as in Ywaine and Gawin:

" To him, he stift, with birful *grim*,
His bow, and arwes, reft he him."

Erles, dukis, kingis, and empriouris,
With mony guckit[1] conquerouris:
Quhilk dois, in folie, perseveir,
And hes done sa this monie yeir,
Sum seikis to warldlie dignities,
And sum to sensuall vanities;
Quhat vaillis all thir vaine honouris,
Nocht being sure to leife twa houris?
Sum greidie fuill dois fill ane box,
Ane uther fuill cummis, and brekis the lox;
And spendis that uther fuillis hes spair'd,
Quhilk never thocht on thame to wair'd[2].
Sum dois as thay suld never die,
Is nocht this folie, quhat say ye?

"Sapientia hujus mundi stultitia est apud Deum."

Becaus thare is sa mony fuillis,
Rydand on hors, and sum on muillis:
Heir I have brocht[3] gude chaffery,
Till ony fuill that listis to by:
And, speciallie, for the thrie estaitis,
Quhare I have mony tender maitis:
Quhilk causit thame, as ye may see,
Gang backwart throw the haill cuntrie.
Gif with my merchandise, ye list to mell,
Heir I have folie-hattis to sell.

[1] foolish. [2] ware it, to expend it.

[3] *bocht*, in the ed. 1602, and 1604; the context requires *brocht*.

Of hir hurdies, scho had na hauld,
Quhyll scho had tumed[1] hir mony fauld.

DILIGENCE.

Better bring hir, to the leiches[2] heir.

FOLY.

Trittill trattill, scho may nocht steir[3],
Hir verie buttokis makis sic beir,
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FOLY.

Marie, I have folie-hats, to sell.

DILIGENCE.

I pray the, sell me ane, or tway.

FOLY.

Na, tarie quhyll the market day.
I will sit doun, heir, be Sanct Clune,
And gif my babies thair disjune[2]:
Cum heir, gude Glaiks[3], my dochter deir,
Thou sal be maryit, within ane yeir,

[1] basket, hamper. [2] breakfast.

[3] *gude Glaiks*: So, in Christ Kirk on the Green, "His wife bad him ga hame, *gude Glaiks*." The term is applied to a thoughtless, foolish fellow, or girl.

Upon ane freir of Tillilum;
Na, thou art nather deaf nor dum:
Cum hidder, Stult, my sone, and air,
My joy, thou art baith gude, and fair:
Now, sall I fend yow, as I may,
Thocht ye cry lyke ane kae[1], all day.

[*Heir sal the bairns cry keck lyke ane Kae, and he sal put meat in thair mouths.*]

DILIGENCE.

Get up, Foly, but tarying,
And speid yow haistelie to the king;
Get up, me think, the carle is dum.

FOLY.

Now, bum, balerie, bum, bum.

DILIGENCE.

I trow the trukour[2] lyis, in ane trance;
Get up, man, with ane mirrie mischance;
Or be Sanct Dyonis of France,
Ise gar the want thy wallet;
It's schame, to se, man, how thow lyis.

FOLY.

Wa, yit againe, now this is thryis:
The devill wirrie me, and I ryse,

[1] a jackdaw. [2] trucker, rogue.

Bot, I sall break thy pallet[1].
Me think, my pillok will nocht ly doun;
Hald doun your head, ye lurdon loun[2],
Yon fair las, with the satin goun,
Gars yow thus bek, and bend:
Tak thare ane neidill, for your cace:
Now, for all the hiding of your face,
Had I yow, in ane quyet place,
Ye wald nocht waine to flend[3]:
Thir bony armis, that ar cled in silk,
Ar evin als wantoun, as any wilk[4],
I wald forbeir, baith bread, and milk,
To kis thy bony lippis:
Suppois ye luke, as ye war wraith,
War ye at quyet, behind ane claith,
Ye wald not stick, to preife my graith,
With hobling of your hippis.

DILIGENCE.

Swyith! harlot[5], haist the to the king,
And let allane thy trattilling.

[1] Break thy crown, or pate: So, Sir Richard Maitland, *On the Malyce of the Poetis*:

"Ye maid of me ane ballet,
For your reward, now I sall *break your pallet.*"

[2] worthless knave.

[3] ye would not wish to flee, or run away. [4] periwinkle.

[5] Away! scoundrel: The opprobrious epithet *harlot* was formerly applied to both sexes.—See Glossary.

Lo! heir is Folie, schir, alreadie,
Ane richt sweir swingeour[1], be our Ladie.

FOLY.

Thou art nocht half sa sweir thy sell;
Quhat meinis this pulpit, I pray the tell?

DILIGENCE.

Our new bischopis hes maid ane preiching,
Bot thou hard never sic plesant teiching:
Yon bischop will preich throch the coast.

FOLY.

Than stryk ane hag into the poast[2],
For, I hard never, in all my lyfe,
Ane bischop cum, to preich in Fyfe.
Gif bischopis to be preichours leiris[3],
Wallaway! quhat sall word of freiris[4]!
Gif prelatis preich, in brugh, and land[5],
The sillie freirs, I understand,
Thay will get na mair meall, nor malt,
Sa I dreid freiris sall die for falt[6].
Sen, sa is, that yon nobill king
Will mak men bischopis for preiching:

[1] lazy rascal.

[2] strike a notch in the post; a proverbial expression, meaning, record such a transaction, as extraordinary.

[3] learns.

[4] what shall become of friars!

[5] in town, and country.

[6] want.

Quhat say ye, schirs, hald ye nocht best?
That I gang preich, amang the rest.
Quhen, I have preichit on my best wayis[1],
Then, will I sell my merchandyse,
To my bretherin, and tender maitis[2],
That dwellis amang the thrie estaitis:
For I have heir gude chaffery[3],
Till any fule that listis to by.

[*Heir sall* FOLY *hing up his hattis on the pulpet and say:*

God sen[4], I had ane doctouris hude.

REX.

Quhy, Folie, wald thou mak ane preiching?

FOLY.

Yea, that I wald, schir, be the rude,
But, eyther flattering, or fleiching[5].

REX.

Now, brother, let us heir his teiching,
To pas our tyme, and heir him raife.

[1] best manner.

[2] soft *marrows*, or fools, among the three estates.

[3] *chaffery*; wares, merchandise: as in Chaucer: "Hir *chaffaré* was so thrifty, and so newe."

[4] God send!

[5] The *alliteration* has carried Lyndsay into a *pleonasm*.

DILIGENCE.

He war, far meiter, for the kitching[1],
Amang the pottis, sa Christ me saife,
Fond[2] Foly, sall I be thy clark?
And answeir the ay, with amen.

FOLY.

Now, at the beginning of my wark,
The feind ressave that graceles grim[3].

[*Heir sall* FOLY *begin his sermon, as followis*;

"Stultorum numerus infinitus:"

Salomon, the maist sapient king,
In Israell, quhan he did ring,
Thir wordis, in effect, did write,
The nummer of fuillis ar infinite.
I think na schame, sa Christ me saife,
To be ane fuill, amang the laife,
Howbeit, ane hundreth standis heir by,
Perventure, als gret fuillis as I.

"Stultorum:"

I have of my genelogie,
Dwelland, in everie cuntrie,

[1] far *fitter* for the *kitchen*. [2] foolish.

[3] *grim*; ugly face, terrific countenance; as in Ywaine and Gawin:

"To him, he stirt, with birful *grim*,
His bow, and arwes, reft he him."

Erles, dukis, kingis, and empriouris,
With mony guckit[1] conquerouris:
Quhilk dois, in folie, perseveir,
And hes done sa this monie yeir,
Sum seikis to warldlie dignities,
And sum to sensuall vanities;
Quhat vaillis all thir vaine honouris,
Nocht being sure to leife twa houris?
Sum greidie fuill dois fill ane box,
Ane uther fuill cummis, and brekis the lox;
And spendis that uther fuillis hes spair'd,
Quhilk never thocht on thame to wair'd[2].
Sum dois as thay suld never die,
Is nocht this folie, quhat say ye?

"Sapientia hujus mundi stultitia est apud Deum."

Becaus thare is sa mony fuillis,
Rydand on hors, and sum on muillis:
Heir I have brocht[3] gude chaffery,
Till ony fuill that listis to by:
And, speciallie, for the thrie estaitis,
Quhare I have mony tender maitis:
Quhilk causit thame, as ye may see,
Gang backwart throw the haill cuntrie.
Gif with my merchandise, ye list to mell,
Heir I have folie-hattis to sell.

[1] foolish. [2] ware it, to expend it.

[3] *bocht*, in the ed. 1602, and 1604; the context requires *brocht*.

Quharefor, is this hat wald ye ken?
Marie for insatiabill merchant men;
Quhen God hes send thame abundance,
Ar nocht content with sufficiance;
Bot, saillis intill the stormy blastis,
In winter, to get greter castis:
In mony terribill gret torment,
Aganis the actis of parliament[1].
Sum tynis thair geir, and sum ar droun'd,
With this, sic merchants suld be croun'd.

DILIGENCE.

Quhom to, schaipis thou to sell that hude[2]?
I trow, to sum gret man of gude.

FOLY.

This hude to sell richt faine I wald,
Till him that is baith auld, and cald:
Reddie till pas to hell, or hevin,
And hes fair bairnis sax, or sevin;
And is of age fourscoir of yeir,
And takis ane lasse to be his peir:

[1] In 1535, passed an act, "that na man saill into Flanders, bot twise in the yeir." 4 Ja. V. c. 31. In the same session it was also enacted "that, na schip saill, with staple gudes, fra Simons day and Judes, quhill Candlemes." 4 Ja. V. c. 25. Such were the *actis*, to which Lyndsay alluded.

[2] *schaips;* intends:—*hude;* a folie hat.

Quhilk is nocht fourtene yeir of age,
And joynis with hir in mariage:
Geifand hir traist[1], that scho nocht wald,
Richt haistelie mak him cuckald.
Quha maryis, beand[2] sa neir thair dede,
Set on this hat upon his hede.

DILIGENCE.

Quhat hude is that, tell me I pray the?

FOLY.

This is ane haly hude, I say the;
This hude is ordanit, I the assure,
For sprituall fuillis, that takis in cure,
The saullis of gret diosies,
And regiment of gret abesies,
For gredines of warldlie pelfe,
Than can nocht, justlie, gyde thame selfe.
Uthers saulis, to saife, it settis thame weill,
Syne sell thair awin saullis to the deill.
Quha ever dois sa, this I conclude,
Upon his heid, set on this hude.

DILIGENCE.

Foly, is thare ony sic men,
Now, in the kirk, that thou can ken?
How sall I ken thame?—

[1] giving her trust, trusting her, that she would not make him a cuckold. [2] being.

FOLY.

—Na, keip that clois,

" Ex operibus eorum cognoscetis eos:"

And[1] fuillis speik of the prelacie,
It will be haldin for herisie.

REX.

Speik on, hardlie, I gif the leife.

FOLY.

Than, my remissioun is in my sleife.
Will ye leife me to speik of kingis?

REX.

Yea, hardlie speik of all kin thingis.

FOLY.

Conforming to my first narratioun,
Ye ar all fuillis be Coks passioun.

DILIGENCE.

Thou leis, I trow, this fuill be mangit.

FOLY.

Gif I lie, God, nor thou, be hangit:
For, I have heir, I to the tell,
Ane nobill cap imperiell,
Quhilk is nocht ordanit, bot for doings,
Of empreouris, of dukis, and kings,

[1] if.

For princelie, and imperiall, fulis,
Thay suld have luggis, als lang as mulis.
The pryde of princes, withoutin faill,
Gars all the warld rin top ovir taill.
To win thame warldlie gloir, and gude,
Thay cure nocht schedding of saikles[1] blude.
Quhat cummer[2] have ye had in Scotland,
Be our auld enemies of Ingland?
Had nocht bene the support of France,
We had bene brocht to gret mischance.
Now, I heir tell, the empreour
Schaipis, for till be ane conquerour,
And is mufing[3] his ordinance,
Aganis the nobill king of France.
Bot, I knaw nocht his just querrell,
That he hes for till mak battell.
All the princes of Almanie,
Spainze, Flanders, and Italie,
This present yeir, ar in ane flocht[4]:
Sum sall thair wages find deir bocht;
The paip, with bombard, speir, and scheild,
Hes send his armie to the feild.
Sanct Peter, Sanct Paull, nor Sanct Androw,
Raisit never sic ane oist, I trow.
Is this fraternall charitie,
Or furious folie, quhat say ye?

[1] guiltless. [2] trouble.
[3] moving. [4] a flutter, commotion.

Thay leird[1] nocht this, at Christis scuillis:
Tharefor, I think thame verie fuillis.
I think it folie, be Godis mother,
Ilk Christian prince to ding doun uther:
Becaus, that this hat suld belang thame,
Gang thou, and part it, evin amang thame,
The prophesie, withouttin weir,
Of Merling beis compleit this yeir:
For my gudame, the Gyre carling,
Leirnde me the prophesie of Merling[2].
Quhareof, I sall schaw the sentence,
Gif ye will gif me audience:

Flan, Fran, resurgent, simul Hispan, viribus urgent,
Dani vastabunt, Vallones valla parabunt.
Sic tibi nomen in a, mulier cacavit in olla:
Hoc epulum comedes—

DILIGENCE.

Marie, that is ane il savorit dische.

FOLY.

Sa, be this prophesie plainlye appeiris,
That mortall weirs sal be amang freiris:
Thay sall nocht knaw weill, in thair closters,
To quhom thay sall say thair Pater nosters.

[1] learned.

[2] We here see how the prophecies of Merlin were, in those days, regarded: We also perceive how Lyndsay tried to bring them into disrepute.

Wald thay fall to, and fecht with speir, and sheild,
The feind mak cure, quhilk of thame win the feild.
Now, of my sermon, have I maid ane end,
To Gilly-mouband, I yow all commend:
And I, yow all, beseik richt hartfullie,
Pray for the saull of gude Cacaphatie;
Quhilk laitlie drownit himself into Lochlevin,
That his sweit saull may be abufe the hevin.

DILIGENCE.

Famous pepil, hartlie, I yow require,
This lytill sport to tak in patience;
We traist to God, and we leif ane uther yeir,
Quhare we have failit, we sall do diligence,
With mair plesure, to mak yow recompence;
Becaus, we have bene, sum part, tedious,
With mater rude, denude of eloquence,
Likewyse, perchance, to sum men odious.
Now, let ilk man his way avance,
Let sum ga drink, and sum ga dance:
Menstrell, blaw up ane brawll of France,
Let se quha hobbils best:
For, I will rin, incontinent,
To the tavern, or ever I stent:
And pray to God, omnipotent,
To send yow all gude rest[1].

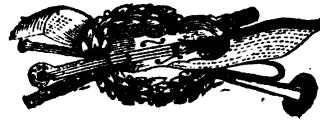
[1] The conclusion of *Candlemas-day*, the oldest mystery which is distinctly known, in the drama of England, is so like

Rex sapiens æterne Deus genitorque benigne,
Sit tibi perpetuo gloria, laus, et honor.

that of the Satyre on the Three Estates, that we might suppose, that Lyndsay had seen it, though it is not easy to tell where. The conclusion of Candlemas-day is as follows:

POETA.

" Honorable sovereignes, thus we conclude
" Our matter, that we have showed here in your presence:
" And though *our eloquence be but rude,*
" We beseeche you all of your paciens,
" To pardon us of our offens:
" For oft the sympyl cunnyng that we can,
" This matter we have shewed to your audiens,
" In the worship of our Ladie and hir moder Seynt Anne,
" Now of this pore processe we make an ende,
" Thankyng you all of your good attendaunce;
" And the next yeer, as we be purposid in our mynde,
" The disputation of the doctors to shew in your presens:
" Wherfore now, ye vyrgynes, or we go hens,
" With all your company you goodly avaunce;
" Also *yc menstralles doth your diligens,*
" And fore our *departyng geve us a daunce.*"



THE ANSWER,

QUHILK SCHIR DAVID LYNDSAY MAID

TO

THE KINGIS FLYTING[1].

THE grossness of manners, in ancient times, allowed, and encouraged the familiarity of fools, and the satyre of poets: Hence, the establishment of a jester, or the *king's fool,* and the allowance to a poet laureat. Henry VIII. had shown his nephew James V. an example of *flyting*, and of the practice of familiarity with buffoons. It was, of course, natural for the fool, and for the buffoons, to be insolent to those, who would bear it, and slavish to others, who could chastize their audacity:

"The bold *buffoon*, whene'er they tread the green,
"Their motion mimics, but with jest obscene."

The practice of *flyting* became very familiar, in Scotland, during the reign of James IV., when the greatest poets, Dunbar, and Kennedy, scolded one another, unmercifully, in *jests obscene*. James V.,

[1] *flyting;* scolding: to *flyte*, to altercate, contend in words, or writing; to scold: from the A.-S. *flitan*, rixari.

we see, *flyted* with Lyndsay, his lyon king. And, James VI., in *his Art of Poetry*, lays down rules, and *cautelles* for *flyting*, according to the *Norma loquendi*. Lyndsay's Answer to the Kingis Flyting was written, when James V. was twenty-four, and our poet forty-six, during the year,

1536.

REDOUTIT roy your ragment[1] I haif red,
Quhilk dois perturb my dul intendement[2]:
From your flyting, wald God that I wer fred[3],
Or ellis sum tyggerris toung wer to me lent:
Schir, pardone me, thocht I be impacient,
Quhilk ben so with your prunzeand[4] pen detractit,
And rude report, frome Venus court dejectit.

Lustie ladyis, that your libellis lukis[5],
My cumpanie dois hald abhominable;
Commandand me beir cumpanie to the cukis,

[1] *ragment*; rhapsody, any writing.

[2] *intendement*; mind, judgment: Spenser uses it for attention, examination.

[3] freed. [4] trimming.

[5] *lukis* means here *reads*, peruses; the ed. 1592, and Sibbald, read, "libell *on* lukis."

Maist lyke ane devill, thay hald me detestable;
Thay baneis me, sayand, I am nocht able,
Thame to compleis[1], or preis[2] to thair presence:
Upon your pen, I cry ane loud vengence.

Wer I ane poeit, I suld preis with my pen,
To wreik me on your wennemous wryting:
Bot, I mon do, as dog dois in his den,
Fald baith my feit, or fle fast frome your flyting,
The mekil devil may nocht indure your dyting[3]:
Quharefor, *Cor mundum crea in me,* I cry,
Proclamand yow the prince of poetry.

Schir, with my prince, pertenit me nocht to pley[4],
Bot, sen your grace, hes gevin me sic command,
To mak answer, it must neidis me obey:
Thocht ye be now strang, lyke ane elephand,
And intill Venus werkis maist vailzeand,
The day will cum, and that, within few yeiris,
That ye will draw at laiser, with your feiris[5].

[1] please.

[2] *preis*; press, as in Chaucer; to press, or crowd into their presence. In the subsequent stanza, Lyndsay uses *preis*, in the sense of *endeavour*, which it frequently signifies.

[3] indicting, writing.

[4] *pley*; to plea, or contend, as in Chaucer; to bandy: "It was not for me, to *bandy* compliments with my sovereign." Johnson.

[5] companions.

Quhat can ye say further, bot I am failzeit[1],
In Venus werkis, I grant schir, that is trew;
The tyme hes bene, I was better artailzeit[2],
Nor I am now, bot yit full sair I rew,
That ever I did mouth thankles[3] so persew:
Quharefor, tak tent[4], and your fyne powder spare,
And waist it nocht, bot gif ye wit weill quhare[5].

[1] failed: our poet was only forty-six. Lyndsay was never a woman's man, though he was married. In his Squyr Meldrum, he avowed:

> "For I am not, in lufe expert,
> And nevir studyit in that art."

The Wife of Bathe had taught him to talk of "*Venus werkes.*"

[2] armed, equipped, provided.

[3] *mouth thankles* is the *belle chose* of Chaucer's Wife of Bathe, for which Lyndsay, and the poets of his age, had a variety of names: The same object, the French called *golfe putanique.* Walter Kennedy, a clergyman, who rose to the *head of a house*, wrote, "with termes aureat," *The auld man's invective against mouth thankles.* Bann. MS. no. 250. Evergreen, v. i. p. 115; Sibbald's Chron. v. i. 363. The *auld man* cries out:

> "Be Christ, my care may nevir cule,
> That evir I servit *mouth thankles!*"

[4] beware.

[5] unless you know well where.

Thocht ye rin rudelie, lyke ane restles ram,
Schutand [1] your bolt, at mony sindrie schellis,
Beleif richt weill, it is ane bydand gam [2]:
Quharefor bewar, with dowbling of the bellis,
For mony ane dois haist thair awin saule knellis [3];
And specially, quhen that the well [4] gois dry,
Syne can nocht get agane, sic stuff to by [5].

I give your counsale, to the feynd of hell,
That wald nocht of ane princes yow provyde;
Tholand yow rin, schutand [6] from schell to schell,
Waistand your corps [7], lettand the tyme overslyde:
For, lyke ane boisteous bull, ye rin, and ryde,
Royatouslie [8], lyke ane rude rubeatour [9],
Ay fukkand lyke ane furious fornicatour.

[1] "*Schutand* your bolt, at mony sindrie *schellis*:"
And in the 7th stanza:
"Tholand yow rin, schutand from schell to schell."
This figurative expression of shooting at a shell, or mortar, appears to have been common, in Lyndsay's age: So Dunbar,
"And *schutis syne at an uncow schell*,
And is forfairin with the fleis of spenzie."

[2] a tiresome game; a game that must have an end.

[3] many an one drives a nail into his own coffin.

[4] *well*; in the ed. 1592, and Sibbald, is *woll*: The *wall* of the Scotish is the *well* of the English.

[5] buy. [6] suffering you to run shooting.

[7] wasting your body. [8] riotously.

[9] robber, libertine.

On ladronis [1] for to loup [2], ye will nocht lat [3],
Howbeit the caribaldis [4] cry, the corenoch [5]:
Remember how besyde the masking fat [6],
Ye caist ane quene [7] overthort ane stinking troch,
That feynd, with fuffilling of hir roistit hoch,
Caist doun the fat, quharethrow drink, draf, and juggis,
Come, rudely, rinnand doun about your luggis [8].

Wald God, the lady, that luffit yow best,
Had sene yow thare ly swetterand, like twa swyne [9];
Bot, to indyte, how that duddroun [10] was drest,
Drowkit with dreggis, quhimperand with mony quhyne [11],
That proces to report, it war ane pyne:

[1] sluts. [2] leap. [3] forbear.
[4] crabbed folks.
[5] alarm: *Corenoch* properly means the funereal lamentation of the Irish, and Scots: The corenoch was also used to denote the *war cry:* In the battle of Harlaw, we may hear the combatants—"Cryand the *corynoch* on hie:" And Dunbar, in his Flyting, says,

"Be he the *corenoch* had done schout,
Erschmen so gadderit him about."

[6] mashing vat, or tub.
[7] Ye threw a wench. [8] ears.
[9] weltering like two swine.
[10] tawdry wench.
[11] drenched with dregs; whimpering with many a whine.

On your behalf, I thank God, tymes ten score,
That yow preservit, from gut, and from grandgore[1].

Now, schir, fairweill, because I can nocht flyte,
And thocht I could, I war nocht till avance,
Aganis your ornate meter to indyte:
Bot, yit be war, with laubouring of your lance,
Sum sayis, thare cummis ane bukler furth of France,
Quhilk wil indure your dintis, thocht thay be dour[2],
Fare weill, of flowand rethorik the flour.

Quod Lyndesay, in his flyting,
Aganis the Kingis dyting.

[1] gout, and the venereal disease.

[2] The allusion here is to his intended marriage with a French princess.

THE COMPLAYNT

AND

PUBLICT CONFESSIOUN

OF

THE KINGIS AULD HOUND, CALLIT

BAGSCHE,

DIRECTIT TO BAWTE, THE KINGIS BEST BELOVIT DOG, AND HIS COMPANZEONIS.

Maid at command of King James the Fyft, be Schir David Lyndesay, of the Mont, Knycht, alias Lyoun King of Armes.

It was much the fashion with Lyndsay, as we have seen, to throw his matter into the form of a *Complaynt*, for the purpose of satyre. It was equally his custom, as it had been the practice of the poets, in every age, to adopt the easy fiction of making his birds, and beasts, to think, and speak, for the moral effect. The king's papingo, in her dying moments, uttered many a *saw:* "His weapons holy *saws* of sacred writ." Lyndsay now brings out "the kingis auld hound *Bagsche*," at the royal command, to ridicule favouritism, and to inculcate the practice of beneficence, amid the gales of prosperity. This maxim is proved throughout:—Highest in court,

next the gallows. This *Complaynt* of *Bagsche* is composed in eight-line stanzas, with alternate rhymes, and in eight-syllable verse, which glides in very flowing eloquence. This satyre was written immediately before the king's first marriage, and during the year,

1536.

Allace! quhometo suld I complane,
In my extreme necessitie:
Or quhameto sall I mak my mane,
In court, na dog will do for me,
Beseikand sum for cheritie,
To beir my supplicatioun,
To Scudlar, Luffra, and Bawtie,
Now, or the king pas off the town[1].

I have followit the court sa lang,
Quhyll, in gude faith, I may na mair;
The cuntre knawis, I may nocht gang,
I am so crukit, auld, and sair,
That I wat nocht quhare to repair;
For, quhen I had auctoritie,

[1] pass *out of* the town.

I thocht me so familiar,
I never dred necessitie[1].

I rew the race[2], that Geordie Steill[3],
Brocht Bawtie to the kingis presence,
I pray God, lat him never do weill,
Sen syne[4] I gat na audience;
For, Bawte now gettis sic credence,
That he lyis on the kingis nicht gown,
Quhare, I perforce, for my offence,
Man, in the clois, ly lyke ane lown[5].

[1] I thought *I had had so much influence*, that I never *dreaded* necessity.

[2] "*race*" is the reading of the ed. 1568, and 1574; "*day*" is substituted by the ed. 1592 and Sibbald: I lament the *course*.

[3] Geordie Steill, says Mr. Sibbald, from Knox, was the king's greatest flatterer, and enemy to God. Knox, and Sibbald, inform their readers how Geordie Steil was punished by the special interposition of Providence: For, he fell from his horse; and spake never more, on the same day, that he had renounced heaven, if the prayers of the Virgin were not sufficient to bring him thereto. We here see, in Sibbald, and Knox, the same superstition, which Lyndsay is continually satirizing.

[4] since then.

[5] while he, for his offence, is obliged to lie, in the yard, like a low fellow.

For, I haif bene ay to this hour,
Ane wirrear of lamb, and hog[1],
Ane tyrrane, and ane tulzeour[2],
Ane murdresar[3] of mony ane dog:
Fyve foullis I chaist out throuch ane scrog[4];
Quharefor, thair motheris did me warie[5];
For, thay war drownit all in ane bog;
Speir at Jhone Gordoun of Pittarie[6],

Quhilk, in his hous, did bring me up,
And usit me to slay the deir;
Sweit milk, and meill, he gart me sup,
That craft, I leirnit sone, perqueir[7];
All uther vertew ran arreir,
Quhen I began to bark, and flyte;
For thare was nother monk, nor freir,
Nor wyfe, nor barne, bot I wald byte.

Quhen to the king the cace was knawin
Of my unhappy hardines,

[1] He had been a *worrier* of lambs, and one-year-old sheep, or hogs.

[2] a wrestler; one given to fight.

[3] a murderer; one who had worried to death many a dog.

[4] Probably *foals*, which he chased through a bushy place.

[5] curse.

[6] Pittarie is a place in the north-west of Aberdeenshire, which then belonged to the earl of Huntly.

[7] off hand.

And all the suith[1] unto him schawin,
How everilk dog I did oppres;
Than, gaif his grace command expres,
I suld be brocht to his presence;
Notwithstanding my wickitnes,
In court, I gat greit audience.

I schew my greit ingratitude,
To the capitane of Badzeno [2],
Quhilk, in his hous, did find me fude,
Twa yeir, with other houndis mo:
Bot, quhen I saw that it was so,
That I grew hich into the court,
For his reward I wrocht him wo,
And cruellie I did him hurt.

So thay that gave me to the king,
I was thair mortall enemie,
I tuke cure of na kynd of thing,
Bot pleis the kingis majestie;
Bot, quhen he knew my crueltie,
My falset, and my plane oppressioun,
He gave command, that I suld be,
Hangit without confessioun.

[1] truth.

[2] Probably, the captain of Badzenoch, a country, and castle, of the earl of Huntly.

And yit, because that I was auld,
His grace thocht pitie for to hang me,
Bot leit me wander quhare I wald;
Than set my fais for to fang me[1],
And every bouchour dog doun dang me[2];
Quhen I trowit[3] best to be ane laird,
Than, in the court, ilk wicht[4] did wrang me;
And this I gat for my rewaird,

I had wirreit blak Makesoun,
War nocht that ribaldis come, and red[5];
Bot, he was flemit[6] of the toun,
From tyme, the king saw how I bled;
He gart lay me upon ane bed,
For with ane knyfe I was mischeivit;
This Makesoun, for feir, he fled,
Ane lang time or he was releivit.

And Patrik Striviling in Ergyle,
I bure him bakwart to the ground,
And had him slane, within ane quhyle,
War nocht the helping of ane hound:
Yit, gat he monie bludie wound,
As yit his skin will schaw the markis,

[1] set my *foes* to *catch* me. [2] down threw me.
[3] thought best. [4] every person.
[5] if rascals had not come, and separated them.
[6] banished.

Find me ane dog quhare ever ye found,
Hes maid sa mony bludie sarkis[1].

Gude brother Lanceman, Lyndsayis dog[2],
Quhilk ay hes keipit thy lawtie[3],
And never wirryit lamb, nor hog;
Pray Luffra, Scudlar, and Bawtie,
Of me Bagsche to have pitie,
And provide me ane portioun,
In Dumfermeling, quhare I may dre[4],
Pennance, for my extortioun:

Get, be thair solistatioun,
Ane letter from the kingis grace,
That I may have collatioun,
With fyre, and candill, in the place;
Bot, I will leif schort tyme, allace!
Want I gude fresche flesche for my gammis[5];
Betwix Ashwednisday, and Pace[6],
I man have leif to wirrie lambis.

Bawtie, considder weill this bill,
And reid this cedule, that I send yow,

[1] bloody shirts.

[2] Lyndsay's dog was *Lanceman;* Shakspeare's dog was *Lance.*

[3] laws. [4] suffer. [5] gums, jaws.

[6] Pasche, Easter; *pace*, for the rhyme.

And everilk poynt thareof fulfill,
And now in tyme of mis[1] amend yow;
I pray yow, that ye nocht pretend yow,
To clim over hie, nor do na wrang,
Bot from your fais[2], with richt defend yow,
And tak exempill how I gang[3].

I was that na man durst cum neir me,
Nor put me furth of my lugeing;
Na dog durst fra my denner sker[4] me,
Quhen I was tender with the king:
Now, everilk tyke[5] dois me doun thring,
The quhilk before, be me, war wrangit,
And sweiris, I serve[6] na uther thing,
Bot, in ane halter, to be hangit.

Thocht ye be hamelie[7] with the king,
Ye Luffra, Scudlar, and Bawtie,
Be war that ye do nocht doun thring,
Your nichtbouris throw auctoritie:
And your exempill mak be me,
And beleve weill ye ar bot doggis,
Thocht ye stand in the hyest gre[8],
Se ye byte nother lambis, nor hoggis.

[1] fault. [2] foes. [3] how I go. [4] fright.
[5] every dog. [6] *serve*, for deserve. [7] familiar.
[8] highest degree.

Thocht ye have now greit audience,
Se that be yow be nane opprest;
Ye will be punischit for your offence,
From tyme the king be weill confest[1];
Thare is na dog, that hes transgrest,
Throw crueltie, and he may fang him[2];
His majestie will tak na rest,
Till on ane gallous he gar hang him.

I was anis als far ben[3] as ye ar,
And had in court als greit credence,
And ay pretendit to be hyar;
Bot, quhen the kingis excellence,
Did knaw my falset, and offence,
And my prydefull presumptioun,
I gat nane uther recompence,
Bot hoyit, and houndit, of the town[4].

Was never sa unkynd ane corce[5],
As quhen I had auctorite:
Of my freindis, I tuke na force[6],
The quhilkis afore had done for me,

[1] well informed; *confest*, for the rhyme.
[2] if he can *catch* him.
[3] as far in; as much in favour.
[4] hooted, and hunted out of town. [5] body.
[6] *force*; care; as often in Chaucer: "I do no *force*;" I do no care: "They yeve no *force*;" they give no care.

This proverb, it is of veritie,
Quhilk I hard red, intill ane letter,
Hiest in court, next the widdie [1],
Without he gyde him all the better.

I tuke na mair compt of ane lord,
Nor I did of ane keitching knaif [2],
Thocht everilk day I maid discord,
I was set up abone the laif [3],
The gentill hound was to me slaif,
And with the kingis awin fingeris fed,
The sillie rachis wald I raif [4];
Thus, for my evill deidis, was I dred:

Tharefor, Bawtie, luke best about,
Quhen thow art hiest with the king;
For than thou standis in greitest dout,
Be thow nocht gude of governing,
Put na pure tyke from his steiding [5],
Nor yit na sillie rachis raif [6];
He sittis abone that seis all thing,
And of ane knicht can mak ane knaif.

[1] *widdie;* the gallows.
[2] a kitchen boy, or servant.
[3] above the rest.
[4] The silly hounds would I rob.
[5] no poor dog from his place.
[6] nor any silly hounds rob, or plunder.

Quhen I cam steppand ben[1] the flure,
All rachis greit roume to me red[2];
I of na creature tuke cure,
Bot lap upon the kingis bed,
With claith of gold, thocht it war spred;
For feir, ilk freik[3] wald stand on far,
With everilk dog I was so dred,
Thay trimblit quhen thay hard me nar[4].

Gude brother Bawtie, beir the evin,
Thocht with thy prince thou be potent;
It cryis ane vengeance from the hevin,
For till oppres ane innocent:
In welth be than maist vigilent,
And do na wrang to dog, nor biche,
As I have, quhilk I now repent,
Na messane reif[5], to mak the riche.

Nor for augmenting of thy boundis,
Ask na reward, schir, at the king,
Quhilk may do hurt to uther houndis,
Expres aganis Goddis bidding,
Chais na pure tyke from his midding[6],

[1] when I stepped forward. [2] All hounds made way for me.
[3] Every *fellow* would keep his distance.
[4] snarl. [5] no little dog rob.
[6] chase no poor *dog* from his *midding*; or his usual place of repose.

Throw cast of court, or kingis requeist;
And of thyself presume na thing,
Except thow art ane brutall beist.

Traist weill thare is nane oppressour,
Nor boucheour dog, drawer of blude,
Ane tyrane, nor ane transgressour,
That sall now of the king get gude;
From tyme furth, that his celsitude
Dois cleirlie knaw the verite,
Bot he is flemit, for to conclude,
Or hangit hich upon ane tre.

Thocht ye be cuplit all togidder,
With silk, and swoulis [1], of sylver fyne,
Ane dog may cum furth of Balquhidder [2],
And gar yow leid ane lawer tryne [3];
Than, sall your plesour turne in pyne,
Quhen ane strange hounter blawis his horne,
And all your treddingis [4] gar yow tyne;
Than, sall your laubour be forlorne.

[1] *swoulis*; probably swivels, which are used in the chains, for coupling dogs.

[2] Balquhidder, a hamlet, and parish in Braidalban, Perthshire: Lyndsay recollects this place, in his play.

[3] train.

[4] *all your treddingis*; all your tracks, or courses: *Hut.twoll*

I say no more, gude freindis, adew!
In dreid we never meit agane:
That ever I kend the court, I rew,
Was never wicht so will of wane[1]:
Lät na dog now serve our soverane,
Without he be of gude conditioun;
Be he perverst, I tell yow plane,
He hes neid of ane gude remissioun.

That I am on this way mischevit,
The erle of Huntlie[2] I may warie[3],

was an article, in the border law, signifying *fresh pursuit* upon the *pathway* of the robbers: See the verb, *tread, trod, trodden*, in Johnson.

[1] was never person so wilful in opinion.

[2] George, the fourth earl of Huntly, who succeede his grandfather in 1523, made one of the regency in 1536; made chancellor in 1546; commanded at the battle of Pinkey, where he was made prisoner: It was he, who when he was reproached with opposing the marriage of Mary Steuart with Edward VI., said: He did not mislike the match so much as the way of wooing: The English ambassador wrote, that the castle of Huntly, which is now a ruin, was the best furnished house in Scotland: He fell at the battle of Corrichie, in 1562, before the fortune of the earl of Murray. This earl of Huntly was the king's cousin, by illegitimate blood; being the son of Jean, the daughter of Margaret, the daughter of lord Drummond, by James IV., the king's father.

[3] curse.

He wend[1] I had bene weill relevit
Quhen to the court he gart me carie:
Wald God, I war now in Pittarie,
Because I have bene so evil deidie[2]:
Adew, I dar na langer tarie,
In dreid, I waif intil ane widdie[3].

[1] *He wend;* he thought, as in Chaucer, and in *Richard of Almaigne.*

[2] given to evil deeds. [3] swing in a halter.

THE

DEPLORATIOUN

OF THE

DEITH OF QUENE MAGDALENE.

As a court poet, Lyndsay was often summoned by the circumstances of the times, which were eventful; either to celebrate a wedding, or to deplore a death. James V. seems to have early determined to match himself with some of the daughters of France. His personal voyage to that kingdom, after various embassies had failed, appears to have fixed his final choice on Magdalene, the eldest daughter of Francis I. But, though they were betrothed, on the 26th of November 1536, the marriage was not solemnized till the 1st of January 1537; the physicians having advised Magdalene against a measure, which might embitter her days, and hazard her life. The king, and queen, arrived in Scotland, on the 27th of May; and on the 7th of July 1537, Magdalene died, amidst the preparations, for the celebration of her nuptials, and arrival, by an affectionate people. This sad event gave occasion to our poet's *Deploratioun of the Deith of Quene Magdalene,* which is composed in seven-line stanzas

of alternate rhymes, except the two last, and in ten-syllable verse. Like much of Lyndsay's poetry, this *Deploratioun* is a mixture of fact, and fiction, of religion, and mythology, of fitness, and impropriety. It was written by him, as we know, from the event, during the year,

1537.

O CREWELL deith! to gret is thy puissance,
Devorar of all erthly levyng thingis:
Adame, we may the wyte[1] of this mischance,
In thy defalt, this cruel tyrane ringis[2];
And spairis nother empryor, nor kingis:
And now, allace! hes reft furth of this land[3],
The flour of France, and confort of Scotland.

Father Adam, allace! that thow abusit,
Thy fre will, being inobedient[4];
Thow cheisit deith, and lestyng lyfe refusit,
Thy successioun, allace! that may repent,
That thow hes maid mankynd so impotent;
That it may mak to deith na resistance,
Exempill of our quene, the flour of France.

[1] blame. [2] reigns. [3] has torn from this land.
[4] "*obedient*," in Sibbald.

O dreidfull dragone! with thy dulefull dart,
Quhilk did nocht spair of feminine[1] the flour;
Bot, crewellie, did perse her throuch the hart,
And wald nocht geve hir respite for ane hour,
To remane with hir prynce, and paramour,
That scho at laiser, micht haif tane licence;
Scotland on the, may cry ane lowd vengence!

Thow leit Methusalem leif nine hundreth yeir,
Thre score and nyne, bot in thy furious rage,
Thow did devore this young princes, but peir[2],
Or scho was compleit sevintene yeir of age:
Gredye gorman! quhy did thow nocht assuage,
Thy furious rage, contrair that lustye quene,
Till we sum fruct had of hir bodye sene!

O dame Nature! thow did na diligence,
Contrair this theif, quhilk all the warld confoundis;
Had thow with naturall targis maid defence,
That brybour[3] had nocht cummit within hir boundis,
And had bene savit, from sic mortall stoundis,
This mony ane yeir, bot quhare was thy discretion,
That leit hir pas, till we had sene succession!

O Venus! with thy blynd sone Cupido,
Fy on yow baith, that maid na resistance,

[1] *feminine*, for womankind. [2] without an equal.
[3] *brybour*; thief.

Into your court, ye never had sic two:
So leill luffaris[1], without dissimulance,
As James the Fyft, and Magdalene of France;
Discendyng baith of blude imperiall,
To quhome in lufe, I find na perigall[2].

For, as Leander swame outthrow the flude,
To his fair lady Hero, mony nichtis;
So did this prynce, throw bulring stremis wode[3],
With erlis, baronis, squyaris, and with knichtis,
Contrair Neptune, and Eoll, and thair michtis;
And left his realme, in greit disesperance[4],
To seik his lufe, the first dochter of France.

And scho, like prudent quene Penelope,
Full constantlye wald change him for none uther,
And for his plesour left hir awin cuntre,
Without regard, to fader, or to moder,
Taking na cure of sister, nor of brother;
Bot schortlie tuke hir leif, and left thame all,
For lufe of him to quhome lufe maid hir thrall.

[1] true lovers. [2] equal, compare.

[3] boisterous waves enraged: Pitscottie, in describing the triumphal shows at Paris, on account of James the Fifth's marriage, speaks of ships fighting, "as if it had been in *hullering streams* of the sea.

[4] *disesperance*, as in Chaucer, without *esperance*; a word for hope, which is very common in Shakspeare: Lyndsay does not state the fact, which must be looked for in Pitscottie, 8vo, p. 280—7.

O dame Fortune! quhare was thy greit confort
Till hir, to quhome thow was so favorable;
Thy slyding giftis maid hir na support,
Hir hie lynage, nor riches intellible[1],
I se thy puissance bene bot variable;
Quhen hir father, the maist hie Cristin king,
Till his deir chyld, micht mak na supporting.

The potent prince, hir lustye lufe, and knicht,
With his maist hardye noblis of Scotland,
Contrair that bailfull briboure[2] had na micht,
Thocht all the men had bene at his command,
Of France, Flanderis, Italie, and Ingland,
With fiftie thousand millioun of tresour,
Micht nocht prolong that ladyis lyfe ane hour.

O Paris! of all citeis principall,
Quhilk did resave our prince, with laud, and glorie,
Solempnitly throw arkis triumphall,
Quhilk day bene digne, to put in memorie;
For as Pompey, efter his victorie,
Was into Rome resavit, with greit joy,
So thow resavit our richt redoutit roy[3].

[1] incalculable.

[2] sorrowful thief; as in Spenser—"the bitter *baleful* smart."

[3] Our poet, who saw the splendid spectacle of the marriage of James V. with Magdalene, probably gave to Pitscottie his minute account, in p. 288—9.

Bot, at his mariage, maid upon the morne,
Sic solace, and solempnizatioun,
Was never sene afore, sen Christ was borne,
Nor to Scotland sic consolatioun:
Thare seilit was the confirmatioun
Of the weill keipit ancient alliance,
Maid betwix Scotland, and the realme of France.

I never did se ane day mair glorious[1],
So mony, in so riche abilzementis,
Of silk, and gold, with stonis precious,
Sic bankettyng, sic sound of instrumentis,
With sang, and dance, and martiall tornamentis:
Bot, lyke ane storme, efter ane plesand morrow,
Sone was our solace changit into sorrow.

O traitour deith! quhome none may contramand,
Thow micht have sene the preparatioun,
Maid be the thre estaitis of Scotland,
With greit confort and consolatioun,
In everilk cietie, castell, towre, and town,
And how ilk nobill set his haill intent,
To be excellent, in habilzement[2].

Theif! saw thow nocht the greit preparatyvis,
Of Edinburgh, the nobill famous toun,

[1] We here perceive, that our poet *saw* what he describes.

[2] We may perceive also, the splendid, but coarse manners of that age.

Thow saw the pepill, lauboring for thair lyvis,
To mak tryumphe, with trump, and clarioun;
Sic plesour was never into this regioun,
As suld haif bene the day of hir entrace[1],
With greit propynis[2], gevin till hir grace.

Thow saw makand richt costlie scaffalding,
Depaintit weill, with gold, and asure fyne,
Reddye prepairit for the upsetting,
With fontanis, flowing water cleir, and wyne,
Disagysit folkis[3], lyke creaturis divyne,
On ilk scaffold, to play ane syndrie storie,
Bot, all in greiting[4] turnit thow that glorie.

Thow saw mony ane lustye fresche galland,
Weill ordourit for resaiving of thair quene:
Ilk craftisman, with bent bow, in his hand,
Full galzeartlie[5] in schort clething of grene:
The honest burges, cled thow suld haif sene,
Sum in scarlot, and sum in claith of grane[6],
For till haif met thair lady soverane.

[1] *entrace*, for the rhyme; entrance.

[2] presents.

[3] actors, who were, on every stage, to represent a several mystery, or morality.

[4] weeping. [5] gallantly.

[6] perhaps cloth dyed in *grain;* as in Spenser: "Like crimson dy'd in grain:" or Milton's "sky-tinctur'd *grain.*"

Provest, baillies, and lordis of the town,
The senatouris, in ordour consequent,
Cled into silk of purpure, blak, and brown;
Syne the greit lordis of the parliament,
With mony knychtlie barroun, and banrent[1],
In silk, and gold, in colouris confortabill;
Bot, thow, allace! all turnit into sabill.

Syne all the lordis of religioun,
And princis of the preistis venerabill,
Full plesandlye in thair processioun,
With all the cunnyng clerkis honorabill;
Bot, thiftuouslie, thow tyrane tresonabill!
All thair greit solace, and solempniteis,
Thow turnit intill duleful dirigeis.

Syne nyxt, in ordour, passing throw the toun,
Thow suld haif hard the din of instrumentis,
Of tabrone, trumpet, schalme, and clarioun[2],
With reird[3] redoundand, throw the elementis:
The herauldis, with thair awful vestimentis,
With maseris[4], upon ather of thair handis,
To rewle the preis[5], with burneist silver wandis.

[1] banneret.

[2] Such were the musical instruments in Scotland, during that age: *tabrone* was a small drum; the *schalme* is in Chaucer.

[3] sound. [4] macers, ushers, [5] crowd.

Syne, last of all, in ordour, tryumphall,
That maist illuster princes honorabill,
With hir the lustye ladyis of Scotland,
Quhilk sulde haif bene, ane sicht maist delectabil;
Hir rayment to rehers, I am nocht habill,
Of gold, and perle, and precious stonis brycht,
Twinklyng lyke sterris, in ane frostie nycht.

Under ane pale of golde, scho suld haif past,
Be burgeis borne, clothit in silkis fyne,
The greit maister of housholde, all thair last,
With him, in ordour, all the kingis tryne[1],
Quhais ordinance war langsum to defyne;
On this maner, scho passing throw the toun,
Suld haif resavit mony benisoun.

Of virginis, and of lustye burges wyiffis,
Quhilk suld haif bene ane sicht celestiall;
Vive la Royne! cryand for thair lyiffis,
With ane harmonious sound angelicall;
In everilk corner, myrthis musicall:
Bot, thow tyrane, in quhome is found nā grace,
Our *Alleluya* hes turnit, in allace!

Thou sulde haif hard the ornate oratouris,
Makand hir hynes salutatioun,

[1] the kingis *tryne*; train: as in G. Douglas:
"Was fyllit with thair *tryne* and mekyll rout.

Baith of the clergy, town, and counsalouris,
With mony notabill narratioun;
Thow sulde haif sene hir coronatioun,
In the fair abbay of the haly rude[1],
In presence of ane myrthfull multitude.

Sic banketting, sic awfull tornamentis,
On hors, and fute, that tyme quhilk suld haif bene,
Sic chapell royall, with sic instrumentis,
And crăftye musick[2], singyng from the splene[3],
In this cuntre, was never hard, nor sene:
Bot, all this greit solempnitie, and gam,
Turnit thow hes in *requiem æternam*.

Inconstant warld! thy freindschip, I defy;
Sen strenth, nor wisedome, riches, nor honour,
Vertew, nor bewtie, none may certify,
Within thy boundis, for to remane ane hour;
Quhat vailith to be king, or empriour,
Sen princely puissance may nocht be exemit,
From deith, quhais dolour can nocht be expremit?

Sen man in erth hes na place permanent,
Bot all mon pas be that horribill port;

[1] the abbey of Holyrood-house. [2] scientific music.
[3] from the *splene*; this is a frequent phrase of Lyndsay, and the poets of his age, for from the *heart*.

Lat us pray to the Lord omnipotent,
That dulefull day to be our greit comfort,
That in his realme, we may with him resort,
Quhilkis from the hell, with his blude ransomit bene,
With Magdalene, umquhyl[1] of Scotland quene.

O deith! thocht thow the bodie may devore
Of every man, yit hes thow na puissance,
Of thair vertew, for to consume the glore,
As sal be sene of Magdalene of France,
Umquhile our quene, quhome poeitis sal avance,
And put hir in perpetuall memorie,
So sall hir fame of the haif victorie.

Thocht thow hes slane the hevinly flour of France,
Quhilk impit was into the thissill kene[2],
Quharein all Scotland saw thair haill plesance,
And maid the lyon rejoysit from the splene[3],
Thocht rute be pullit from the levis grene[4],

[1] *umquhyl*; the *whilom* of the old English, the *hwilom* of the A.-Sax. formerly, once; as in Spenser:

"There *whilom* wont the templar knights abide."

[2] grafted was into the thistle keen; as in Chaucer:

"That was so *impid* in my thought,
"That her doctrine, I set at nought."

[3] the lion of Scotland rejoiced from the heart: Our poet now talked professionally, being lion herald.

[4] Though the root of the *flower de lys* be pulled, yet shall

The smell of it sall in despyte of the,
Keip ay twa Realmes in pece, and amitie.

the smell of it keep always two realms in amity: Lyndsay thus concludes his deploratioun, with a very elegant thought.

THE JUSTING

BETWIX

JAMES WATSOUN AND JHONE BARBOUR,

SERVITOURIS TO KING JAMES THE FYFT.

THE sports of the neighbour kingdoms, whether familiar, or heroick, were exactly the same, during the middle ages; as they proceeded from the same ways of thinking in the people of both. None of those sports was either more grateful to the beholders, or more noble in itself, than *justs*, both with sword, and lance, saith sir Philip Sydney. Yet, whatever this celebrated knight might think, or others might do, those mock encounters of *justs*, *tilts*, and tournaments, became very early objects of ridicule, as well as of the censure of the church, and the prohibition of the state. Is was owing to the spirit, which thus arose, that we have "the *Turnament* of *Tottenham*, "or the *wooing*, *winning*, and *wedding*, of *Tibbe*, "the *Reeve's* daughter." It was the marriage of James V. with Mary of Longville, which gave rise to the justing, between James Watson, and John Barbour, the one a *Medicinar*, the other a *Leche* of

the royal household. The practice of the healing art was not, in that age, so respectable, as it has since become, or we should not have seen the king's physician, and surgeon, brought out as objects of ridicule, by the king's command, to make sport for the great vulgar, and the small. This ludicrous poem was written in ten-syllable verse, of the true *Alexandrine* sort that, "like a wounded snake, "drags its slow length along," in rhyming couplets: And of course, we find in Lyndsay's justing of Watson and Barbour, none of the facility, and the flow, and the facetiousness, of the *Turnament* of *Tottenham*. Lyndsay's satire was written at the celebration of the nuptials of James V. during the year,

1538.

IN Sanct-Androis, on Whitsoun Monnunday[1],
Twa campionis thair manheid did assay;
Past to the barres[2], enarmit heid, and handis:
Was never sene sic justing in na landis,
In presence of the kingis grace and quene,
Quhare mony lustie lady micht be sene,

[1] On Whitsun Monday.

[2] The *barriers* established at tournaments.

Mony ane knicht, barroun, and banrent,
Came for to se that awfull tornament:
The ane of thame was gentill James Watsoun,
And Jhone Barbour, the uther campioun,
Unto the king thay war familiaris,
And of his chalmer baith cubicularis[1];
James was ane man of greit intelligence,
Ane medicinar full of experience;
And Jhone Barbour, he was ane nobill leche[2],
Crukit carlingis[3], he wald gar thame get speche.
From tyme thay enterit war into the feild,
Full womanlie thay weildit speir and scheild,
And wichtlie waiffit in the wynd thair heillis[4],
Hobland lyke cadgeris[5], rydand on thair creillis;
But ather ran at uther[6] with sic haist,
That thay could never thair speir get in the raist[7]:
Quhen gentil James trowit best[8] with Johne to meit,
His speir did fald amang his horsis feit.

[1] gentlemen of the bedchamber.

[2] a physician, or surgeon, as variously in Chaucer:

"With the hie Godde that is our soulis *leche*."

The word leeches, for physicians, was still used by Spenser; and *leechcraft*, for the art of medicine.

[3] crooked old women.

[4] and stoutly waved in the wind their heels.

[5] higlers, who carry about articles in panniers on horses' backs, for sale.

[6] each ran at the other.

[7] They never could get their spears in the rest.

[8] thought most.

I am richt sure, gude James had bene undone,
War nocht that Johne his mark tuke be the mone:
Quod Johne, Howbeit you think my leggis lyke rokkis[1],
My speir is gude, now keip ye fra my knokkis;
Tary, quod James, ane quhyle, for be my thrift,
The feind[2] ane thing I can se bot the lift;
No more can I, quod Johne, be Goddis breid[3],
I se na thing except the steipill heid;
Yit, thocht thy braunis[4] be lyk twa barrow trammis[5],
Defend the, man[6]: Than ran thay to, lyke rammis[7];
At that rude rink, James had ben strykin doun,
War not that Johne, for feirisnes[8], fell in swoun;
And richt sa James to Johne had done greit deir[9],
War not amangis his hors feit he brak his speir.
Quod James to Johne, Yit for our ladyis saikis,
Lat us togidder straik thre market straikis.

[1] distaffs. This is a common simile. In Christ's Kirk on the Green, Gillie says of her wooer Jok, "His *lymmis wes lyk twa rokkis.*"

[2] The devil a thing I can see but the firmament.

[3] by God's altar; one of the many oaths, which were common, in the days of Lyndsay, who also uses it, in his Play.

[4] The calfs of the legs.

[5] barrow shafts, or poles.

[6] Defend thee, man; beware: a term, at justing.

[7] So, in Christ's Kirk on the Green: "Thay ran upon uther lyk rammis."

[8] *feirisnes*; fearfulness. [9] hurt.

I had, quod Johne, that sall on the be wrokin;
Bot or he spurrit his hors, his speir was brokin,
From tyme with speiris nane could his marrow meit.
James drew ane sweird, with ane richt awful spreit,
And ran till Johne, till have raucht him ane rout;
Johnis sweird was roustit, and wald na way cum out:
Than James leit dryfe[1] at Johne, with baith his fistis,
He myst the man, and dang[2] upon the listis;
And with that straik, he trowit that Johne was slane,
His sweird stak fast, and gat it never agane:
Be this, gude Johne had gottin furth his sword,
And ran to James with mony awfull word.
My furiousnes, forsuith, now sall thow find,
Straikand at James his swerd flew in the wind:
Than, gentil James began to crak greit wordis;
Allace! quod he, this day for falt of swordis:
Than ather ran at uther with new racis,
With gluifis of plait thay dang at uther facis.
Quha wan this feild, na creature culd ken[3],
Till at the last, Jhone cryit fy! red[4] the men,
Ye[5] red, quod James, for that is my desyre,
It is ane hour sen I began to tyre;
Sone be thay had endit that royall rink,
Into the feild micht na man stand for stink.

[1] aimed a blow.
[2] struck upon the lists, or barriers.
[3] who won this field no person could know.
[4] separate the men. [5] yea.

Than every man, that stude on far, cryit fy!
Sayand, adew! for dirt partis cumpany:
Thair hors, harnes, and all geir, was so gude,
Lovyng to God [1], that day, was sched na blude.

[1] praising God.

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FEMALE attire has been the marked object of the poet's ridicule, in every age. The English antiquaries trace up the origin of high head-dresses, and long trains, to the luxurious reign of Richard II.: Camden says, that Anne, the wife of Richard, brought in the fashions of high caps, and long gowns. A divine, the Lyndsay of that age, was provoked, by those fashions, to write a treatise "contra *caudas dominarum*," as we learn from Hearne's Hemingford. Chaucer, the great shooter at folly, as it flew, made his parson cry out against the costly claithing both of men, and women, particularly, against the superfluity in length of the women's gowns; "trailing in the dong, and in the myre." Lydgate raised his somniferous voice "against the high attire of women's heads." Hoccleve too wrote against *waist clothing*. The parlia-

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" Sic *fowl taillis* to *sweep the calsay clene*;
" The dust upskaillis mony a fillok."

Lyndsay seems to have had his eye on this sumptuary satyre of Dunbar, when he sat down to pen his Supplication against *Syde Taillis*. This satirical effusion of Lyndsay, which he addressed to the kingis grace, in contemption of syde taillis, was composed in rhyming couplets of eight-syllable verse, which reads with voluble facility, as we might expect, from the nature of the subject: Yet, did our poet express his *contemption* in vain. In his Monarchies, he again attacks female fashions; he arraigns the *ladyis* with a sort of profane mixture of seriousness, and levity, at the judgment-seat of final retribution:

" Ye wantoun ladyis, and burgis wyvis,
" That now for sydest taillis stryvis;
" Flappand the filth amang your feit,
" Raising the dust into the streit;
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Yit mak I supplicatioun,
Till have sum reformatioun
Of ane small falt, quhilk is nocht tressoun,
Thocht it be contrare to ressoun:
Because the mater bene so vyle,
It may nocht have ane ornate style:
Quharefor, I pray your excellence,
To heir me with greit patience:
Of stinkand weidis maculate [2],
Na man may mak ane rois chaiplate [3].

[1] This reform took place, in 1529.

[2] *maculate;* stained, tainted: The English have the verb, to *maculate*; but not the adject. or subst. maculate: Shakspeare has *maculation:*

> "I will throw my glove to death himself,
> That there's no *maculation* in thy heart."

[3] rose chaplet.

Soverane I mene of thir syde taillis [1],
Quhilk throw the dust, and dubbis [2] traillis,
Thre quarteris lang behynd thair heillis [3],
Expres agane all commoun weillis.
Thocht bischoppis, in thair pontificallis,
Have men for to beir up thair taillis,
For dignitie of thair office;
Richt so ane quene, or ane emprice;
Howbeit thay use sic gravitie,
Conformand to thair majestie,
Thocht thair rob royallis be upborne,
I think it is ane verray scorne,
That every lady of the land
Suld have hir taill so syde trailland [4];
Howbeit thay bene of hie estait,
The quene [5], thay suld nocht counterfait:
Quhare ever thay go, it may be sene,
How kirk, and calsay, thay soup clene [6],

[1] This complaint against the *long tails* of female fashions, is as old, if not older, than Chaucer's days.

[2] mire, dirt: *Dub*, a pool of water, says Kersay.

[3] The tails trailed three-quarters of a yard behind their heels, against the good of the community.

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The imagis into the kirk
May think of thair syde taillis irk[1]:
For quhen the wedder bene maist fair,
The dust fleis hiest in the air,
And all thair facis dois begarie[2],
Gif thay culd speik, thay wald thame warie[3],
To se I think ane plesand sicht,
Of Italie the ladyis bricht,
In thair clething maist tryumphand,
Above all other Christin land:
Yit, quhen thay travell throw the townis,
Men seis thair feit beneth thair gownis,
Four inche abone thair proper heillis,
Circular about als round as quheillis[4].
Quhare throw thare dois na poulder ryis,
Thair fair quhyte lymmis to suppryis:
Bot, I think maist abusioun,
To se men of religioun,
Gar beir thair taillis throw the streit,
That folkis[5] may behald thair feit,
I trow Sanct Bernard, nor Sanct Blais,
Gart never man beir up thair clais[6],
Peter, nor Paule, nor Sanct Androw,
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[1] *irk* means pain, uneasiness: It is here inappropriately used for the rhyme.

[2] besmear. [3] revile. [4] as round as wheels.

[5] *folkis*; folk: Lyndsay gives plurals to collective nouns.

[6] clothes.

Bot, I lauch best to se ane nun,
Gar beir hir taill abone hir bun [1],
For no thing ellis, as I suppois,
Bot for to schaw hir lillie quhyte hois,
In all thair rewlis, thay will nocht find
Quha suld beir up thair taillis behind:
Bot I have maist into despyte,
Pure claggokis [2] cled in roploch quhyte [3],
Quhilk hes skant twa markis for thair feis [4],
Will have twa ellis [5] beneth thair kneis;
Kittok [6], that clekkit was yestrene [7],
The morne, will counterfute the quene:
Ane mureland Meg [8], that milkis the yowis,
Claggit with clay abone the howis [9],
In barn, nor byir, scho will nocht byde,
Without hir kirtill taill be syde:

[1] cause bear her tail above her bum; *bun*, for the rhyme.

[2] draggle-tails.

[3] cloth made of wool, in its natural colour.

[4] Two marks for their yearly wages; 26*s.* 8*d.* Scots money, during the reign of James V. were equal to 8*s.* 8*d.* at present, Rud. Introd. Dipl. Scotiæ.

[5] two ells; i. e. two yards and two inches.

[6] *kittok*; a wench: With the *kittock* of the Scotish poetry, and the French *catin*, there seems to be a near connection. Dict. Comique, in vo.

[7] that was hatched last night.

[8] A moorland Meg, Peg, the familiar name of Margaret.

[9] Bedraggled above the *houghs*.

In burrowis, wantoun burges wyvis,
Quha may have sydest tailis stryvis [1],
Weill bordourit with velvoit fyne,
Bot following thame it is ane pyne;
In somer quhen the streittis dryis,
Thay rais the dust abone the skyis;
Nane may ga neir thame at thair eis,
Without thay cover mouth and neis,
Frome the powder to keip thair ene,
Considder gif thair cloiffis [2] be clene,
Betwixt thair cleving, and thair kneis,
Quha micht behald thair sweitie theis [3],
Begairit [4] all with dirt, and dust,
That wer aneuch to stanche the lust
Of ony man, that saw thame naikit,
I think sic giglottis [5] ar bot glaikit [6];
Without profite to have sic pryde,
Harland thair claggit taillis so syde [7]:

[1] He again, in the 4th book of the Monarchies attacks the wanton burges wyves, for striveing, who may have sydest, or longest tails.

[2] clefts. [3] sweaty thighs. [4] besmeared.

[5] *giglet*, and kittock, equally signify a romping wench; *giglet* is often used by Shakespeare:

"Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a *giglet* wench."

[6] foolish. [7] dragging their clotted tails so long.

I wald thae borrowstounis barnis had breikkis[1],
To keip sic mist fra Malkinnis cheikkis;
I dreid rouch Malkin be for drouth,
Quhen sic dry dust blawis in hir mouth.
I think maist pane efter ane rane,
To se thame tukit up agane;
Than, quhen thay step furth throw the streit,
Thair faldingis flappis[2] about thair feit,
Thair laithlie lyning furthwart flypit[3],
Quhilk hes the muk, and midding, wypit[4].
Thay waist mair claith, within few yeiris,
Nor wald cleith fyftie score of freiris[5]:
Quhen Marioun frome the midding gois,
Frome hir morne turne[6], scho strypis the nois,
And all the day, quhare ever scho go,
Sic liquour scho likkith up also:
The turcumis[7] of hir taill, I trow,
Mich be ane supper till ane sow.
I ken ane man, quhilk swoir greit aithis,
How he did lift ane kittokis claithis,
And wald have done, I wat nocht quhat;
Bot sone remeid of lufe he gat,

[1] He wishes, that the towns-women had breeches, to prevent the effect of the dust. [2] foldings flap.
[3] Their loathsome lining outward turned.
[4] which has the dirt, and dunghill wiped.
[5] This is the complaint of the *parson* in Chaucer.
[6] morn *darg* in Sibbald. [7] collections, gatherings.

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[2] draggle-tails.

[3] cloth made of wool, in its natural colour.

[4] Two marks for their yearly wages; 26*s.* 8*d.* Scots money, during the reign of James V. were equal to 8*s.* 8*d.* at present, Rud. Introd. Dipl. Scotiæ.

[5] two ells; i. e. two yards and two inches.

[6] *kittok*; a wench: With the *kittock* of the Scotish poetry, and the French *catin*, there seems to be a near connection. Dict. Comique, in vo.

[7] that was hatched last night.

[8] A moorland Meg, Peg, the familiar name of Margaret.

[9] Bedraggled above the *houghs*.

In burrowis, wantoun burges wyvis,
Quha may have sydest tailis stryvis[1],
Weill bordourit with velvoit fyne,
Bot following thame it is ane pyne;
In somer quhen the streittis dryis,
Thay rais the dust abone the skyis;
Nane may ga neir thame at thair eis,
Without thay cover mouth and neis,
Frome the powder to keip thair ene,
Considder gif thair cloiffis[2] be clene,
Betwixt thair cleving, and thair kneis,
Quha micht behald thair sweitie theis[3],
Begairit[4] all with dirt, and dust,
That wer aneuch to stanche the lust
Of ony man, that saw thame naikit,
I think sic giglottis[5] ar bot glaikit[6];
Without profite to have sic pryde,
Harland thair claggit taillis so syde[7]:

[1] He again, in the 4th book of the Monarchies attacks the wanton burges wyves, for striveing, who may have sydest, or longest tails.

[2] clefts. [3] sweaty thighs. [4] besmeared.

[5] *giglet*, and kittock, equally signify a romping wench; *giglet* is often used by Shakespeare:

"Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a *giglet* wench."

[6] foolish. [7] dragging their clotted tails so long.

I wald thae borrowstounis barnis had breikkis [1],
To keip sic mist fra Malkinnis cheikkis:
I dreid rouch Malkin be for drouth,
Quhen sic dry dust blawis in hir mouth.
I think maist pane efter ane rane,
To se thame tukit up agane;
Than, quhen thay step furth throw the streit,
Thair faldingis flappis [2] about thair feit,
Thair laithlie lyning furthwart flypit [3],
Quhilk hes the muk, and midding, wypit [4].
Thay waist mair claith, within few yeiris,
Nor wald cleith fyftie score of freiris [5]:
Quhen Marioun frome the midding gois,
Frome hir morne turne [6], scho strypis the nois,
And all the day, quhare ever scho go,
Sic liquour scho likkith up also:
The turcumis [7] of hir taill, I trow,
Mich be ane supper till ane sow.
I ken ane man, quhilk swoir greit aithis,
How he did lift ane kittokis claithis,
And wald have done, I wat nocht quhat;
Bot sone remeid of lufe he gat,

[1] He wishes, that the towns-women had breeches, to prevent the effect of the dust.
[2] foldings flap.
[3] Their loathsome lining outward turned.
[4] which has the dirt, and dunghill wiped.
[5] This is the complaint of the *parson* in Chaucer.
[6] morn *darg* in Sibbald.
[7] collections, gatherings.

He thocht na schame to mak it wittin [1],
How hir syde tayle was all beschittin,
Of filth sic flewer straik till his hart,
That he behovit for till depart;
Quod scho, Gude schir, me think ye rew;
Quod he, Your taill makis sic ane stew,
That be Sanct Bryde, I may nocht byde it [2],
Ye war nocht wyse, that wald nocht hyde it.
Of taillis I will no more indyte,
For dreid sum duddroun [3] me dispyte;
Nochtwithstanding, I will conclude,
That of syde taillis can cum na gude,
Syder nor may thair hanclethis hyde [4],
The remanent proceidis of pryde,
And pryde proceidis of the devill,
Thus alway thay proceid of evill.
Ane uther fault, schir, may be sene,
Thay hyde thair face all bot the ene,
Quhen gentill men biddis thame gude day,
Without reverence thay slyde away,
That none may knaw, I yow assure,
Ane honest woman, be ane hure,
Without thair naikit face I se,
Thay get no mo gude dayis of me.
Hail [5] ane Frence lady quhen ye pleis,

[1] known. [2] I cannot abide it. [3] slut.
[4] longer than is required to hide their ancles.
[5] *hail;* salute.

Scho wil discover mouth, and neis;
And with ane humill countenance,
With visage bair, mak reverence.
Quhen our ladyis dois ryde in rane,
Suld no man have thame at disdane,
Thocht thay be coverit mouth and neis.
In that cace thay will nane displeis,
Nor quhen thay go to quiet places,
I thame excuse, to hyde thair faces,
Quhen thay wald mak collatioun,
With ony lustie companyeoun,
Thocht thay be hid than to the ene,
Ye may considder quhat I mene;
Bot, in the kirk, and market placis,
I think thay suld nocht hide thair facis[1]:
Without thir faltis be sone amendit,
My flyting, schir, sall never be endit;
Bot wald your grace my counsall tak,
Ane proclamatioun ye suld mak,
Baith throw the land, and borrowstounis,
To schaw thair face, and cut thair gounis,
Nane suld fra that exemptit be,
Except the quenis majeste,

[1] The sumptuary statute of James II. ordains, "That na woman cum to the kirk nor mercat with her face mussaled, that scho may nocht be kend, under the pane of escheit of the curchie."

Because this mater is nocht fair,
Of rethorik it man be bair:
Wemen will say, this is nă bourdis[1],
To wryte sic vyle and filthie wordis;
Bot, wald thay clenge thair filthy taillis,
Quhilk ovir the myris, and middingis traillis;
Than, suld my wryting clengit be,
None uther mendis[2] thay get of me;
The suith[3] suld nocht be haldin clos,
Veritas non querit angulos.
I wait gude wemen that bene wyse,
This rurall ryme will nocht dispryse[4];
None will me blame, I yow assure,
Except ane wanton glorious hure,
Quhais flyting I feir nocht ane fle:
Fair weill! ye get na mair of me.

Quod Lyndesay, in contempt of the syde taillis,
That duddrounis, and duntibouris[5] throw the dubbis traillis.

[1] jests. [2] satisfaction. [3] the truth.
[4] dispraise. [5] sluts, and harlots.

KITTEIS CONFESSION,

COMPYLIT BE SCHIR DAVID LYNDESAY OF THE MONT, KNIGHT, ETC.

SIR DAVID LYNDSAY, as he lived, during a long-continued controversy about religion, and reform, was a persevering reformer, and inexorable satirist. The estates of the kingdom, both temporal, and spiritual, appear to have been full as active as Lyndsay, to enact useful laws, and salutary canons. Much of the civil state had been reformed, in 1529, to Lyndsay's content. He tried to reform the spirituality, by his *Complaynt of the Papingo*. He returned to the charge against both, when he brought out his *Satyre on the three Estatis*, in 1535. He became again particular, in his satirical reprehensions, when he wrote his *Supplication against Syde Taillis*. He now deemed it a point of great importance to bring the *auricular confession* of the Romish church, which, in itself, is sufficiently opprobrious, when carried to the extremes of the preceding age, into popular contempt, by compiling *Kitteis Confession*. This is a short dialogue, between *the Curate* and Kittie, in eight-syllable verse of rhyming couplets, which, as the subject is ludi-

crous, was composed to run off with flippant volubility. Kitteis Confession was probably written, after the author's return from the continent, during the year

1544.

The CURATE, and KITTIE.

THE curate Kitte[1] culd confesse,
And scho tald on baith mair, and lesse;
Quhen scho was telland as scho wist[2],
The curate Kitte wald have kist;
Bot, yit ane countenance he bure,
Degeist, devote, daine, and demure[3];
And syne began hir to exame;
He was best at the efter game.
Quod he, Have ye na wrangous geir[4]?
Quod scho, I staw ane pek of beir[5]:

[1] The familiar name of a girl: Every reader of poetry remembers Prior's "*Kitty*, beautiful, and young," the late Catharine, duchess of Queensberry: But, in the age, and writings of Lyndsay, *Kittie* was used as a general appellative for a playful girl.

[2] telling as she knew.

[3] *degeist*; sedate: *daine*; digne; I believe, gentle, softened with love: *demure*; affectedly modest.

[4] *wrangous geir*; ill-got goods.

[5] I stole a peck of barley.

Quod he, That sulde restorit be;
Tharefor, deliver it to me;
Tibbe[1], and Peter bad me speir,
Be my conscience, thay sall it heir.
Quod he, Leve ye in lecherie?
Quod scho, Will Leno mowit me;
Quod he, His wyfe that sall I tell,
To mak hir acquentance with my sell.
Quod he, Ken ye na heresie?
I wait nocht quhat that is, quod sche.
Quod he, Hard ye na Inglis bukis[2]?
Quod scho, My maister on thame lukis:
Quod he, The bischop that sall knaw,
For I am sworne, that for to schaw.
Quod he, Quhat said he of the king?
Quod scho, Of gude he spak na thing;
Quod he, His grace of that sall wit;
And he sall lose his lyfe for it.
Quhen scho in mynd did mair revolve;
Quod he, I can nocht yow absolve;
Bot, to my chalmer cum at evin,
Absolvit for to be, and schrevin[3].

[1] *Tibbie* is the familiar name of *Isabel*; and so it was formerly in England: In the Tournament of Tottenham, the heroine is called, throughout, *Tibbie*.

[2] The English Bible; the satire is obvious.

[3] confessed: In Chaucer, *to shrive* is to confess; *shrift* is confession; and *shrift-father* is father-confessor.

Quod scho, I will pas till ane uther,
And I met with schir Andro, my brother;
And he full clenely did me schryve,
Bot he was sumthing talkatyve;
He speirit mony strange cace,
How that my lufe did me imbrace,
Quhat day, how oft, quhat sort, and quhare:
Quod he, I wald I had bene thare:
He me absolvit, for ane plak [1],
Thocht he na pryce with me wald mak,
And mekil Latyne he did mummill,
I hard na thing bot hummill bummill,
He schew me nocht of Goddis word,
Quhilk scharper is than ony sword,
And deip intill our hart dois prent,
Our sin quhare throw we do repent;
He pat me na thing into feir,
Quharethrow I suld my sin forbeir:
He schew me nocht the maledictioun,
Of God, for sin, nor the afflictioun,
And in this lyfe the greit mischeif,
Ordainit to punische hure, and theif,
Nor, schew he me of hellis pane,
That I micht feir, and vice refrane,
He counsalit me nocht till abstene,
And leid ane haly lyfe, and clene:

a plack a Scots coin, equal to the third of an English penny.

Of Christis blude na thing he knew,
Nor of his promissis full trew,
That saifis all that will beleve,
That Sathan sall us never greve.
He techit me nocht for till traist,
The confort of the Haly Gaist[1],
He bad me nocht to Christ be kynd,
To keip his law with hart and mynd,
And lufe, and thank his greit mercie,
Fra sin, and hell, that savit me;
And lufe my nichtbour as my sell,
Of this na thing he could me tell:
Bot, gave me pennance ilk ane day[2],
Ane Ave Marie for to say:
And Frydayis fyve na fische[3] to eit;
Bot butter and eggis at better meit,
And with ane plak to by ane messe,
Fra drunkin schir Jhone Latynelesse.
Quod he, Ane plak I will gar Sandie,
Give the agane with handie bandie,
Syne into pilgramage to pas,
The verray way to wantounes;
Of all his pennance, I was glaid,
I had thame all, perqueir[4], I said.
To mow, and steill, I ken the pryce,
I sall it set on cincq and syce[5]:

[1] Holy Ghost. [2] every day. [3] "*flesh*," in Sibbald.
[4] by heart. [5] terms, at dice.

Bot, he my counsale could nocht keip,
He maid him be the fyre to sleip.
Syne cryit colleris, beif, and coillis,
Hois, and schone, with dowbill soillis,
Caikis, and candill, creische [1], and salt,
Curnis [2] of meill, and luiffillis [3] of malt,
Wollin and linning [4], werp and woft [5].
Dame keip the keis of your woll loft:
Throw drink and sleip maid him to raif,
And swa with us thay play the knaif;
Freiris sweiris, be thair professioun,
Nane can be saif, but [6] this confessioun,
And garris [7] all men understand,
That it is Goddis awin command;
Yit, is it nocht bot mennis drame,
The pepill to confound and schame.
It is nocht ellis bot mennis law,
Maid mennis myndis for to knaw,
Quharethrow thay syle [8] thame as thay will,
And makis thair law conforme tharetill;
Sittand in mennis conscience,
Abone Goddis magnificence,
And dois the pepill teche, and tyste [9],
To serve the Pape, the Antechryste;

[1] fat. [2] small quantities. [3] handfuls.
[4] woollen and linen. [5] warp and woof.
[6] without. [7] makes. [8] abuse. [9] entice.

To the greit God Omnipotent,
Confes thy sin and sore repent:
And traist in Christ, as wrytis Paule,
Quhilk sched his blude to saif thy saule:
For nane can the absolve bot he,
Nor tak away thy sin from the.
Gif of gude counsall thow hes neid,
Or hes nocht leirnit weill thy creid,
Or wickit vicis regne in the,
The quhilk thow can nocht mortifie,
Or be in desperatioun,
And wald have consolatioun,
Than till ane preichour trew thow pas;
And schaw thy sin, and thy trespas,
Thow neidis nocht to schaw him all,
Nor tell thy sin baith greit, and small,
Quhilk is unpossibill to be;
Bot schaw the vice that troubillis the:
And he sall of thy saule have reuth[1],
And the instruct into the treuth,
And with the word of verite,
Sall confort, and sall counsall the.
The sacramentis schaw the at lenth,
Thy lytil faith to stark[2] and strenth;

[1] pity; as *ruthe*, in Chaucer; and *ruth*, in Milton.

[2] *to stark*; to strengthen: In Chaucer, *stark* is strong: A.-S. *starc*.

And how thow suld thame richtlie use,
And all hypocrisie refuse.
Confessioun first wes ordanit fre,
In this sort, in the kirk, to be,
Swa to confes, as I descryve,
Was in the gude kirk primityve;
Swa was confessioun ordanit first,
Thocht Codrus kyte[1] suld cleve, and birst.

[1] Though Codrus *kyte*, or belly, should split, and burst: I know not if there be any allusion here to either of the Codruses, who are feigned by poets: Lyndsay may have alluded to Urceus Codrus, an Italian professor, and poet, of a singular character, who died, in 1500.

THE TRAGEDIE

OF THE

UMQUHYLE MAIST REVEREND FATHER DAVID,

BE THE MERCY OF GOD,

CARDINALL,

AND ARCHEBISCHOP OF SANCT ANDROIS, AND OF THE HAILL REALME OF SCOTLANDE, PRIMATE, LEGATE, AND CHANCELLARE AND ADMINISTRATOR OF THE BISCHOPRIK OF MERAPOYS IN FRANCE, AND COMMENDATOR PERPETUAL OF THE ABBEY OF ABER-BROTHOCK.

LYNDSAY'S *Answer to the King's Flyting*, his *Supplication against Syde Tails*, and his *Kitteis Confession*, show the grossness of the times; his *Tragedy of Cardinal Beaton* evinces the atrocity of the age, and the men: The whole writings of Lyndsay, perhaps, demonstrate that, want of refinement, and want of morals, are the same. "The Tragedies gathered by Jhon Bochas" were undoubtedly the great prototypes of those poetical relations of fallen greatness, which Lydgate's *translation* had made familiar; and which the mournful, and dreadful events had made attractive, under the name of *tragedies*, before legitimate tragedy had yet appeared, in modern litera-

ture. The story of none of those princes, who had fallen from their estates, through *the mutability of fortune,* since *the creation of Adam,* had more clearly illustrated the general principle of *fortune's fickleness,* than the *Tragedy* of *David Beaton.* This great, and ambitious prelate was the third of the seven sons of John Beaton of Pitfour, in Fifeshire, by his wife Isabel, the daughter of Monypenny of Pitmilly. He was born, in 1494, four years after Lyndsay. He studied the civil, and canon laws in France, where he became the king's resident, in 1519. He was nominated commendator of Arbroath, in 1523, and abbot of that opulent house, in 1525. He was made keeper of the privy seal, on the fall of the Douglases, in 1528. He was sent envoy, in 1533, to France, where he was consecrated bishop of Mirapoix, an event, which evinces the notions, that were entertained of his influence: and the cardinal's hat was sent him, in 1538. He succeeded his uncle, as archbishop of St. Andrew's, in 1539. He became chancellor, and prime minister, on the 13th of December 1543. And, he was assassinated, in his own castle, at St. Andrew's, on the 29th of May 1546, at a moment of ferment in the state, and feebleness in the government. Such was the person, and such the fortune, which our poet, who was perfectly acquainted with both, converted into a

rhyming narrative, or *tragedie*, for reviling the dead, and reforming the living. It is written in seven-line stanzas of ten-syllable verse, which rhyme alternately, except the two last. And Lyndsay, who was perfectly acquainted with Jhone Boccace, and John Lydgate, the monk of Burye, sat down, immediately after that dismal event, to write the Tragedie of Cardinal Beaton, in

1546.

THE PROLOG.

NOCHT lang ago, efter the hour of prime[1],
Secreitlye sitting in myne oratorie,
I tuke ane buke til occupy the time,
Quhare I fand mony tragedie and storie,
Quhilk Jhone Boccace[2] had put in memorie;

[1] *prime*, the first canonical hour; six to nine o'clock in the morning: So Chaucer, "And fast he swore, that it was passed *prime*."

[2] John Boccace died at the age of 62, in 1375: It was the book of Johan Bochas, of the *Fall of Princes*, which was translated by Lydgate, and printed in 1494, and in 1527; and which was probably alluded to by Lyndsay.

How mony princis, conquerouris, and kingis,
War dulefullie deposit, frome thair ringis[1]:

How Alexander, the potent conquerour,
In Babilon, was poysonit piteouslie,
And Julius, the michtie empriour,
Murdreist at Rome, causles, and cruellie,
Prudent Pompey, in Egypt schamefullie,
He murdreist was, quhat neidith proces more
Quhose tragedyis wer pitie till deplore.

I sitting so, upon my buke reiding,
Richt suddandlie afore me did appeir,
Ane woundit man aboundantlie bleiding,
With visage paill, and with ane deidlie cheir[2],
Semand ane man of twa and fyftie yeir,
In rayment reid, clothit full curtiouslie[3],
Of velvoit, and of satyn crammosie[4].

With febill voice, as man opprest with pane,
Softlie he maid me supplicatioun;
Sayand, My freind, go reid, and reid agane,
Gif thou can find, be trew narratioun,
Of ony pane, lyke to my passioun:
Richt sure I am, war Jhone Boccace, on lyve,
My tragedie, at lenth, he wald descryve.

[1] reigns, governments.
[2] deadly countenance.
[3] court-like, gorgeously.
[4] crimson.

Sen he is gone, I pray the till indyte,
Of my infortune sum remembrance;
Or, at the leist, my tragedie to wryte,
As I to the sall schaw the circumstance,
In termis breve of my unhappy chance,
Sen my beginning till my fatall end,
Quhilk, I wald, till all creature wer kend.

I not, said I, mak sic memoriall,
But, of thy name, I had intelligence,
I am David, that carefull cardinall,
Quhilk doith appeir, said he, to thy presence,
That umquhyle[1] had sa greit preeminence;
Than, he began his deidis till indyte,
As ye sall heir, and I began to wryte.

THE TRAGEDIE.

I, DAVID BETOUN, umquhyl cardinal,
Of nobil blude be lyne I did discend;
During my tyme, I had na peregal,
Bot, now is cum allace my fatal end:
Ay, gre be gre[2], upwart I did ascend;

[1] *umquhyle;* lately. [2] step by step.

Swa that into this realme did never ring,
Sa gret ane man as I, under ane king.

Quhen I was ane young joly gentill man,
Princis to serve I set my haill intent,
First till ascend, at Arbroth, I began,
Ane abbacie of greit ryches, and rent,
Of that estait, yit was I nocht content,
To get mair ryches, dignite, and glore,
My hart was set, allace! allace! tharefore.

I maid sic servyce till our soverane king,
He did promove me till more hie estate;
Ane prince, abuse all preistis, for till ring,
Archebischop of Sanct Androis consecrate:
Till that honour, quhen I was elevate,
My prydefull hart was nocht content at all,
Till that I creat was ane cardinall.

Yit preissit I till have mair auctoritie,
And finallie was chosin chancellair;
And for uphalding of my dignitie,
Was maid legate, than had I na compair,
I purchest my proffeit singulair [1],
My boxis, and my thresure till avance,
The bischoprik of Merepois in France.

[1] Lyndsay is mistaken, in saying that David Beaton purchased the bishopric of Merepoix: It was given him by Francis I., for services done, and to be done.

Of Scotland al I had the governall,
But[1] my avyse, concludit was na thing,
Abbot, bischope, archebischope, cardinall,
Into this realme, na hier culd I ring,
Bot I had bene pape, empriour, or king:
For schortnes of the tyme, I am nocht abill,
At lenth to schaw my actis honorabill.

For my most princely prodigalite,
Amang prelatis, in France, I bure the pryce[2];
I schew my lordlye liberalite,
In banketting, playing at cartis, and dyce[3],
Into sic wisedome, I was haldin wyse,

[1] Without his advice nothing was concluded: It may be said, generally, that Lyndsay only means to draw a caricature.

[2] I bore the prize.

[3] In a MS. account of the receipts and expenditures of the cardinal archbishop of St. Andrew's, in the Advocates' library, there are the two following payments to the cardinal: 21 Mar. 1540-1, paid my most reverend lord, at Edinburgh, 20*l.* 18*s.* for *playing* with the king's majesty:—18 May 1541, paid to my most reverend lord, at St. Andrew's, 22*l.* for *playing* with the king's majesty. The bishops of England were in the same age equally satirized, for playing cards, and dice: Ray, in his Brife Dialogue, satirizing the clergy, says:

"To play at the *cards* and *dice*,
Some of them are nothing nice,
Both at hazard, and mumchance."

And spairit nocht to play with king, nor knicht,
Thre thousand crownis of golde upon ane nicht.

In France, I maid seir[1] honest voyagis,
Quhare I did actis digne of remembrance,
Throuch me wer maid tryumphand mariagis,
Till our soverane, baith proffeit, and plesance,
Quene Magdalene, the first dochter of France,
With greit ryches, was into Scotland brocht;
That mariage, throch my wisedom, was wrocht.

Efter quhose deith, in France, I past agane,
The secund quene hamewart I did convoy,
That lustye princes, Marie de Lorane,
Quhilk was ressavit with gret tryumphe, and joye;
So servit I our richt redoutit roye:
Sone efter that, Harie of Ingland king,
Of our soverane, desyrit ane commoning[2].

Of that meting, our king was weill content,
So that in York was set baith tyme and place;
Bot our prelatis, nor I wald never consent,
That he suld se king Harie in the face:
Bot, we wer weill content, howbeit his grace,

[1] *seir*; several, as in G. Douglas.

[2] See Sir Ralph Sadler's Negotiations.

Had saillit the sey, to speik with ony uther,
Except that king, quhilk was his mother brother[1].

Quharethroch thare rose greit weir, and mortal strife,
Greit heirschipis, hunger, deirth, and desolatioun,
On ather syde, did mony lose thair lyfe,
Gif I wald mak ane trew narratioun,
I causit all that tribulatioun:
For, till tak peace, I never wald consent,
Without the king of France had bene content.

During this weir, war takin presoneris,
Of nobill men fechting full furiouslie,
Mony ane lord, barroun, and bacheleris,
Quhare throuch our king tuke sic melancolie[2];
Quhilk drave him to the deid richt dulefullie,
Extreme dolour overset did so his hart,
That from this lyfe, allace! he did depart[3].

Bot, efter that baith strenth, and speiche was leisit[4],
Ane paper blank, his grace I gart subscryve,

[1] Henry VIII. was undoubtedly the king's mother's brother.

[2] The allusion here is to the battle of Solway, where the greatest number of the Scotish nobles, being corrupted by the artifices of Henry VIII., chose to surrender, rather than to fight.

[3] The 14th December 1542.

[4] lost, gone: So *lese*, in Chaucer.

Into the quhilk, I wrait all that I pleisit,
Efter his deith, quhilk lang war till descryve[1],
Throuch that wryting, I purposit belyve[2],
With support of sum lordis benevolence,
In this regioun till have preeminence.

As for my lord, our richteous governour,
Gif I wald schortlie schaw the veritie,
Till him I had na maner of favour;
During that tyme, I purposit, that he
Sulde never eum to nane auctoritie;
For his support, tharefor, he brocht amang us,
Furth of Ingland, the nobill Erle of Angus[3].

Than was I put abak from my purpois,
And suddanlie cast in captivitie,
My prydefull hart to dant, as I suppois,
Devysit be the hich divinitie;
Yit, in my hart, sprang na humilitie,
Bot, now the word of God full weill I knaw,
Quha dois exalt himself, God sall him law[4].

[1] Lyndsay is perhaps the only witness of this transaction, which, to believe, requires the strongest proof.

[2] quickly.

[3] The forfeiture of the earl of Angus was reversed, after the demise of James V.

[4] humble.

In the mene tyme, quhen I was so subjectit,
Ambassadouris war sent intyll England,
Quhare thay boith peice, and mariage, contractit,
And mair surely, for till observe that band,
War promeist divers plegis of Scotland:
Of that contract, I was na way content,
Nor never wald thareto geve my consent[1].

Till capitanis, that keipit me in ward,
Giftis of gold, I gaif thame gret plente,
Rewlaris of court, I richelie did reward,
Quharethrouch I chaipit[2] from captivite:
Bot, quhen I was fre at my liberte,
Than lyke ane lyoun, lowsit of his cage,
Outthrouch this realme, I gan to reill, and rage[3].

Contrair the governour, and his companie,
Ofttymes maid I insurrectioun,
Purposing for till haif him haistelie,
Subduit unto my correctioun,
Or put him till extreme subjectioun:
During this tyme, gif it war weill decydit,
This realme be me was utterlie devydit[4].

[1] The allusion is to the marriage of the infant queen of Scots with Edward VI.

[2] escaped.

[3] I began to run about busily, and rage. See Pitscottie, p. 330.

[4] The events are misplaced by the poet.

The governour purposing to subdew,
I rasit ane oyst of mony bald barroun,
And maid ane raid, quhilk Lithgow yit may rew[1];
For we distroyit ane myle about the toun,
For that I gat mony blak malisoun:
Yit, contrair the governouris intent,
With our young princes, we to Striveling went.

For heich contemptioun of the governour,
I brocht the Erle of Lennox furth of France,
That lustie lord, levand in gret pleisour,
Did lose that land, and honest ordinance:
Bot, he, and I, fell sone at variance,
And throuch my counsell was within schort space,
Forfaltit, and flemit, he gat nane uther grace.

Than throuch my prudence, practik, and ingyne,
Our governour I causit to consent,
Full quyetlie to my counsall inclyne,
Quhareof his nobillis wer nocht weill content;
For quhy? I gart dissolve in plane parliament,
The band of peice contractit with Ingland,
Quharethrouch come harme, and heirschip, to Scotland[2].

[1] The raid of Linlithgow is alluded to, when the cardinal collected an army to defend himself against the power of the Douglases. See Pitscottie, p. 331.

[2] This was done by the queen-mother, and the French

That peice brokin, arose new mortall weiris,
Be sey, and land, sic reif, without releif,
Quhilk to report my frayit hart affeiris,
The veritie to schaw, in termis breif,
I was the rute, of all that gret mischeif.
The South Cuntre may say, it had bene gude,
That my nuryce had smor'd me in my cude [1].

I was the cause of mekle mair mischance,
For uphalde of my glore, and dignitie,
And plesour of the potent king of France,
With Ingland, wald I have na unitie:
Bot, quha considder wald the veritie,
We micht full weill have levit in peice, and rest,
Nine, or ten yeiris, and than playit louse, or fast.

Had we with Ingland keipit our contrackis,
Our nobill men had levit in peice, and rest.
Our merchandis had nocht lost so mony packis,
Our commoun pepill had nocht bene oppprest:
On ather syde, all wrangis had bene redrest;

faction: It is not easy to tell, which of the parties, of England, or of France, were most corrupt.

[1] That my *nurse* had *smothered* me in my *cude*, or face-cloth, with which the child was covered at baptism. The same phrase occurs repeatedly in the Play, and the Monarchies of Lyndsay.

Bot, Edinburgh, sen syne, Leith, and Kingorne,
The day and hour may ban[1], that I was borne.

Our governour, to mak him to me sure,
With sweit, and subtell wordis, I did him syle[2],
Till I his sone and air gat in my cure[3],
To that effect I fand that craftie wyle,
That he na maner of way micht me begyle,
Than leuch[4] I quhen his liegis did alledge,
How I his sone had gottin into pledge.

The Erle of Angus, and his germane brother,
I purposit to gar thame lose thair lyfe,
Richt so till have distroyit mony uther,
Sum with the fyre, sum with the sword, and knyfe,
In speciall mony gentyll men of Fyfe,
And purposit till put to gret torment,
All favoreris of the Auld and New Testament.

[1] curse. [2] deceive.

[3] Till I got the son and heir of the governor in my care: He was placed in the cardinal's castle, for his education: He was found there, when the cardinal was assassinated, in 1546; and he was retained, by the assassins, as a pledge. A pardon was offered them, on condition of delivering up the eldest son of the governor: But, as the assassins were pensioners of England, they seem not to have complied. See the Epistolæ Reg. Scot. vol. ii. p. 351—53.

[4] laughed.

Than everie man thay tuke of me sic feir,
That tyme quhen I had so greit governance,
Greit lordis dreiding, I sulde do thame deir[1],
Thay durst nocht cum till court, but[2] assurance,
Sen syne thare hes nocht bene sic variance,
Now, till our prince, barronis obedientlye,
But assurance, thay cum full courteslye.

My hope was most into the king of France,
Togidder with the Papis halynes,
Mair than in God, my worschip till avance,
I traistit so into thair gentilnes,
That na man durst presume, me till oppres,
Bot, quhen the day came, of my fatall hour,
Far was from me, thair support, and succour.

Than to preserve my riches, and my lyfe,
I maid ane strenth of wallis heich and braid[3],
Sic ane fortres was never funde in Fyfe,
Belevand thare durst na man me invaid:

[1] harm, hurt. [2] without.

[3] The Castle of St. Andrew's: Lyndsay forgets to state what is still more curious, that the cardinal had taken bonds of *manrent* of various persons, to serve him, *personally* (as the bond implies) in case of need: Norman Leslie, the son and heir of the earl of Rothes, had given the cardinal a bond of manrent: Yet, was he the principal assassin; and, consequently, his crime was aggravated into petty treason.

Now fynd I trew the saw[1], quhilk David said;
Without God of ane hous be maister of wark,
He wyrkis in vane, thocht it be never so stark[2]:

For, I was throuch the hie power divine,
Richt dulefullie doung doun amang the as[3],
Quhilk culd not be throch mortall mannis ingyne;
Bot, as David did slay the greit Golyas,
Or Holopherne, be Judith, killit was,
In myd amang his tryumphand armie;
So was I slayne into my cheif cietie.

Quhen I had greitest dominatioun,
As Lucifer had, in the hevin empyre,
Came suddandlye my deprivatioun,
Be thame quhilk did my dolent deith conspire[4];
So cruell was thair furious byrnand ire,
I gat na tyme, laiser, nor libertie,
To say, *In manus tuas, Domine.*

[1] *saw;* saying.

[2] *stark,* strong; as in Chaucer:

"I fele my limmes *stark* and suffiçant
To don all that a man belongeth to."

[3] Right dolefully thrown down among the *ashes,* the dirt; Lyndsay here places the assassination of the cardinal to the account of the high power divine: Knox says it was done by *the hand of God.*

[4] See the names of them quhilk did conspire the dolent deith of the cardinal in the act of attainder, App. No. xxv. Epist. Reg. Scot.

Behald my fatall infelicitie,
I beand in my strenth, incomparabill.
That dreidfull dungeoun maid me na supplie,
My greit riches, nor rentis proffitabill,
My sylver work, jowellis inestimabill,
My papall pompe, of golde my riche thresour,
My lyfe, and all, I lost in half ane hour.

To the peple wes maid ane spectakle,
Of my dede and deformit carioun:
Sum said, it was ane manifest mirakle[1]:
Sum said it was divine punitioun,
So to be slane, into my strang dungeoun:
Quhen every man had judgit as him list[2],
Thay saltit me, syne closit me in ane kist.

I lay unburyit sevin monethis, and more,
Or I was borne, to closter, kirk, or queir[3],
In ane midding[4], quhilk pane bene till deplore,
Without suffrage of chanoun, monk, or freir;

[1] In the margin of the first ed. of Knox's Hist. of the Reformation, thanks were offered to God, for the *godly act* of slaying the cardinal, as Hume has remarked, after Keith: There is the same thanksgiving on the margin of Dr. Anderson's MS. Hist. of Scotland.

[2] As he liked, or willed: See Knox's Hist. of the Reformation, for the salting of the cardinal.

[3] before he was borne, or carried to burial.

[4] *midding*; the *mykeding* of the A.-Sax.; the *sterquilinium*

All proude prelatis at me may lessonis leir,
Quhilk rang so lang, and so tryumphantlye;
Syne, in the dust, doung doun so dulefullye.

TO THE PRELATIS.

O YE my brether princis of the preistis,
I mak yow hartlye supplicatioun;
Baith nicht, and day, revolve into your breistis,
The proces of my deprivatioun,
Considder quhat bene your vocatioun;
To follow me, I pray yow, nocht pretend yow,
Bot, reid at lenth this cedull, that I send yow.

Ye knaw, quhow Jesus his disciplis sent,
Ambassadouris till everie natioun,
To schaw his law, and his commandement,
To all pepill, by predicatioun;
Tharefore, I mak to yow narratioun,
Sen ye to thame ar verray successouris,
Ye aucht till do, as did your predecessouris,

How dar ye be so bauld till tak on hand,
For to be heraldis till sa greit ane king,
To beir his message baith to burgh and land,
Ye beand dum, and can pronunce na thing,

of the Lat. See a profusion of learning on this curious subject, by bishop Gibson, in his edition of the *Polemo-Middinia* of Drummond, 1692.

Lyke menstralis, that can nocht play, nor sing!
Or quhy suld men geve to sic hirdis hyre,
Quhilk can not gyde thair scheip about the myre[1]?

Eschame ye nocht[2] to be Christis servituris,
And for your fee, hes greit temporall landis?
Syne of your office can nocht tak the curis,
As cannone law, and scripture yow commandis;
Ye will nocht want teind schief, nor offerandis,
Teind woll, teind lamb, teind calf, teind gryce, and guse;
To mak service ye ar all out of use.

My deir brother, do nocht as ye war wount,
Amend your lyfe now, quhile your day induris,
Traist weill, ye sall be callit to your count,
Of everilk thing belanging to your curis.
Leve hasardrie, your harlotrie, and huris[3];
Remembring on my unprovisit deid[4],
For efter deith may na man mak remeid.

Ye prelatis quhilk hes thousandis for till spend,
Ye send ane sempyll Freir, for yow to preche,

[1] All this is largely insisted on by Lyndsay, in his Play, and in his Monarchies.

[2] Are ye not ashamed?

[3] Leave hazard, harlotry, and whores.

[4] unprovided death.

And how thow suld thame richtlie use,
And all hypocrisie refuse.
Confessioun first wes ordanit fre,
In this sort, in the kirk, to be,
Swa to confes, as I descryve,
Was in the gude kirk primityve;
Swa was confessioun ordanit first,
Thocht Codrus kyte[1] suld cleve, and birst.

[1] Though Codrus *kyte*, or belly, should split, and burst: I know not if there be any allusion here to either of the Codruses, who are feigned by poets: Lyndsay may have alluded to Urceus Codrus, an Italian professor, and poet, of a singular character, who died, in 1500.

THE TRAGEDIE

OF THE

UMQUHYLE MAIST REVEREND FATHER DAVID,

BE THE MERCY OF GOD,

CARDINALL,

AND ARCHEBISCHOP OF SANCT ANDROIS, AND OF THE HAILL REALME OF SCOTLANDE, PRIMATE, LEGATE, AND CHANCELLARE AND ADMINISTRATOR OF THE BISCHOPRIK OF MERAPOYS IN FRANCE, AND COMMENDATOR PERPETUAL OF THE ABBEY OF ABER-BROTHOCK.

LYNDSAY'S *Answer to the King's Flyting*, his *Supplication against Syde Tails*, and his *Kitteis Confession*, show the grossness of the times; his *Tragedy of Cardinal Beaton* evinces the atrocity of the age, and the men: The whole writings of Lyndsay, perhaps, demonstrate that, want of refinement, and want of morals, are the same. "The Tragedies gathered by Jhon Bochas" were undoubtedly the great prototypes of those poetical relations of fallen greatness, which Lydgate's *translation* had made familiar; and which the mournful, and dreadful events had made attractive, under the name of *tragedies*, before legitimate tragedy had yet appeared, in modern litera-

ture. The story of none of those princes, who had fallen from their estates, through *the mutability of fortune,* since *the creation of Adam,* had more clearly illustrated the general principle of *fortune's fickleness,* than the *Tragedy* of *David Beaton.* This great, and ambitious prelate was the third of the seven sons of John Beaton of Pitfour, in Fifeshire, by his wife Isabel, the daughter of Monypenny of Pitmilly. He was born, in 1494, four years after Lyndsay. He studied the civil, and canon laws in France, where he became the king's resident, in 1519. He was nominated commendator of Arbroath, in 1523, and abbot of that opulent house, in 1525. He was made keeper of the privy seal, on the fall of the Douglases, in 1528. He was sent envoy, in 1533, to France, where he was consecrated bishop of Mirapoix, an event, which evinces the notions, that were entertained of his influence: and the cardinal's hat was sent him, in 1538. He succeeded his uncle, as archbishop of St. Andrew's, in 1539. He became chancellor, and prime minister, on the 13th of December 1543. And, he was assassinated, in his own castle, at St. Andrew's, on the 29th of May 1546, at a moment of ferment in the state, and feebleness in the government. Such was the person, and such the fortune, which our poet, who was perfectly acquainted with both, converted into a

rhyming narrative, or *tragedie*, for reviling the dead, and reforming the living. It is written in seven-line stanzas of ten-syllable verse, which rhyme alternately, except the two last. And Lyndsay, who was perfectly acquainted with Jhone Boccace, and John Lydgate, the monk of Burye, sat down, immediately after that dismal event, to write the Tragedie of Cardinal Beaton, in

1546.

The Prolog.

Nocht lang ago, efter the hour of prime[1],
Secreitlye sitting in myne oratorie,
I tuke ane buke til occupy the time,
Quhare I fand mony tragedie and storie,
Quhilk Jhone Boccace[2] had put in memorie;

[1] *prime*, the first canonical hour; six to nine o'clock in the morning: So Chaucer, "And fast he swore, that it was passed *prime*."

[2] John Boccace died at the age of 62, in 1375: It was the book of Johan Bochas, of the *Fall of Princes*, which was translated by Lydgate, and printed in 1494, and in 1527; and which was probably alluded to by Lyndsay.

How mony princis, conquerouris, and kingis,
War dulefullie deposit, frome thair ringis[1]:

How Alexander, the potent conquerour,
In Babilon, was poysonit piteouslie,
And Julius, the michtie empriour,
Murdreist at Rome, causles, and cruellie,
Prudent Pompey, in Egypt schamefullie,
He murdreist was, quhat neidith proces more
Quhose tragedyis wer pitie till deplore.

I sitting so, upon my buke reiding,
Richt suddandlie afore me did appeir,
Ane woundit man aboundantlie bleiding,
With visage paill, and with ane deidlie cheir[2],
Semand ane man of twa and fyftie yeir,
In rayment reid, clothit full curtiouslie[3],
Of velvoit, and of satyn crammosie[4].

With febill voice, as man opprest with pane,
Softlie he maid me supplicatioun;
Sayand, My freind, go reid, and reid agane,
Gif thou can find, be trew narratioun,
Of ony pane, lyke to my passioun:
Richt sure I am, war Jhone Boccace, on lyve,
My tragedie, at lenth, he wald descryve.

[1] reigns, governments.
[2] deadly countenance.
[3] court-like, gorgeously.
[4] crimson.

Sen he is gone, I pray the till indyte,
Of my infortune sum remembrance;
Or, at the leist, my tragedie to wryte,
As I to the sall schaw the circumstance,
In termis breve of my unhappy chance,
Sen my beginning till my fatall end,
Quhilk, I wald, till all creature wer kend.

I not, said I, mak sic memoriall,
But, of thy name, I had intelligence,
I am David, that carefull cardinall,
Quhilk doith appeir, said he, to thy presence,
That umquhyle[1] had sa greit preeminence;
Than, he began his deidis till indyte,
As ye sall heir, and I began to wryte.

THE TRAGEDIE.

I, DAVID BETOUN, umquhyl cardinal,
Of nobil blude be lyne I did discend;
During my tyme, I had na peregal,
Bot, now is cum allace my fatal end:
Ay, gre be gre[2], upwart I did ascend;

[1] *umquhyle;* lately. [2] step by step.

Swa that into this realme did never ring,
Sa gret ane man as I, under ane king.

Quhen I was ane young joly gentill man,
Princis to serve I set my haill intent,
First till ascend, at Arbroth, I began,
Ane abbacie of greit ryches, and rent,
Of that estait, yit was I nocht content,
To get mair ryches, dignite, and glore,
My hart was set, allace! allace! tharefore.

I maid sic servyce till our soverane king,
He did promove me till more hie estate;
Ane prince, abuse all preistis, for till ring,
Archebischop of Sanct Androis consecrate:
Till that honour, quhen I was elevate,
My prydefull hart was nocht content at all,
Till that I creat was ane cardinall.

Yit preissit I till have mair auctoritie,
And finallie was chosin chancellair;
And for uphalding of my dignitie,
Was maid legate, than had I na compair,
I purchest my proffeit singulair [1],
My boxis, and my thresure till avance,
The bischoprik of Merepois in France.

[1] Lyndsay is mistaken, in saying that David Beaton purchased the bishopric of Merepoix: It was given him by Francis I., for services done, and to be done.

Of Scotland al I had the governall,
But[1] my avyse, concludit was na thing,
Abbot, bischope, archebischope, cardinall,
Into this realme, na hier culd I ring,
Bot I had bene pape, empriour, or king:
For schortnes of the tyme, I am nocht abill,
At lenth to schaw my actis honorabill.

For my most princely prodigalite,
Amang prelatis, in France, I bure the pryce[2];
I schew my lordlye liberalite,
In banketting, playing at cartis, and dyce[3],
Into sic wisedome, I was haldin wyse,

[1] Without his advice nothing was concluded: It may be said, generally, that Lyndsay only means to draw a caricature.

[2] I bore the prize.

[3] In a MS. account of the receipts and expenditures of the cardinal archbishop of St. Andrew's, in the Advocates' library, there are the two following payments to the cardinal: 21 Mar. 1540-1, paid my most reverend lord, at Edinburgh, 20*l.* 18*s.* for *playing* with the king's majesty:—18 May 1541, paid to my most reverend lord, at St. Andrew's, 22*l.* for *playing* with the king's majesty. The bishops of England were in the same age equally satirized, for playing cards, and dice: Ray, in his Brife Dialogue, satirizing the clergy, says:

"To play at the *cards* and *dice*,
Some of them are nothing nice,
Both at hazard, and mumchance."

And spairit nocht to play with king, nor knicht,
Thre thousand crownis of golde upon ane nicht.

In France, I maid seir[1] honest voyagis,
Quhare I did actis digne of remembrance,
Throuch me wer maid tryumphand mariagis,
Till our soverane, baith proffeit, and plesance,
Quene Magdalene, the first dochter of France,
With greit ryches, was into Scotland brocht;
That mariage, throch my wisedom, was wrocht.

Efter quhose deith, in France, I past agane,
The secund quene hamewart I did convoy,
That lustye princes, Marie de Lorane,
Quhilk was ressavit with gret tryumphe, and joye;
So servit I our richt redoutit roye:
Sone efter that, Harie of Ingland king,
Of our soverane, desyrit ane commoning[2].

Of that meting, our king was weill content,
So that in York was set baith tyme and place;
Bot our prelatis, nor I wald never consent,
That he suld se king Harie in the face:
Bot, we wer weill content, howbeit his grace,

[1] *seir*; several, as in G. Douglas.

[2] See Sir Ralph Sadler's Negotiations.

Had saillit the sey, to speik with ony uther,
Except that king, quhilk was his mother brother[1].

Quharethroch thare rose greit weir, and mortal strife,
Greit heirschipis, hunger, deirth, and desolatioun,
On ather syde, did mony lose thair lyfe,
Gif I wald mak ane trew narratioun,
I causit all that tribulatioun:
For, till tak peace, I never wald consent,
Without the king of France had bene content.

During this weir, war takin presoneris,
Of nobill men fechting full furiouslie,
Mony ane lord, barroun, and bacheleris,
Quhare throuch our king tuke sic melancolie[2];
Quhilk drave him to the deid richt dulefullie,
Extreme dolour overset did so his hart,
That from this lyfe, allace! he did depart[3].

Bot, efter that baith strenth, and speiche was leisit[4],
Ane paper blank, his grace I gart subscryve,

[1] Henry VIII. was undoubtedly the king's mother's brother.

[2] The allusion here is to the battle of Solway, where the greatest number of the Scotish nobles, being corrupted by the artifices of Henry VIII., chose to surrender, rather than to fight.

[3] The 14th December 1542.

[4] lost, gone: So *lese*, in Chaucer.

Into the quhilk, I wrait all that I pleisit,
Efter his deith, quhilk lang war till descryve[1],
Throuch that wryting, I purposit belyve[2],
With support of sum lordis benevolence,
In this regioun till have preeminence.

As for my lord, our richteous governour,
Gif I wald schortlie schaw the veritie,
Till him I had na maner of favour;
During that tyme, I purposit, that he
Sulde never eum to nane auctoritie;
For his support, tharefor, he brocht amang us,
Furth of Ingland, the nobill Erle of Angus[3].

Than was I put abak from my purpois,
And suddanlie cast in captivitie,
My prydefull hart to dant, as I suppois,
Devysit be the hich divinitie;
Yit, in my hart, sprang na humilitie,
Bot, now the word of God full weill I knaw,
Quha dois exalt himself, God sall him law[4].

[1] Lyndsay is perhaps the only witness of this transaction, which, to believe, requires the strongest proof.

[2] quickly.

[3] The forfeiture of the earl of Angus was reversed, after the demise of James V.

[4] humble.

In the mene tyme, quhen I was so subjectit,
Ambassadouris war sent intyll England,
Quhare thay boith peice, and mariage, contractit,
And mair surely, for till observe that band,
War promeist divers plegis of Scotland:
Of that contract, I was na way content,
Nor never wald thareto geve my consent[1].

Till capitanis, that keipit me in ward,
Giftis of gold, I gaif thame gret plente,
Rewlaris of court, I richelie did reward,
Quharethrouch I chaipit[2] from captivite:
Bot, quhen I was fre at my liberte,
Than lyke ane lyoun, lowsit of his cage,
Outthrouch this realme, I gan to reill, and rage[3].

Contrair the governour, and his companie,
Ofttymes maid I insurrectioun,
Purposing for till haif him haistelie,
Subduit unto my correctioun,
Or put him till extreme subjectioun:
During this tyme, gif it war weill decydit,
This realme be me was utterlie devydit[4].

[1] The allusion is to the marriage of the infant queen of Scots with Edward VI.

[2] escaped.

[3] I began to run about busily, and rage. See Pitscottie, p. 330.

[4] The events are misplaced by the poet.

The governour purposing to subdew,
I rasit ane oyst of mony bald barroun,
And maid ane raid, quhilk Lithgow yit may rew[1];
For we distroyit ane myle about the toun,
For that I gat mony blak malisoun:
Yit, contrair the governouris intent,
With our young princes, we to Striveling went.

For heich contemptioun of the governour,
I brocht the Erle of Lennox furth of France,
That lustie lord, levand in gret pleisour,
Did lose that land, and honest ordinance:
Bot, he, and I, fell sone at variance,
And throuch my counsell was within schort space,
Forfaltit, and flemit, he gat nane uther grace.

Than throuch my prudence, practik, and ingyne,
Our governour I causit to consent,
Full quyetlie to my counsall inclyne,
Quhareof his nobillis wer nocht weill content;
For quhy? I gart dissolve in plane parliament,
The band of peice contractit with Ingland,
Quharethroush come harme, and heirschip, to Scotland[2].

[1] The raid of Linlithgow is alluded to, when the cardinal collected an army to defend himself against the power of the Douglases. See Pitscottie, p. 331.

[2] This was done by the queen-mother, and the French

That peice brokin, arose new mortall weiris,
Be sey, and land, sic reif, without releif,
Quhilk to report my frayit hart affeiris,
The veritie to schaw, in termis breif,
I was the rute, of all that gret mischeif.
The South Cuntre may say, it had bene gude,
That my nuryce had smor'd me in my cude [1].

I was the cause of mekle mair mischance,
For uphalde of my glore, and dignitie,
And plesour of the potent king of France,
With Ingland, wald I have na unitie:
Bot, quha considder wald the veritie,
We micht full weill have levit in peice, and rest,
Nine, or ten yeiris, and than playit louse, or fast.

Had we with Ingland keipit our contrackis,
Our nobill men had levit in peice, and rest.
Our merchandis had nocht lost so mony packis,
Our commoun pepill had nocht bene oppress:
On ather syde, all wrangis had bene redrest;

faction: It is not easy to tell, which of the parties, of England, or of France, were most corrupt.

[1] That my *nurse* had *smothered* me in my *cude*, or face-cloth, with which the child was covered at baptism. The same phrase occurs repeatedly in the Play, and the Monarchies of Lyndsay.

Bot, Edinburgh, sen syne, Leith, and Kingorne,
The day and hour may ban[1], that I was borne.

Our governour, to mak him to me sure,
With sweit, and subtell wordis, I did him syle[2],
Till I his sone and air gat in my cure[3],
To that effect I fand that craftie wyle,
That he na maner of way micht me begyle,
Than leuch[4] I quhen his liegis did alledge,
How I his sone had gottin into pledge.

The Erle of Angus, and his germane brother,
I purposit to gar thame lose thair lyfe,
Richt so till have distroyit mony uther,
Sum with the fyre, sum with the sword, and knyfe,
In speciall mony gentyll men of Fyfe,
And purposit till put to gret torment,
All favoreris of the Auld and New Testament.

[1] curse. [2] deceive.

[3] Till I got the son and heir of the governor in my care: He was placed in the cardinal's castle, for his education: He was found there, when the cardinal was assassinated, in 1546; and he was retained, by the assassins, as a pledge. A pardon was offered them, on condition of delivering up the eldest son of the governor: But, as the assassins were pensioners of England, they seem not to have complied. See the Epistolæ Reg. Scot. vol. ii. p. 351—53.

[4] laughed.

Than everie man thay tuke of me sic feir,
That tyme quhen I had so greit governance,
Greit lordis dreiding, I sulde do thame deir[1],
Thay durst nocht cum till court, but[2] assurance,
Sen syne thare hes nocht bene sic variance,
Now, till our prince, barronis obedientlye,
But assurance, thay cum full courteslye.

My hope was most into the king of France,
Togidder with the Papis halynes,
Mair than in God, my worschip till avance,
I traistit so into thair gentilnes,
That na man durst presume, me till oppres,
Bot, quhen the day came, of my fatall hour,
Far was from me, thair support, and succour.

Than to preserve my riches, and my lyfe,
I maid ane strenth of wallis heich and braid[3],
Sic ane fortres was never funde in Fyfe,
Belevand thare durst na man me invaid:

[1] harm, hurt. [2] without.

[3] The Castle of St. Andrew's: Lyndsay forgets to state what is still more curious, that the cardinal had taken bonds of *manrent* of various persons, to serve him, *personally* (as the bond implies) in case of need: Norman Leslie, the son and heir of the earl of Rothes, had given the cardinal a bond of manrent: Yet, was he the principal assassin; and, consequently, his crime was aggravated into petty treason.

Now fynd I trew the saw[1], quhilk David said;
Without God of ane hous be maister of wark,
He wyrkis in vane, thocht it be never so stark[2]:

For, I was throuch the hie power divine,
Richt dulefullie doung doun amang the as[3],
Quhilk culd not be throch mortall mańnis ingyne;
Bot, as David did slay the greit Golyas,
Or Holopherne, be Judith, killit was,
In myd amang his tryumphand armie;
So was I slayne into my cheif cietie.

Quhen I had greitest dominatioun,
As Lucifer had, in the hevin empyre,
Came suddandlye my deprivatioun,
Be thame quhilk did my dolent deith conspire[4];
So cruell was thair furious byrnand ire,
I gat na tyme, laiser, nor libertie,
To say, *In manus tuas, Domine,*

[1] *saw*; saying.

[2] *stark*, strong; as in Chaucer:

"I fele my limmes *stark* and suffiçant
To don all that a man belongeth to."

[3] Right dolefully thrown down among the *ashes*, the dirt; Lyndsay here places the assassination of the cardinal to the account of the high power divine: Knox says it was done by *the hand of God.*

[4] See the names of them quhilk did conspire the dolent deith of the cardinal in the act of attainder, App. No. XXV, Epist. Reg. Scot.

Behald my fatall infelicitie,
I beand in my strenth, incomparabill.
That dreidfull dungeoun maid me na supplie,
My greit riches, nor rentis proffitabill,
My sylver work, jowellis inestimabill,
My papall pompe, of golde my riche thresour,
My lyfe, and all, I lost in half ane hour.

To the peple wes maid ane spectakle,
Of my dede and deformit carioun:
Sum said, it was ane manifest mirakle[1]:
Sum said it was divine punitioun,
So to be slane, into my strang dungeoun:
Quhen every man had judgit as him list[2],
Thay saltit me, syne closit me in ane kist.

I lay unburyit sevin monethis, and more,
Or I was borne, to closter, kirk, or queir[3],
In ane midding[4], quhilk pane bene till deplore,
Without suffrage of chanoun, monk, or freir;

[1] In the margin of the first ed. of Knox's Hist. of the Reformation, thanks were offered to God, for the *godly act* of slaying the cardinal, as Hume has remarked, after Keith: There is the same thanksgiving on the margin of Dr. Anderson's MS. Hist. of Scotland.

[2] As he liked, or willed: See Knox's Hist. of the Reformation, for the salting of the cardinal.

[3] before he was borne, or carried to burial.

[4] *midding*; the *mykeding* of the A.-Sax.; the *sterquilinium*

All proude prelatis at me may lessonis leir,
Quhilk rang so lang, and so tryumphantlye;
Syne, in the dust, doung doun so dulefullye.

TO THE PRELATIS.

O YE my brether princis of the preistis,
I mak yow hartlye supplicatioun;
Baith nicht, and day, revolve into your breistis,
The proces of my deprivatioun,
Considder quhat bene your vocatioun;
To follow me, I pray yow, nocht pretend yow,
Bot, reid at lenth this cedull, that I send yow.

Ye knaw, quhow Jesus his disciplis sent,
Ambassadouris till everie natioun,
To schaw his law, and his commandement,
To all pepill, by predicatioun;
Tharefore, I mak to yow narratioun,
Sen ye to thame ar verray successouris,
Ye aucht till do, as did your predecessouris,

How dar ye be so bauld till tak on hand,
For to be heraldis till sa greit ane king,
To beir his message baith to burgh and land,
Ye beand dum, and can pronunce na thing,

of the Lat. See a profusion of learning on this curious subject, by bishop Gibson, in his edition of the *Polemo-Middinia* of Drummond, 1692.

Lyke menstralis, that can nocht play, nor sing!
Or quhy suld men geve to sic hirdis hyre,
Quhilk can not gyde thair scheip about the myre[1]?

Eschame ye nocht[2] to be Christis servituris,
And fer your fee, hes greit temporall landis?
Syne of your office can nocht tak the curis,
As cannone law, and scripture yow commandis;
Ye will nocht want teind schief, nor offerandis,
Teind woll, teind lamb, teind calf, teind gryce, and guse;
To mak service ye ar all out of use.

My deir brother, do nocht as ye war wount,
Amend your lyfe now, quhile your day induris,
Traist weill, ye sall be callit to your count,
Of everilk thing belanging to your curis.
Leve hasardrie, your harlotrie, and huris[3];
Remembring on my unprovisit deid[4],
For efter deith may na man mak remeid.

Ye prelatis quhilk hes thousandis for till spend,
Ye send ane sempyll Freir, for yow to preche,

[1] All this is largely insisted on by Lyndsay, in his Play, and in his Monarchies.

[2] Are ye not ashamed?

[3] Leave hazard, harlotry, and whores.

[4] unprovided death.

It is your craft, I mak it to yow kend,
Your selfis in your templis for to teche,
Bot ferlie nocht, thocht sillie Freiris fleche[1]:
For and thay planelie schaw the veritie,
Than will thay want the bischopis charitie:

Quharefor, bene gevin yow sic royall rent?
Bot for till fynd the peple spirituall fude,
Prechand to thame the Auld and New Testament,
The law of God doith planely sò conclude:
Put nocht your hope into na warldlye gude,
As I have done, behald my greit thresour,
Maid me na help, at my unhappy hour.

That day quhen I was bischop consecrat,
The greit Byble was bound upon my back.
Quhat was tharein, lytill I knew, God wat[2],
Mair than ane beist, berand ane precious pack,
Bot haistely my convenant I brak,
For, I was oblissit[3] with my awin consent,
The law of God to preche with gude intent.

Brether[4], richt so, quhen ye wer consecrait,
Ye oblissit yow all on the samin wyse,

[1] But, *wonder* not though silly friars *flatter*.
[2] God *knows*. [3] obliged.
[4] *Brethren*, as in various other places of Lyndsay.

Ye may be callit bischoppis contrefait,
As gallandis buskit for to mak ane gyse[1];
Now think I, princis ar na thing to pryse,
Till geve ane famous office till ane fule,
As quha wald put ane myter on ane mule.

Allace! and ye that sorowfull sicht had sene,
How I lay bullerand[2], bathit in my blude,
To mend your lyfe, it had occasioun bene,
And leif your auld corruptit consuetude;
Failzeing[3] thareof, than schortlie I conclude,
Without ye from your ribaldrie[4] aryse,
Ye sal be servit, on the samyn wyse.

TO THE PRINCIS.

Imprudent princis, but[5] discrecioun,
Having in erth power imperiall,
Ye bene the cause of this transgressioun:
I speik to yow all, into generall,
Quhilk doith dispone[6] all office spirituall;
Gevand the saulis, quhilkis bene Christis scheip,
To blynd pastouris, but conscience to keip.

[1] As *gallants dressed*, for to make a *mask*.

[2] roaring, *bullering* like a bull. [3] failing.

[4] profligacy, as *ribaudrie*, in Chaucer. [5] without.

[6] *dispone*; give away.

Quhen ye princis doith lak ane officiar,
Ane baxter, browster[1], or ane maister cuke,
Ane trym tailzeour, ane cunning cordinar[2],
Over all the land at lenth, ye will gar luke,
Maist abill men sic officis till bruke[3]:
Ane browster, quhilk can brew maist hailsum aill,
Ane cunning cuke quhilk best can sessoun caill[4].

[1] baker, brewer.

[2] cordwainer. We may, in these verses, see the foundation of the story, which is told of Lyndsay, by Charteris, the bookseller: That our poet, one day, having asked the king to be made his master tailor, the king objected, that Lyndsay could not *shape*, nor *sew*; the poet answered in the true tone of the *court fool*, that as the king had given bishoprics and benefices to those standing around him, although they could neither preach nor teach, he might as well appoint him to be his tailor, although he could neither shape nor sew. The king, catching the joke, laughed heartily: Lyndsay did not live, to perceive that the principal preachers, of the reformation, in Scotland, were *tailors* and *shoemakers*; nor did he see, while living,

"What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor *craftsmen* with the craft of smiles."

[3] enjoy.

[4] cale, coleworts, broth. Lyndsay meant a hodge-podge of cale and flesh stewed down together: *kale* was formerly so much eaten, in Fyfeshire, that a person from that county is said jocularly to be one of the *kale suppers* of *Fyfe*.

Ane tailzeour, quhilk hes fosterit[1] bene in France,
That can mak garmentis, on the gayest gyse[2]:
Ye princis bene the cause of this mischance,
That quhen thare doith vaik[3] ony benefyse,
Ye aucht till do upon the samyn wyse.
Gar serche, and seik, baith into burgh, and land,
The law of God quha best can understand.

Mak him bischop, that prudentlye can preche,
As doith pertene till his vocatioun;
Ane persone, quhilk his parischoun can teche,
Gar vicaris mak dew ministratioun;
And als, I mak yow supplicatioun,
Mak your abbottis of richt religious men,
Quhilk Christis law can to thair convent ken[4].

Bot, nocht to ribaldis[5], new cum from the rost[6],
Nor of ane stuffat stollin out of ane stabill[7],

[1] who has been bred in France.

[2] in the gayest fashion: France even then taught the tailors, and *gyses* of Scotland. [3] become vacant.

[4] *ken*, here, means make known, *teach*, as in Chaucer.

[5] rogues; *ribbald*, in Spenser; a wretch, ribauld, in Shakspeare.

[6] *rost*, *roist*, formerly meant tumult, to rule the roist, or roast, signified to rule the populace: Lyndsay meant ribbalds, who were new come from low disorders of the populace.

[7] well-fed stallion.

The quhilk into the scule maid never na cost,
Nor never was til spirituall science abill,
Except the cartis, the dyce, the ches, and tabill,
Of Rome rakeris, nor of rude ruffianis,
Of cawsay paikeris[1], nor of publicanis.

Nor of fantastik feinzeit flatteraris,
Most meit to gather mussillis into May.
Of cowhubeis[2], nor yit of clatteraris[3],
That, in the kirk, can nother sing, nor say,
Thocht thay be clokit up in clerkis array,
Lyke doitit doctouris new cum out of Athenis[4],
And mummill over ane pair of maglit matenis[5].

Nocht qualifyit to bruke ane benefyis,
Bot throuch schir Symonis solistatioun[6],
I was promovit on the samyn wyis[7],
Allace! throuch princis supplicatioun,

[1] street-walkers. [2] silly fellows. [3] tattlers.

[4] Like stupid doctors just come from Athenis, Athens,' perhaps, for the rhyme.

[5] mumble over mangled matins; as G. Douglas:

" ——————— Tak gude tent in tyme
Ye nouther *magil*, nor mismeter my ryme."

[6] Sir Simony's solicitation: It is very common with Lyndsay to prefix *schir* before his personifications of the vices; meaning to burlesque the *kirkmen*.

[7] I was promoted by *simoniacal* practices: Shakspeare describes a would-be cardinal, as

And maid at Rome throuch fals narratioun,
Bischope, abbote, bot na religious man,
Quha me promovit, I now thair banis ban[1].

Howbeit I was legate, and cardinall,
Lytill I knew tharein quhat sulde be done,
I understude na science spirituall,
No more than did blynd Alane of the mone,
I dreid the King that sittith heich abone[2]:
On yow princis sall mak sore punischement,
Richt so on us throuch richteous jugement.

On yow princis for undiscreit geving,
Till ignorantis sic officis till use,
And we for our inoportune asking,
Quhilk suld have done sic dignitie refuse,
Our ignorance hes done the warld abuse,
Throuch covetyce of riches, and of rent,
That ever I was ane prelate I repent.

O kingis mak ye na cair to geve in cure,
Virginis profest into religioun,

" ——— one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom; *Simony* was fair play;
His own opinion was his law."

[1] I now their bones curse.

[2] The prejudice, or the purpose of Lyndsay, did not allow him to see, that the cardinal was a man of talents and address.

Intill the keiping of ane commoun hure?
To mak, think ye, nocht greit derisioun,
Ane woman persone of ane parischoun[1]:
Quhare thare bene twa thousand saulis to gyde,
That frome harlottis can not hir hippis hyde.

Quhat! and king David[2] levit in thir dayis,
Or out of hevin quhat and he lukit down,
The quhilk did found sa mony fair abbayis?
Seand the greit abhominatioun,
In mony abbayis of this natioun;
He wald repent that narrowit so his boundis,
Of yeirly rent, thre score of thousand poundis:

Quharefore, I counsall everilk Christiane king,
Within his realme, mak reformatioun,
And suffer no mo rebaldis for to ring[3],
Abufe Christis trew congregatioun;
Failzeing thareof, I mak narratioun,
That ye princis, and prelatis, all at anis,
Sall bureit be, in hell, saule, blude, and banis[4].

[1] Here the satire of Lyndsay goes beyond himself: To make a woman parson of a parish; as if such a thing had ever been done.

[2] What! *if* king David I. the great founder of religious houses, had lived in our days; or, what! if he looked down?

[3] for to *rule*.

[4] Lyndsay was a thorough-paced preacher: He predesti-

That ever I brukit benefyce I rew,
Or to sic hicht so proudelye did pretend;
I man depart, tharefor, my freindis, adew:
Quhare ever it plesith God, now man I wend[1],
I pray the till my freindis me recommend,
And failye nocht, at lenth, to put in wryte
My tragedie, as I have done indyte[2].

nated one half of mankind to perdition; and the other half he adjudged to hell-fire, and damnation, if they did not reform, according to his tenets.

[1] must go.

[2] And fail not, at length, to put in writing my tragedy, as I have indited it.

THE HISTORIE

OF ANE NOBIL AND VALZEAND SQUYER,

WILLIAM MELDRUM,

UMQUHYLE LAIRD OF CLEISCHE AND BINNIS.

Sir David Lyndsay, and squire Meldrum of Cleish, as they were both freeholders of Fifeshire, were acquainted with each other. They often met at *Struther*, the residence, within the same shire, of lord Lyndsay, where our poet was a frequent visitor, and our squire a constant resident. The more retired part of the character, and adventures of Meldrum, Lyndsay acquired from his information: The poet, indeed, informs us:

> "And secreitis, that I did not knaw
> "That nobill squyer did me schaw."

We thus perceive, how well informed Lyndsay must have been with the whole adventures of Meldrum, which were rather singular in themselves; and which he deemed worthy of remembrance, "as a due recordation of his virtues;"

" Quhilkis poetis puts in memorie,
" For the exalting of thair glorie:
" Quharefor, I think, sa God me saif!
" He suld have place amangis the laif."

After this solemn avowal of our poet's motive to place the worthy squire among the adventurers of Romance, and as more fit, for a niche in the temple of Fame, than even the far-famed sir Lancelot du Lake, it were unfit, perhaps, to look for other motives. This romantick storie, however, was probably written, for the amusement of lord Lyndsay's family, after the death of such a domestic as Meldrum: Nor, is it any objection to this conjecture, that there are scenes, and situations, described, which would not be seen, nor heard, with much gratification, at present: Those who could sit nine hours to see the *Satire on the Three Estates*, would listen with delight to the recital of the *Historie of Squyer Meldrum*, which Lyndsay calls his *legend*. As the storie is romantick; so is the style, in the genuine form of romance; in heroic couplets of eight-syllable verse, with all the facility, and the flow of such metres. The text of the following edition has been corrected, and settled, by a collation of the late editions with those of 1594, and 1610, which last is extremely licentious. There was an edition of this *Historie*, at Edinburgh, as late as

the year 1687. The *testament* of Squyer Meldrum was *compylit* by Lyndsay, who delighted to change his measures, in seven-line stanzas, with alternate rhymes, except the two concluding verses, which rhyme together. This legend of Meldrum is declared by very competent authority, the judicious compiler of the *Specimens of English Poetry*, to be the best of Lyndsay's poetry, and to rank with the most polished pieces of Drayton, who flourished a century after him. The storie of Meldrum was first published, probably, in 1592; and was composed about the year

1550.

Quho, that antique storeis reidis,
Considder may the famous deidis
Of our nobill progenitouris,
Quhilk suld to us be richt mirrouris,
Thair verteous deidis to ensew,
And vicious leving to eschew.
Sic men bene put in memorie,
That deith suld not confound thair glorie,
Howbeit thair bodie bene absent,
Thair verteous deidis bene present;
Poetis thair honour to avance
Hes put thame in rememberance.

Sum wryt of preclair conquerouris,
And sum of valzeand empriouris:
And sum of nobill michtie kingis,
That royallie did reull thair ringis.
And sum of campiounis, and of knichtis,
That bauldlie did defend thair richtis;
Quhilk valzeandlie did stand in stour[1],
For the defence of thair honour.
And sum of squyeris douchtie deidis,
That wounders wrocht in weirlic weidis[2].
Sum wryt of deidis amorous;
As Chaucęir wrait of Troilus,
How that he luiffit Cressida;
Of Jason and of Medea.
With help of Clio, I intend,
Sa Minerve wuld me sapience send,
Ane nobill squyer to discryfe,
Quhais douchtines, during his lyfe,
I knaw myself, thareof I wryte,
And all his deidis I dar indyte;
And secreitis that I did not knaw,
That nobill squyer did me schaw.
Sa I intend the best I can,
Descryve the deidis, and the man;
Quhais youth did occupie in lufe,
Full plesantlie, without reprufe,

[1] in battle. [2] warlike weeds.

Quhilk did as monie douchtie deidis,
As monie ane, that men of reidis,
Quhilkis poetis puttis in memorie,
For the exalting of thair glorie:
Quharefor I think, sa God me saif!
He suld have place amangis the laif.
That his hie honour suld not smure,
Considering quhat he did indure,
Oft times for his ladeis sake;
I wate[1] sir Lancelot du Lake,
Quhen he did lufe king Arthuris wyfe,
Faucht never better with sword, nor knyfe,
For his ladie in no battell,
Nor had not half so just querrell.
The veritie quha list declair,
His lufe was ane adulterair,
And durst not cum into his sicht,
Bot, lyke ane houlet[2], on the nicht:
With this squyer it stude not so,
His ladie luifit him and no mo:
Husband, nor lemman, had scho none,
And so he had his lufe alone.
I think it is no happie lyfe,
Ane man to jaip[3] his maisteris wyfe,

[1] *wate*, wot, know. [2] owl.

[3] to kiss, to swive. Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 68; Hawkins's Hist. Music, vol. iii. p. 6.

As did Lancelote; this I conclude,
Of sic amour culd cum na gude.
Now to my purpois will I pas,
And shaw yow how the squyer was:
Ane gentilman of Scotland borne,
So was his father him beforne;
Of nobilnes lineallie discendit,
Quhilkis thair gude fame hes ever defendit.
Gude WILLIAME MELDRUM he was namit,
Quhilk in his honour was never defamit:
Stalwart, and stout, in everie stryfe,
And borne within the schyre of Fyfe.
To Cleische and Binnis richt heritour,
Quhilk stude for lufe in monie stour.
He was bot twentie yeiris of age,
Quhen he began his vassalage:
Proportionat weill, of mid stature,
Feirie, and wicht[1], and micht indure;
Ovirset with travell, both nicht and day,
Richt hardie baith in ernist and play:
Blyith in countenance, richt fair of face,
And stude weill ay, in his ladies grace:
For, he was wounder amiabill,
And in all deidis honourabill;
And ay his honour did avance,
In Ingland first, and syne in France:

[1] active and strong.

And thare his manheid did assaill,
Under the kingis greit admirall,
Quhen the greit navie of Scotland,
Passit to the sey aganis Ingland.
And as thay passit be Ireland coist,
The admirall gart land his oist[1];
And set Craigfergus into fyre,
And saifit nouther barne, nor byre:
It was greit pitie for to heir,
Of the pepill the bailfull cheir;
And how the land folk wer spuilyeit,
Fair wemen under fute wer fuilyeit.
Bot, this young squyer bauld, and wicht,
Savit all wemen quhare he micht:
All preistis and freiris he did save;
Till at the last he did persave,
Behind ane garding amiabill,
Ane womanis voce richt lamentabill,
And on that voce he followit fast,
Till he did see hir at the last,
Spuilyeit, naikit, as scho was borne;
Twa men of weir wer hir beforne,
Quhilk wer richt cruell men and kene,
Partand the spuilyie thame betwene.

[1] host, or army. The admiral was the earl of Arran, who burned Craigfergus, in 1513. Pitscottie, p. 110; Drummond, p. 210.

Ane fairer woman nor scho wes,
He had not sene in onie place.
Befoir him on hir kneis scho fell,
Sayand, For him that heryit hell,
Help me, sweit sir, I am ane maid.
Than softlie to the men he said,
I pray yow give againe hir sark,
And tak to yow all uther wark.
Hir kirtill was of scarlot reid,
Of gold ane garland of hir heid,
Decorit with enamelyne;
Belt and brochis of silver fyne
Of yallow taftais wes hir sark,
Begaryit all with browderit wark,
Richt craftelie with gold and silk.
Than said the ladie, quhyte as milk,
Except my sark no thing I crave,
Let thame go hence with all the lave.
Quod thay to hir, Be Sanct Fillane,
Of this ye get nathing agane:
Than said the squyer courteslie,
Gude freindis, I pray yow hartfullie:
Gif ye be worthie men of weir,
Restoir to hir againe hir geir,
Or be greit God that all hes wrocht,
That spuilyie sal be full deir bocht.
Quod thay to him, We the defy;
And drew thair swordis haistely:

And straik at him with sa greit ire,
That from his harnes flew the fyre;
With duntis sa derflie[1] on him dang,
That he was never in sic ane thrang.
Bot he him manfullie defendit,
And with ane bolt on thame he bendit,
And hat the ane upon the heid,
That to the ground he fell doun deid:
For to the teith he did him cleif;
Lat him ly thare with ane mischeif:
Than with the uther hand for hand,
He beit him with his birneist brand:
The uther was baith stout and strang,
And on the squyer derflie dang:
And than the squyer wrocht greit wonder
Ay till his sword did shaik in sunder:
Than drew he furth ane sharp dagair,
And did him cleik[2] be the collair,
And evin in at the collerbane,
At the first straik he hes him slane:
He founderit fordward to the ground,
Yit was the squyer haill and sound:
For quhy, he was sa weill enarmit,
He did escaip fra thame unharmit.
And quhen he saw thay wer baith slane,
He to that ladie past agane;

[1] strongly. [2] catch; or collar him.

Quhare scho stude nakit on the bent,
And said, Tak your abulzement:
And scho him thankit full humillie,
And put hir claithis on spedilie.
Than kissit he that ladie fair,
And tuik his leif at hir but mair[1]:
Be that the taburne[2], and trumpet blew,
And everie man to shipburd drew.
That ladie was dolent in hart,
From tyme scho saw he wald depart,
That hir relevit from hir harmes;
And hent[3] the squyer in hir armes:
And said, Will ye byde in this land,
I sall yow tak to my husband:
Thocht I be cassin[4] now in cair,
I am, quod scho, my fatheris air,
The quhilk may spend of pennies round,
Of yeirlie rent ane thowsand pound.
With that hartlie scho did him kis,
Ar ye, quod scho, content of this?
Of that, quod he, I wald be fane,
Gif I micht in this realme remane:
Bot I mon first pas into France;
Sa quhen I cum agane perchance,

[1] *but mair*; without more. [2] a tabour.
[3] *hent*; caught; as in Chaucer.
[4] casten, cast, fallen.

And efter that the peice be maid,
To marie yow, I will be glaid [1].
Fairweill! I may no langer tarie;
I pray God keip yow, and sweit Sanct Marie.
Than gaif scho him ane lufe-taking [2],
Ane riche rubie set in ane ring.
I am, quod scho, at your command,
With yow to pas into Scotland.
I thank yow hartfullie, quod he,
Ye ar ovir young to saill the see,
And speciallie with men of weir.
Of that, quod scho, tak ye na feir;
I sall me cleith in mennis clais,
And ga with yow quhare evir ye pleis:
Suld I not lufe him paramour,
That saifit my lyfe and my honour
Ladie, I say yow in certane,
Ye sall have lufe for lufe agane,
Trewlie unto my lyfis end:
Fairweill! to God I yow commend.
With that into his boit he past,
And to the ship he rowit fast.
Thay weyit thair ankeris, and maid saill,
This navie with the admirall,

[1] The peace was made in 1514.

[2] a love-token.

And landit in bauld Brytane[1].
This admirall was Erle of Arrane,
Quhilk was baith wyse and valzeand,
Of the blude royall of Scotland:
Accompanyit with monie ane knicht,
Quhilk wer richt worthie men and wicht.
Amang the laif, this young squyar
Was with him richt familiar:
And throw his verteous diligence,
Of that lord he gat sic credence,
That quhen he did his courage ken,
Gaif him cure of fyve hundreth men;
Quhilkis wer to him obedient,
Reddie at his commandement.
It wer to lang for to declare,
The douchtie deidis that he did thare;
Becaus he was sa courageous,
Ladies of him wes amorous.
He was ane minzeoun for ane dame,
Meik in chalmer lyk ane lame.
Bot in the feild ane campioun,
Rampand lyke ane wyld lyoun;
Weill practikit with speir and scheild,
And with the formest in the feild,
No chiftane was amangis thame all,
In expensis mair liberall.

[1] Pitscottie, and Drummond, say, that the earl of Arran brought his fleet to Ayr, upon the Clyde.

In everilk play he wan the pryse:
With that he was verteous and wyse:
And sa, becaus he was weill pruifit,
With everie man he was weill luifit.

HARY the aucht king of Ingland,
That tyme at Caleis wes lyand[1]:
With his triumphant ordinance,
Makand weir on the realme of France.
The king of France his greit armie,
Lay neir hand by in Picardie:
Quhare ather uther[2] did assaill.
Howbeit thare was na set battaill:
Bot thare wes daylie skirmishing,
Quhare men of armis brak monie sting[3].
Quhen to the squyer Meldrum
Wer tauld thir novellis all and sum,
He thocht he wald vesie the weiris;
And waillit furth[4] ane hundreth speiris,
And futemen quhilk wer bauld and stout,
The maist worthie of all his rout.
Quhen he come to the king of France,
He wes sone put in ordinance:
Richt so was all his companie,
That on him waitit continuallie.

[1] In July 1513.
[2] Where each the other did assail.
[3] pole, or spear. [4] made choice of.

Thare was into the Inglis oist,
Ane cámpioun that blew greit boist:
He was ane stout man and ane strang,
Quhilk oist wald with his conduct gang,
Outthrow the greit armie of France,
His valiantnes for to avance:
And maister Talbart was his name;
Of Scottis and Frenche quhilk spak disdane.
And on his bonnet usit to beir,
Of silver fine, takinnis of weir:
And proclamatiounis he gart mak,
That he wald for his ladies saik,
With any gentilman of France,
To fecht with him with speir or lance:
Bot no Frenche man in all that land,
With him durst battell hand for hand.
Than lyke ane weiriour valzeand,
He enterit in the Scottis band.
And quheñ the squyer Meldrum
Hard tell this campioun wes cum:
Richt haistelie he past him till,
Demanding him quhat was his will:
Forsuith I can find none, quod he,
On hors, nor fute, dar fecht with me.
Than said he, It wer greit schame,
Without battell ye suld pas hame:
Tharefor to God I make ane vow,
The morne my self sall fecht with yow.

Outher on horsback or on fute,
Your crakkis I count thame not ane cute[1].
I sall be fund into the feild,
Armit on hors with speir and scheild.
Maister Talbart said, My gude chyld,
It wer maist lyk that thow wer wyld:
Thow ar to young and hes no micht,
To fecht with me that is so wicht:
To speik to me thow suld have feir,
For I have sic practik in weir,
That I wald not effeirit be,
To mak debait aganis sic thre:
For I have stand in monie stour[2],
And ay defendit my honour:
Tharefor, my barne, I counsell the,
Sic interprysis to let be.
Than said this squyer to the knicht,
I grant ye ar baith greit and wicht:
Young David was far less than I,
Quhen with Golias manfullie,
Withouttin outher speir or scheild,
He faucht, and slew him in the feild.
I traist that God sal be my gyde,
And give me grace to stanche thy pryde:
Thocht thow be greit like Gow Makmorne[3],
Traist weill I sall yow meit the morne:

[1] Your boasts I value not a straw. [2] battle.
[3] Gaul, the son of Morni, one of Ossian's heroes.

Beside Montruill[1] upon the grene,
Befoir ten houris I sal be sene.
And gif ye wyn me in the feild,
Baith hors and geir I sall yow yeild:
Sa that siclyke ye do to me,
That I sall do be God, quod he;
And thareto I give the my hand.
And swa betwene thame maid an band
That thay suld meit upon the morne:
Bot, Talbart maid at him bot scorne;
Lichtlyand[2] him with wordis of pryde,
Syne hamewart to his oist culd ryde,
And shew the brethren of his land,
How ane young Scot had tane on hand,
To fecht with him beside Montruill;
Bot I traist he sall prufe the fuill.
Quod thay, The morne that sall we ken,
The Scottis ar haldin hardie men.
Quod he, I compt thame not ane cute;
He sall returne upon his fute:
And leif with me his armour bricht,
For weill I wate he has no micht,
On hors nor fute, to fecht with me.
Quod thay, The morne that sall we se.
Quhan to Monsour de Obenie[3]
Reportit was the veritie,

[1] A French town, in Picardy. [2] slighting.

[3] D'Aubigny: Robert Stuart, who was created a mare-

How that the squyer had tane on hand,
To fecht with Talbart hand for hand;
His greit courage he did commend,
Syne haistelie did for him send;
And quhen he came befoir the lord,
The veritie he did record:
How for the honour of Scotland,
That battell he had tane on hand,
And sen it givis me in my hart,
Get I ane hors to tak my part,
My traist is sa in Goddis grace,
To leif him lyand in the place;
Howbeit he stalwart[1] be and stout,
My lord, of him I have na dout.
Than send[2] the lord out throw the land,
And gat ane hundreth hors fra hand:
To his presence he brocht in haist,
And bad the squyer cheis him the best.
Of that the squyer was rejoisit,
And cheisit the best as he suppoisit:
And lap on him delyverlie[3];
Was never hors ran mair plesantlie,
With speir and sword at his command,
And was the best of all the land.

schal of France, in 1515, when there were only four mareschals, in that kingdom.

[1] strong. [2] sent. [3] briskly.

He tuik his leif, and went to rest;
Syne airlie in the morne him drest,
Wantonlie in his weirlyke weid,
All weill enarmit saif the heid:
He lap upon his cursour wicht,
And straucht him in his stirroppis richt,
His speir and scheild and helme wes borne
With squyeris that raid him beforne:
Ane velvot cap on heid he bair,
Ane quaif of gold to hald his hair[1].
This lord of him tuik sa greit joy,
That he himself wald him convoy:
With him ane hundreth men of armes,
That thare suld no man do him harmes.
The squyer buir into his scheild,
Ane otter in ane silver feild.
His hors was bairdit[2] full richelie,
Coverit with satyne cramesie.
Than fordward raid this campioun,
With sound of trumpet and clarioun,
And spedilie spurrit ovir the bent,
Lyke Mars the God armipotent.
Thus leif we rydand our squyar,
And speik of maister Talbart mair:
Quhilk gat up airlie in the morrow,
And no manner of geir to borrow:

[1] A coif, to preserve, or keep his hair, in place.
[2] caparisoned.

Hors, harnes, speir, nor scheild,
Bot was ay reddie for the feild:
And had sic practik into weir,
Of our squyer he tuik na feir;
And said unto his companzeoun,
Or he come furth of his pavilzeoun,
This nicht I saw into my dreame,
Quhilk to reheirs I think greit shame:
Me thocht I saw cum fra the see,
Ane greit otter rydand to me,
The quhilk was blak, with ane lang taill;
And cruellie did me assaill;
And bait me till he gart me bleid,
And drew me backwart fra my steid.
Quhat this suld mene I cannot say,
Bot I was never in sic ane fray.
His fellow said, Think ye not schame,
For to gif credence till ane dreame?
Ye knaw it is aganis our faith;
Tharefor go dres yow in your graith[1],
And think weill throw your hie courage,
This day ye sall wyn vassalage.
Than drest he him into his geir,
Wantounlie like ane man of weir,
Quhilk had baith hardines and fors;
And lichtlie lap upon his hors.
His hors was bairdit full bravelie,
And coverit was richt courtfullie

[1] armour.

With browderit wark, and velvot grene:
Sanct George's croce thare micht be sene,
On hors, harnes, and all his geir.
Than raid he furth withouttin weir[1],
Convoyit with his capitane,
And with monie ane Inglisman,
Arrayit all with armes bricht,
Micht no man see ane fairer sicht.
Than clariounis and trumpettis blew;
And weiriouris monie hither drew:
On everie side come monie man,
To behald quha the battell wan.
The feild was in the medow grene,
Quhare everie man micht weill be sene.
The heraldis put tham sa in ordour,
That no man past within the bordour;
Nor preissit to cum within the grene,
Bot heraldis and the campiounis kene,
The ordour and the circumstance,
Wer lang to put in remembrance.
Quhen thir twa nobill men of weir,
Wer weill accownterit in thair geir,
And in thair handis strang burdounis[2];
Than trumpotis blew and clariounis;
And heraldis cryit hie on hicht,
Now let thame go! God shaw the richt!

[1] without doubt, apprehension, or delay; as in Chaucer.
[2] strong spears.

Than spedilie thay spurrit thair hors,
And ran to uther with sic fors,
That baith thair speiris in sindrie flaw;
Than said thay all that stude on raw:
Ane better cours, than thay twa ran,
Was not sene sen the warld began.
Than baith the parties wer rejoisit,
The campiounis ane quhyle repoisit;
Till thay had gottin speiris new,
Than with triumph the trumpettis blew:
And they with all the force thay can
Wounder[1] rudelie at ather ran:
And straik at uther with sa greit ire,
That fra thair harnes flew the fyre.
Thair speiris war sa teuch and strang,
That ather uther to eirth doun dang[2].
Baith hors, and man, with speir, and scheild,
Than flatlingis lay into the feild.
Than maister Talbart was eschamit,
Forsuith for ever I am defamit!
And said this, I had rather die,
Without that I revengit be.
Our young squyer, sic was his hap,
Was first on fute; and on he lap
Upon his hors, without support:
Of that the Scottis tuke gude comfort,

[1] wondrous.

[2] That each the other to the earth threw down.

Quhen thay saw him sa feirelie[1]
Loup on his hors sa galyeardlie[2].
The squyer liftit his visair,
Ane lytill space to take the air.
Thay bad[3] him wyne, and he it drank;
And humillie he did thame thank.
Be that Talbart on hors mountit,
And of our squyer lytill countit.
And cryit, Gif he durst undertak,
To run anis for his ladies saik.
The squyer answerit hie on hicht,
That sall I do be Marie bricht:
I am content all day to ryn,
Till ane of us the honour wyn.
Of that Talbart was weill content;
And ane greit speir in hand he hent[4].
The squyer in his hand he thrang[5]
His speir, quhilk was baith greit and lang,
With ane sharp heid of grundin steill,
Of quhilk he was appleisit weill.
That plesand feild was lang and braid,
Quhare gay ordour and rowme was maid:
And everie man micht have gude sicht,
And thare was monie weirlyke knicht.
Sum man of everie natioun,
Was in that congregatioun.

[1] so briskly. [2] so gallantly. [3] offered.
[4] *hent*; caught; as in Chaucer. [5] tossed.

Than trumpettis blew triumphantlie,
And thay twa campiounis egeirlie,
Thay spurrit thair hors with speir on breist,
Pertlie to preif thair pith[1] thay preist:
That round, rink-roume wes at utterance[2];
Bot, Talbartis hors with ane mischance
He outterit[3], and to ryn was laith,
Quhairof Talbart was wonder wraith.
The squyer furth his rink he ran,
Commendit weill with everie man,
And him dischargit of his speir,
Honestlie lyke ane man of weir;
Becaus that rink thay ran in vane:
Than Talbart wald not ryn agane,
Till he had gottin ane better steid;
Quhilk was brocht to him with gude speid.
Quhairon he lap, and tuik his speir,
As brym as he had bene ane beir[4].
And bowtit[5] fordwart with ane bend,
And ran on to the rinkis end,
And saw his hors was at command;
Than wes he blyith, I understand;

[1] to try their strength.

[2] *rink-roume* means course-room. *Utterance*, in old English, means extremity.

[3] swerved; ran out of the course.

[4] As *fierce* as any bear. [5] bolted.

Traistand na mair to ryn in vane:
Than all the trumpettis blew agane.
Be that with all the force thay can,
Thay richt rudelie at uther ran.
Of that meiting ilk man thocht wounder,
Quhilk soundit lyke ane crak of thunder:
And nane of thame thair marrow mist,
Sir Talbartis speir in sunder brist.
Bot the squyer, with his burdoun,
Sir Talbart to the eirth dang doun.
That straik was with sic micht and fors,
That on the ground lay man and hors:
And throw the brydell hand him bair,
And in the breist ane span and mair.
Throw curras, and throw gluifis of plait,
That Talbart micht mak na debait.
The trencheour[1] of the squyeris speir
Stak still into Sir Talbartis geir.
Than everie man into that steid
Did all beleve that he was deid.
The squyer lap richt haistelie,
From his cursour delyverlie,
And to Sir Talbart maid support,
And humillie did him comfort.
Quhen Talbart saw into his scheild,
Ane otter in ane silver feild.

[1] The point, or extremity.

This race, said he, I may sair rew,
For I see weill my dreame wes trew.
Me thocht yone otter gart me bleid,
And buir me backwart from my steid.
Bot heir I vow to God soverane,
That I sall never just agane.
And sweitlie to the squyer said,
Thow knawis the cunning[1] that we maid,
Quhilk of us twa suld tyne the feild,
He suld baith hors and armour yeild,
Till him that wan: quharefor I will,
My hors and harnes geve the till.
Then said the squyer courteouslie,
Brother, I thank yow hartfullie.
Of yow forsuith nathing I crave,
For I have gottin that I wald have.
With everie man he was commendit,
Sa valyeandlie he him defendit.
The capitane of the Inglis band
Tuke the young squyer be the hand;
And led him to the palyeoun[2],
And gart him mak[3] collatioun.
Quhen Talbartis woundis wes bund up fast,
The Inglis capitane to him past:

[1] covenant, agreement. [2] pavilion.

[3] *collation* is a little banquet: He made the squire enjoy a pleasant refreshment.

And prudentlie did him comfort,
Syne said, Brother, I yow exhort
To tak the squyer be the hand.
And sa he did at his command;
And said, This bene bot chance of armes;
With that he braisit him in his armes:
Sayand, Hartlie I yow forgeve.
And then the squyer tuik his leve;
Commendit weill with everie man.
Than wichtlie on his hors he wan:
With monie ane nobill man convoyit,
Leve we thare Talbart sair annoyit.
Sum sayis of that discomfitour,
He thocht sic schame and dishonour,
That he departit of that land,
And never wes sene into Ingland.
Bot our squyer did still remane
Efter the weir, quhill peice was tane[1].
All capitanes of the kingis gairdis
Gaif to the squyer riche rewairdis;
Becaus he had sa weill debaitit,
With everie nobill he wes weill traitit.
Efter the weir he tuke licence;
Syne did returne with diligence,
From Pycardie to Normandie,
And thare ane space remanit he;

[1] The peace between Henry VIII. and Louis XII. was concluded on the 15th September, 1514.

Becaus the navie of Scotland
Wes still upon the coast lyand.
Quhen he ane quhyle had sojornit,
He to the court of France returnit,
For to decore his vassalage[1].
From Bartanze tuke his veyage:
With aucht scoir in his companie
Of waillit wicht men and hardie;
Enarmit weill lyke men of weir,
With hakbut, culvering, pyk, and speir;
And passit up throw Normandie,
Till Ambiance in Pycardie;
Quhare nobil Lowis the king of France[2]
Wes lyand with his ordinance;
With monie ane prince and worthie man:
And in the court of France wes than,
Ane mervellous congregatioun,
Of monie ane divers natioun,
Of Ingland monie ane prudent lord,
Efter the weir, makand record[3].
Thare wes than ane ambassadour,
Ane lord, ane man of greit honour:
With him was monie nobill knicht
Of Scotland to defend thair richt.

[1] The meaning is, to show forth his conquest, or acquisition.

[2] Louis XII., who died the 1st of January 1514-15.

[3] making memorial.

Quhilk guydit thame sa honestlie,
Inglismen had thame at invie,
And purpósit to mák thame cumber,
Becaus they wer of greiter number.
And sa quhairever thay with thame met,
Upon the Scottis thay maid onset,
And lyke wyld lyounis furious,
Thay layd ane seige about the hous,
Thame to destroy, sa thay intendit.
Our worthie Scottis thame weill defendit.
The Sutheroun[1] wes ay fyve for ane;
Sa on ilk syde thair wes men slane.
The Inglismen grew in greit ire,
And cryit, Swyith[2] set the house in fyre.
Be that the squyer Meldrum
Into the market streit wes cum,
With his folkis in gude array,
And saw the toun wes in ane fray.
He did inquyre the occasioun;
Quod thay, The Scottis ar all put doun,
Be Inglismen into their innis.
Quod he, I wald give all the Binnis[3],
That I micht cum or thay departit.
With that he grew sa cruell hartit,
That he was like ane wyld lyoun,
And rudelie ran outthrow the toun,

[1] South-countrymen; the English. [2] quickly.
[3] The name of his estate.

With all his companie weill arrayit,
And with baner full braid displayit.
And quhen thay saw the Inglis rout,
Thay set upon them with ane schout:
With reird [1] sa rudelie on them ruschit;
That fiftie to the earth thay duschit.
Thare was nocht ellis but tak and slay,
This squyer wounder did that day,
And stoutlie stoppit in the stour,
And dang on thame with dintis dour.
Wes never man buir better hand,
Thare micht na buckler byde his brand [2]:
For it was weill sevin quarter lang [3],
With that sa derflie on thame dang,
That lyke ane worthie campioun,
Ay at ane straik he dang ane doun.
Sum wes evil hurt, and sum wes slane,
Sum fell, quhilk rais not yit agane.
Quhen that the Sutheroun saw his micht,
Effrayitlie thay tuke the flicht,
And wist not quhare to flie for haist,
Thus throw the toun he hes thame chaist.
Wer not Frenchemen come to the redding [4],
Thare had bene mekill mair blude schedding.

[1] *reird* is din, outcry, war-cry.
[2] *brand* is a sword, in Spenser.
[3] This brand was full an ell and three-quarters long.
[4] separation.

Of this journey I mak ane end,
Quhilk everie nobill did commend.
Quhen to the king the cace wes knawin,
And all the suith unto him shawin;
How this squyer sa manfullie,
On Sutheroun wan the victorie,
He put him into ordinance[1],
And sa he did remane in France,
Ane certane tyme for his plesour,
Weill estemit in greit honour;
Quhare he did monie ane nobill deid.
With that, richt wantoun in his weid,
Quhen ladies knew his hie courage,
He was desyrit in mariage,
Be ane lady of greit rent:
Bot youth maid him sa insolent,
That he in France wald not remane,
Bot came to Scotland hame agane.
Thocht Frenche ladies did for him murne,
The Scottis were glaid of his returne.
At everie lord he tuke his leive,
Bot his departing did thame greive.
For he was luifit with all wichtis,
Quhilk had him sene defend his richtis.
Scottis capitanes did him convoy,
Thocht his departing did thame noy.

[1] "*ordonnance*;" in order, or place.

At Deip he maid him for the saill,
Quhare he furnischit ane gay veschaill,
For his self and his men of weir,
With artailzie[1], hakbut, bow, and speir:
And furneist hir with gude victuaill,
With the best wyne that he culd waill.
And quhen the schip was reddie maid,
He lay bot ane day in the raid,
Quhill he gat wind of the south eist,
Than thay thair ankeris weyit on haist.
And syne maid saill, and fordwart past;
Ane day at morne, till at the last,
Of ane greit saill thay gat ane sicht,
And Phœbus schew his bemis bricht,
Into the morning richt airlie.
Than past the skipper richt spedelie,
Up to the top with richt greit feir,
And saw it wes ane man of weir.
And cryit, I see nocht ellis perdie,
Bot we mon outher fecht or fle.
The squyer wes in his bed lyand,
Quhen he hard tell this new tydand.
Be this the Inglis artailze,
Lyke hailschot maid on thame assailze:
And sloppit throw thair fechting saillis,
And divers dang out over the waillis[2].

[1] artillery.

[2] The ship's *wales*; the side of the ship, popularly.

The Scottis agane with all thair micht,
Of gunnis than thay leit fle ane flicht:
That thay micht weill see quhare thay wair,
Heidis and armes flew in the air.
The Scottis schip scho wes sa law,
That monie gunnis out ovir hir flaw,
Quhilk far beyond thame lichtit doun:
Bot the Inglis greit galzeoun,
Fornent[1] thame stude, lyke ane strang castell,
That the Scottis gunnis micht na way faill,
Bot hat hir ay on the richt side,
With monie ane slop, for all hir pride,
That monie ane beft[2] wer on thair bakkis,
Than rais the reik with uglie crakkis;
Quhilk on the sey maid sic ane sound,
That in the air it did redound.
That men micht weill wit on the land,
That shippis wer on the sey fechtand.
Be this, thegider straik the shippis[3],
And ather on uther laid thair clippis[4]:
And than began the strang battell,
Ilk man his marrow did assaill.

[1] over-against. *Forenent*, and *forenens*, have this meaning in Wicklif, and Chaucer.

[2] Many a one beaten were on their backs.

[3] By this time "*together* struck the ships."

[4] And each on other laid their hooks;—they grappled each other.

Sa rudelie thay did rush togidder,
That nane micht hald thair feit for slidder.
Sum with halbert, and sum with speir,
Bot hakbuttis did the greitest deir [1],
Out of the top the grundin [2] dartis,
Did divers peirs outthrow the hartis.
Everie man did his diligence,
Upon his fo to wirk vengence;
Ruschand on uther routtis [3] rude,
That ovir the waillis [4] ran the blude.
The Inglis capitane cryit hie,
Swyith [5] yeild yow, doggis, or ye sall die.
And do ye not, I mak ane vow,
That Scotland sal be quyte of yow.
Than pertlie answerit the squyar,
And said, O tratour tavernar [6]:
I lat the wit [7], thow hes na micht,
This day to put us to the flicht.
Thay derflie ay at uther dang,
The squyer thristit throw the thrang,
And in the Inglis schip he lap,
And hat the captaine sic ane flap
Upon his heid till he fell doun,
Welterand intill ane deidlie swoun.

[1] injury. [2] sharp. [3] blows.
[4] wales. [5] *swyith*; quickly.
[6] a *taverner*, a keeper of a tavern, in contempt.
[7] I let the know.—Ed. 1610.

And quhen the Scottis saw the squyer
Had strikkin doun that rank rever[1]:
Thay left thair awin schip standand waist,
And in the Inglis schip in haist,
Thay followit all thair capitane,
And sone wes all the Southeroun slane.
Howbeit thay wer of greiter nummer,
The Scottismen put thame in sic cummer;
That thay wer fane to leif the feild,
Cryand mercie, than did thame yeild.
Yit wes the squyer straikand fast,
At the capitane till at the last:
Quhen he persavit no remeid,
Outher to yeild, or to be deid:
He said, O gentill capitane,
Thoill me not for to be slane.
My lyfe to yow sal be mair pryse,
Nor sall my deith ane thowsand syse[2].
For ye may get, as I suppois,
Thrie thousand nobillis of the rois
Of me, and of my companie;
Tharefor I cry yow loud mercie;
Except my lyfe, nothing I craif:
Tak yow the schip and all the laif.
I yeild to yow baith sword and knyfe;
Tharefor, gude maister, save my lyfe.

[1] spoiler, robber. [2] *syse*; times.

The squyer tuik him be the hand,
And on his feit he gart him stand:
And treittit him richt tenderly,
And syne unto his men did cry;
And gaif to thame richt strait command,
To straik na mair, bot hald thair hand.
Than baith the captanes ran and red[1],
And so thare wes na mair blude shed.
Than all the laif thay did them yeild,
And to the Scottis gaif sword and sheild.
Ane nobill leiche[2] the squyer had,
Quhareof the Inglismen wes full glaid,
To quhome the squyer gaif command
The woundit men to tak on hand.
And so he did with diligence,
Quhareof he gat gude recompence.
Than quhen the woundit men wer drest,
And all the deand men confest,
And deid men cassin in the see,
Quhilk to behald wes greit pitie;
Thare was slane of Inglis band,
Fyve scoir of men I understand,
The quhilk wer cruell men and kene;
And of the Scottis were slane fyftene.
And quhen the Inglis capitane
Saw, how his men wer tane and slane:

[1] parted the combatants. [2] surgeon.

And how the Scottis sa few in nummer,
Had put thame in sa greit ane cummer;
He grew intill ane frenesy,
Sayand, Fals Fortoun, I the defy:
For I belevit this day at morne,
That he was not in Scotland borne,
That durst have met me hand for hand,
Within the boundis of my brand.
The squyer bad him mak gude cheir,
And said it wes bot chance of weir.
Greit conquerouris, I yow assure,
Hes hapnit siclike adventure:
Tharefor mak merrie, and go dyne,
And let us preif the michtie wyne.
Sum drank wyne, and sum drank aill;
Syne put the shippis under saill.
And waillit[1] furth of the Inglis band,
Twa hundreth men, and put on land,
Quyetlie on the coist of Kent,
The laif in Scotland with him went.
The Inglis capitaine as I ges,
He wardit him in the Blacknes[2],
And treitit him richt honestlie,
Togithir with his companie,
And held thame in that garnisoun,
Till thay had payit thair ransoun.

[1] chose out.

[2] imprisoned him in the Castle of Blackness, on the Forth.

Out throw the land than sprang the fame,
That squyer Meldrum wes cum hame.
Quhen thay hard tell how he debaitit;
With everie man he was sa treitit:
That quhen he travellit throw the land,
Thay bankettit him fra hand to hand,
With greit solace, till at the last,
Out throw Stratherne the squyer past:
And as it did approach the nicht,
Of ane castell he gat ane sicht,
Beside ane montane in ane vaill;
And than efter his greit travaill,
He purposit him to repois,
Quhare ilk man did of him rejois.
Of this triumphant plesand place,
Ane lustie [1] ladie wes maistres;
Quhais lord was deid schort tyme befoir,
Quharethrow hir dolour wes the moir:
Bot yit scho tuke sum comforting,
To heir the plesant dulce talking,
Of this young squyer, of his chance,
And how it fortunit him in France.
This squyer, and the ladie gent [2],
Did wesche, and then to supper went.

[1] pleasant: Lady Gleneagles, a daughter of Lawson of Humbie, the provost of Edinburgh.

[2] neat, pretty.

During that nicht thare was nocht ellis,
But for to heir of his novellis.
Eneas quhen he fled from Troy,
Did not quene Dido greiter joy:
Quhen he in Carthage did arryve,
And did the seige of Troy discryve.
The wonderis that he did rehers,
Wer langsum for to put in vers;
Of quhilk this ladie did rejois.
Thay drank, and syne went to repois.
He fand his chalmer weill arrayit,
With dornik [1] work on buird displayit.
Of venisoun he had his waill,
Gude aquavite, wyne, and aill,
With nobill confeittis, bran, and geill [2],
And swa the squyer fuir [3] richt weill.
Sa to heir mair of his narratioun,
This ladie came to his collatioun;
Sayand he was richt welcum hame;
Grandmercie than, quod he, madame.
Thay past the time with ches and tabill;
For he to everie game was abill.
Than unto bed drew everie wicht,
To chalmer went this ladie bricht,
The quhilk this squyer did convoy;
Syne till his bed he went with joy;

[1] napery. [2] jelly. [3] fared.

That nicht he sleipit never ane wink;
Bot still did on the ladie think:
Cupido with his fyrie dart,
Did peirs him sa out throw the hart,
Sa all that nicht he did bot murnit;
Sum tyme sat up, and sum tyme turnit:
Sichand with monie gant and grane [1],
To fair Venus makand his mane:
Sayand, Ladie, quhat may this mene?
I was ane fre man lait yestrene [2]:
And now ane cative bound and thrall,
For ane that I think flour of all.
I pray God sen [3] scho knew my mynd,
How for hir saik I am sa pynd.
Wald God I had bene yit in France,
Or I had hapnit sic mischance;
To be subject or serviture
Till ane, quhilk takis of me na cure.
This ladie ludgit neirhand by,
And hard the squyer privelý,
With dreidfull hart makand his mane,
With monie cairfull gant and grane:
Hir hart fulfillit with pitie,
Thocht scho wald haif of him mercie:
And said, Howbeit I suld be slane,
He sall have lufe for lufe agane.

[1] yawn and groan. [2] last night.
[3] send, grant.

Wald God I micht with my honour,
Have him to be my paramour!
This was the mirrie-tyme of May;
Quhen this fair ladie freshe and gay,
Start up to take the hailsum air,
With pantonis[1] on hir feit ane pair:
Airlie into ane cleir morning,
Befoir fair Phœbus uprysing:
Kirtill alone withoutin clok,
And saw the squyeris dure unlok:
Scho slippit in or ever he wist[2],
And fenyeitlie past till ane kist[3];
And with her keyis oppinnit the lokkis,
And maid hir to take furth ane boxe.
Bot that was not hir erand thare;
With that this lustie young squyar
Saw this ladie so plesantlie
Cum to his chalmer quyetlie,
In kirtill of fyne damais broun,
Hir goldin traissis hingand doun:
Hir pappis wer hard, round, and quhyte,
Quhome to behald wes greit delyte.
Lyke the quhyte lyllie wes hir lyre[4],

[1] slippers. [2] knew. [3] a chest.

[4] Like the white lily was her skin: So in Christ's Kirk on the Green, "*Hir lyre wes lyke the lillie.*" The same simile is used in Old English Poetry: So in Ritson's Romances, "The mayden with the *lily lyre.*"

Hir hair was like the reid gold wyre.
Hir schankis quhyte withouttin hois,
Quhareat the squyer did rejois;
And said than, Now vailye quod vailye [1],
Upon the ladie thow mak ane sailye.
Hir courtlyke kirtill was unlaist,
And sone into his armis hir braist [2],
And said to hir, Madame, gude-morne,
Help me your man, that is forlorne:
Without ye mak me sum remeid,
Withouttin dout, I am bot deid:
Quharefor ye mon releif my harmes;
With that he hent [3] hir in his armes,
And talkit with hir on the flure,
Syne quyetlie did bar the dure.
Squyer, quod scho, quhat is your will?
Think ye my womanheid to spill [4]?
Na, God forbid! it wer greit sin,
My lord and ye wes neir of kin:
Quharefor I mak yow supplicatioun,
Pas [5], and seik ane dispensatioun;
Than sall I wed yow with ane ring,
Than may ye lufe at your lyking;
For ye ar young, lustie, and fair;
And als ye are your fatheris air.

[1] happen what may. [2] embraced.
[3] *hent*; caught. [4] spoil. [5] pass.

Thare is na ladie in all this land,
May yow refuse to hir husband.
And gif ye lufe me as ye say,
Haist to dispens the best ye may.
And thareto you I geve my hand,
I sall yow take to my husband.
Quod he, Quhill that I may indure,
I vow to be your serviture:
Bot I think greit vexatioun,
To tarrie upon dispensatioun.
Than in his armis he did hir thrist,
And ather uther sweitlie kist.
And wame for wame thay uther braissit,
With that hir kirtill wes unlaissit:
Than Cupido with his fyrie dartis,
Inflammit sa thir luiferis hartis,
Thay micht na maner of way dissever;
Nor ane micht not part fra ane uther;
Bot like wodbind thay wer baith wrappit,
Thare tenderlie he has hir happit,
Full softlie up intill his bed,
Judge ye gif he hir schankis shed.
Allace! quod scho, quhat may this mene?
And with hir hair scho dicht hir ene.
I can not tell how thay did play,
Bot I beleve scho said not nay.
He pleisit hir sa, as I hard sane,
That he was welcum ay agane.

Scho rais, and tenderlie him kist,
And on his hand ane ring scho thrist;
And he gaif hir ane lufe drowrie[1],
Ane ring set with ane riche rubie.
In takin[2] that thair lufe for ever,
Suld never from thir twa dissever.
And than scho passit unto hir chalmer,
And fand hir madinnis sweit as lammer[3],
Sleipand full sound, and nothing wist,
How that thair ladie past to the kist:
Quod thay, Madame, quhare have ye bene?
Quod scho, Into my gardene grene,
To heir the mirrie birdis sang:
I lat you wit, I thocht not lang,
Thocht I had taryit thare quhile none.
Quod thai, Quhare wes your hois and schone?
Quhy yeid ye with your bellie bair?
Quod scho, The morning wes sa fair:
For be him that deir Jesus sauld,
I felt na wayis ony manner of cauld.
Quod thay, Madame, me think ye sweit.
Quod scho, Ye see I sufferit heit:
The dew did sa on flouris fleit,
That baith my limmis ar maid weit:
Tharefor ane quhyle I will heir ly,
Till this dulce dew be fra me dry.

[1] a love-token: "*druerie*," in Chaucer.
[2] In token. [3] l'amber, the amber,

Ryse and gar mak our denner reddie.
That sal be done, quod thay, my ladie.
Efter that scho had tane hir rest,
Scho rais, and in hir chalmer hir drest,
And efter mes[1] to denner went;
Than wes the squyer diligent,
To declair monie sindrie storie,
Worthie to put in memorie.
Quhat sall we of thir luferis say?
Bot all this time of lustie May,
They past the tyme with joy and blis,
Full quyetlie with monie ane kis:
Thare was na creature that knew
Yit of thir luferis chalmer glew[2]:
And sa he levit plesandlie,
Ane certane time with his ladie.
Sum time with halking and hunting,
Sum time with wantoun hors rinning;
And sum time like ane man of weir,
Full galzardlie[3] wald ryn ane speir.
He wan the pryse above thame all,
Baith at the buttis and the futeball.
Till everie solace he was abill,
At cartis, and dyce, at ches and tabill.
And gif ye list I sall yow tell,
How that he seigit ane castell.

[1] mass; the service of the R. church.
[2] chamber-sport. [3] gallantly.

Ane messinger came spedilie,
From the Lennox to that ladie:
And schew how that Makfagon,
And with him mony bauld baron,
Hir castell had tane perfors,
And nouther left hir kow nor hors:
And heryit all that land about,
Quhareof the ladie had greit dout.
Till hir squyer scho passit in haist,
And schew him how scho wes opprest:
And how he waistit monie ane myle,
Betwix Dunbartane and Argyle.
And quhen the squyer Meldrum
Had hard thir novelis all and sum:
Intill his hart thare grew sic ire,
That all his bodie brint in fire;
And swore it suld be full deir sald,
Gif he micht find him in that hald[1].
He and his men did them addres[2],
Richt haistelie in thair harnes:
Sum with bow, and sum with speir.
And he like Mars the god of weir,
Come to the ladie and tuke his leif;
And scho gaif him hir richt hand gluif:
The quhilk he on his basnet[3] bure,
And said, Madame, I yow assure,

[1] *hald*; habitation. [2] prepare.
[3] helmet: as in Wiclif.

That worthie Lancelot du Laik
Did never mair for his ladies saik:
Nor I sall do, or ellis de,
Without that ye revengit be.
Than in hir armis scho him braist,
And he his leif did take in haist:
And raid that day, and all the nicht,
Till on the morne he gat ane sicht
Of that castell, baith fair and strang:
Than in the middis his men amang,
To michtie Mars his vow he maid,
That he suld never in hart be glaid;
Nor yit returne furth of that land,
Quhill that strenth wer at his command.
All the tennentis of that ladie
Come to the squyer haistelie:
And maid aith of fidelitie,
That thay suld never fra him flie.
Quhen to Makfarland[1], wicht and bauld,
The veritie all haill wes tauld,
How the young squyer Meldrum
Wes now into the cuntrie cum:
Purposand to siege that place;
Than vittaillit he that fortres,

[1] This must have been Andrew Macfarlane of that ilk, who succeeded his father, Sir John, that fell on Floddon-field, 1513.—Dougl. Bar.

And swoir he suld that place defend,
Bauldlie untill his lyfis end.
Be this the squyer wes arrayit,
With his baner bricht displayit;
With culvering, hakbut, bow, and speir,
Of Makfarland he tuke na feir;
And like ane campioun courageous,
He cryit and said, Gif ovir the hous:
The capitane answerit heichly,
And said, Tratour, we the defy.
We sall remane this hous within,
Into despyte of all thy kin.
With that the archeris bauld and wicht,
Of braid arrowis let fle ane flicht,
Amang the squyeris companie;
And thay agane richt manfullie,
With hakbute, bow, and culveryne,
Quhilk put Makfarlandis men to pyne;
And on thair colleris laid full sikker,
And thare began ane bailfull bikker[1].
Thare was bot schot and schot agane,
Till on ilk side thare wes men slane.
Than cryit the squyer courageous,
Swyith lay the ledderis to the hous:
And sa thay did, and clam belyfe[2],
As busie beis dois to thair hyfe.

[1] a woeful skirmish. [2] presently.

Howbeit thare wes slane monie man,
Yit wichtlie ovir the wallis they wan.
The squyer formest of them all,
Plantit the baner ovir the wall:
And than began the mortall fray,
Thare wes nocht ellis bot tak and slay.
Than Makfarland that maid the prais [1],
From time he saw the squyeris face,
Upon his kneis he did him yeild,
Deliverand him baith speir and scheild:
The squyer hartilie him ressavit,
Commandand that he suld be savit:
And sa did shaik [2] that mortall feid,
Sa that na man wes put to deid.
In fre ward wes Makfarland seisit,
And leit the laif gang quhare thay pleisit.
And sa this squyer amorous
Seigit and wan the ladies hous,
And left thareiñ ane capitane;
Syne to Stratherne returnit agane:
Quhare that he with his fair ladie,
Ressavit wes full plesantlie,
And to tak rest did him convoy.
Judge ye gif thare wes mirth and joy.
Howbeit the chalmer dure wes cloisit,
Thay did bot kis, as I suppoisit.

[1] *preis*; tumult, fight. [2] quench.

Gif uther thing wes them betwene,
Let them discover that luferis bene:
For I am not in lufe expart,
And never studyit in that art.
Thus thay remainit in merines,
Beleifand never to have distres.
In that meine time this ladie fair,
Ane douchter to the squyer bair,
Nane fund wes fairer of visage;
Than tuke the squyer sic courage:
Agane the mirrie time of May,
Threttie he put in his luferay
In scarlot fyne, and of hew grene;
Quhilk wes ane semelie sicht to sene[1].
The gentilmen in all that land,
Wer glaid with him to mak ane band:
And he wald plainelie tak thair partis,
And not desyring bot thair hartis.
Thus levit the squyer plesandlie,
With musick and with menstralsie.
Of this ladie he wes sa glaid,
Thare micht na sorrow mak him sad.
Ilk ane did uther consolatioun,
Taryand upon dispensatioun[2].
Had it cum hame, he had hir bruikit[3],
Bot or it come[4], it was miscuikit;

[1] to see. [2] Waiting for the dispensation from the Pope.
[3] enjoyed. [4] before it came.

And all this game he bocht full deir,
As ye at lenth sall efter heir.
Of warldlie joy it wes weill kend,
That sorrow bene the fatall end;
For jelousie and fals invie,
Did him pursew richt cruellie.
I mervell not thocht it be so;
For they wer ever luferis so.
Quharethrow he stude in monie ane stour[1],
And ay defendit his honour.
Ane cruell knicht dwelt neir hand by,
Quhilk at this squyer had invy,
Imaginand intill his hart,
How he thir luferis micht depart:
And wald have had hir maryand
Ane gentilman within his land;
The quhilk to him wes neir in blude:
Bot finallie for to conclude,
Thareto scho wald never assent;
Quharefor the knicht set his intent,
This nobill squyer for to destroy,
And swore, he suld never have joy,
Intill his hart without remeid,
Till ane of thame wer left for deid.
This valzeand squyer manfully,
In ernist or play did him defy;

[1] many a battle. [2] separate.

Offerand himself for to assaill,
Bodie for bodie in battaill.
The knicht thareto not condiscendit,
Bot to betrai him ay intendit.
Sa it fell anis upon ane day,
In Edinburgh, as I hard say,
This squyer and the ladie trew,
Was thare just matteris to persew:
That cruell knicht full of invy,
Gart hald on thame ane secreit spy[1]:
Quhen thay suld pas furth of the toun,
For this squyeris confusioun:
Quhilk traistit no man suld him greive,
Nor of tressoun had no beleive;
And tuik his licence from his oist,
And liberallie did pay his coist;
And sa departit blyith and mirrie,
With purpois to pas ovir the ferrie[2].
He wes bot auchtsum in his rout[3];
For of danger he had no dout.

[1] This singular adventure happened, in August 1517: Pitscottie, p. 129, relates the whole story. The cruell knicht was Stirling of Keir: Luke Stirling was the gentleman, who solicited the lady's love. Pitscottie says he was *neir in blude* to the laird of Keir.

[2] From Leith to Fife: He was attacked, says Pitscottie, p. 129, "betwixt Leith and Edinburgh, beneath the Rood-chapel."

[3] eight in number.

The spy came to the knicht anone,
And him informit how they wer gone.
Than gadderit he his men in hy[1],
With thrie scoir in his company;
Accowterit weill in feir of weir,
Sum with bow, and sum with speir:
And on the squyer followit fast,
Till thay did see him at the last;
With all his men richt weill arrayit,
With cruell men nathing effrayit.
And quhen the ladie saw the rout,
God wate gif scho stude in greit dout.
Quod scho, Your enemies I see,
Tharefor, sweit hart, I rede[2] yow fle;
In the cuntrey I will be kend,
Ye ar na partie to defend.
Ye knaw yone knichtis crueltie,
That in his hart hes na mercie.
It is bot ane that thay wald have,
Tharefor, deir hart, yourself ye save.
(Howbeit thay tak me with this trane,
I sal be sone at yow agane.)
For ye war never sa hard staid[3].
Madame, quod he, be ye not raid[4]:
For be the halie Trinitie,
This day ane fute I will not fle.

[1] haste. [2] I advise.
[3] *staid*; situated. [4] afraid.

And be he had endit this word,
He drew ane lang twa-handit sword:
And put his aucht men in array,
And bad that thay suld tak na fray[1].
Than to the squyer cryit the knicht,
And said, Send me the ladie bricht:
Do ye not sa, be Goddis croce,
I sall hir tak away perforce.
The squyer said, Be thow ane knicht,
Cum furth to me and shaw the richt,
Bot hand for hand without redding[2],
That thare be na mair blude shedding.
And gif thow winnis me in the feild,
I sall my ladie to the yeild.
The knicht durst not for all his land,
Fecht with this squyer hand for hand.
The squyer than saw no remeid,
But outher to fecht, or to be deid.
To hevin he liftit up his visage,
Cryand to God with hie courage:
To the my quarrell I do commend;
Syne bowtit fordwart with ane bend:
With countenance baith bauld and stout,
He rudelie rushit in that rout.
With him his litill companie,
Quhilk them defendit manfullie.

[1] should take no fright. [2] without separating.

The squyer with his birneist brand,
Amang his fa-men[1] maid sic hand,
That Gaudefer, as says the letter,
At Gadderis Ferrie faucht na better.
His sword he swappit sa about,
That he greit roum maid in the rout:
And lyke ane man that was dispairit,
His wapoun sa on thame he wairit;
Quhome ever he hit, as I hard say,
Thay did him na mair deir[2] that day.
Quha ever come within his boundis,
He chaipit not but mortall woundis.
Sum mutilate wer, and sum wer slane,
Sum fled, and come not yit agane.
He hat the knicht above the breis[3],
That he fell fordwart on his kneis.
Wer not Thome Giffard did him save,
The knicht had sone bene in his grave:
Bot than the squyer with his brand,
Hat Thomas Giffard on the hand:
From that time furth during his lyfe,
He never weildit sword nor knyfe.
Than come ane fort[4] as brim as beiris,
And in him fest'nit fyftene speiris,

[1] foe-men, foes. [2] hurt.

[3] *breis*, for brows, to rhyme with kneis.

[4] a knot of people.

In purpois to have borne him doun:
Bot he as forcie[1] campioun,
Amang thae wicht men wrocht greit wounder,
For all thai speiris he schure in sunder.
Nane durst cum neir him hand for hand,
Within the boundis of his brand.
This worthie squyer courageous,
Micht be compairit to Tydeus;
Quhilk faucht for to defend his richtis,
And slew of Thebes fyftie knichtis.
Rolland with Brandwell his bricht brand,
Faucht never better hand for hand,
Nor Gawin aganis Gologras,
Nor Olyver with Pharambras.
I wate he faucht that day als weill,
As did Schir Gryme aganis Graysteill.
And I dar say, he was als abill,
As onie knicht of the round tabill;
And did his honour mair avance,
Nor onie of thae knichtis perchance:
The quhilk I offer me to preif,
Gif that ye pleis, schirs, with your leif.
Amang thae knichtis wes maid ane band,
That they suld fecht bot hand for hand:
Assurit that, thare suld come no mo,
With this squyer it stude not so:

[1] vigorous.

His stalwart stour quha wald discryfe,
Aganis ane man thare come ay fyfe.
Quhen that this cruell tyrane knicht
Saw the squyer sa wounder wicht,
And had na micht him to destroy,
Into his hart thare grew sic noy[1],
That he was abill for to rage,
That no man micht his ire asswage.
Fy on us, said he to his men,
Ay aganis ane, sen we ar ten:
Chaip he away, we are eschamit,
Like cowartis we sal be defamit:
I had rather be in hellis pane,
Or he suld chaip[2] fra us unslane.
And callit thrie of his oompanie,
Said, Pas behind him quyetlie:
And sa thay did richt secreitlie;
And came behind him cowartlie,
And hackit on his hochis and theis[3],
Till that he fell upon his kneis:
Yit quhen his schankis wer schorne in sunder,
Upon his kneis he wrocht greit wounder.
Sweipand his sword round about,
Not haifand of the deith na dout:

[1] *noy*; trouble. [2] *chaip*; escape.

[3] Pitscottie says, p. 129, that the squire was "*hought* of his legs."

Durst nane approche within his boundis,
Till that his cruell mortall woundis
Bled sa, that he did swap in swoun,
Perforce behuifit him than fall doun[1].
And quhen he lay upon the ground,
They gaif him monie cruell wound;
That men on far micht heir the knokkis,
Like boucheouris hakkand on thair stokkis.
And finallie without remeid,
They left him lyand thare for deid.
With ma woundis of sword and knyfe,
Nor ever had man that keipit lyfe.
Quhat suld I of thir traitouris say?
Quhen thay had done thay fled away.
Bot than this lustie ladie fair,
With dolent hart scho maid sic cair:
Quhilk wes great pitie for to reheirs,
And langsum for to put in vers.
With teiris scho weische[2] his bludie face,
Sichand with monie loud allace:
Allace, quod scho, that I was borne,
In my querrell thow art forlorne.
Sall never man efter this hour,
Of my bodie have mair plesour.
For thow was gem of gentilnes,
And werie well of worthines.

[1] "*behoved him then fell down.*"—Ed. 1610.

[2] washed.

Than to the eirth scho rushit doun,
And lay intill ane deidlie swoun.
Be that, the regent of the land
Fra Edinburgh come fast rydand.
Sir Anthonie D'Arsie wes his name,
Ane knicht of France and man of fame,
Quhilk had the guiding haillilie,
Under Johne duke of Albanie;
Quhilk wes to our young king tutour,
And of all Scotland governour[1].
Our king was bot fyve yeiris of age,
That time quhen done wes the outrage[2].
Quhen this gude knicht the squyer saw,
Thus lyand intill his deid thraw,
Wo is me, quod he, to see this sicht,
On the, quhilk worthie wes and wicht.
Wald God that I had bene with the,
As thow in France was anis with me;
Into the land of Picardy,
Quhare Inglis men had greit invy:
To have me slane, sa they intendit,
Bot manfullie thow me defendit:

[1] De la Bastie was, at that time, *locum tenens*, for the duke of Albany. He deserves great praise for the vigour, and effect, with which he pursued the assassins. Pitscottie, 129.

[2] The king was born, in 1512; and that outrage happened, in 1517.

And valzeandlie did save my lyfe,
Was never man with sword nor knyfe,
Nocht Hercules, I dar weill say,
That ever faucht better for ane day.
Defendand me within ane stound,
Thow dang seir[1] Sutheroun to the ground.
I may the mak no help allace,
Bot I sall follow on the chace,
Richt spedilie baith day and nicht,
Till I may get that cruell knicht.
I mak ane vow, gif I may get him,
Intill ane presoun I sall set him:
And quhen I heir that thow beis deid,
Than sall my handis straik of his head.
With that he gave his hors the spurris,
And spedelie flaw ovir the furris[2].
He and his gaird with all thair micht,
They ran till thai ovirtuik the knicht.
Quhen he approchit he lichtit doun,
And like ane valzeand campioun:
He tuik the tyrane presonar,
And send him backward to Dumbar;
And thare remainit in presoun,
Ane certane time in that dungeoun.
Let him ly thare with mekill cair,
And speik we of our heynd[3] squyer:

[1] *seir*; several, many; as in G. Douglas, and in old English.
[2] furrows. [3] courteous.

Of quhome we cannot speik bot gude,
Quhen he lay bathand in his blude,
His freindis and his ladie fair,
They maid for him sic dule and cair:
Quhilk wer greit pietie to deploir,
Of that matter I speik no moir.
Thay send for leiches haistelie,
Syne buir his bodie tenderlie;
To ludge into ane fair ludgyne,
Quhare he ressavit medicyne.
The greitest leichis of the land
Come all to him without command,
And all practikis on him provit,
Becaus he was sa weill belovit.
Thay tuik on hand his life to save,
And he thame gaif quhat thay wald have.
Bot he sa lang lay into pane,
He turnit to be ane chirurgiane:
And als be his naturall ingyne,
He lernit the art of medicyne.
He saw thame on his bodie wrocht,
Quharefor the science was deir bocht.
Bot efterward quhen he was haill,
He spairit na coist nor yit travaill,
To preif his practikis on the pure,
And on thame previt monie ane cure;
On his expensis without rewaird,
Of money he tuik na regaird.

Yit sum thing will we commoun[1] mair
Of this ladie, quhilk maid greit cair.
Quhilk to the squyer wes mair pane,
Nor all his woundis in certane.
And than his freindis did conclude,
Becaus scho micht do him na gude;
That scho suld tak her leif and go,
Till hir cuntrie, and scho did so:
Bot thir luferis met never agane,
Quhilk wes to thame ane lestand pane:
For scho aganis hir will wes maryit,
Quharethrow hir weird scho daylie waryit[2].
Howbeit hir bodie wes absent,
Hir tender hart wes ay present:
Baith nicht and day with hir squyer,
Wes never creature that maid sic cair;
Penelope for Ulisses,
I wate, had never mair distres;
Nor Cresseid for trew Troylus,
Wes not tent[3] part sa dolorous.
I wate it wes aganis hir hart,
That scho did from hir lufe depart.
Helene had not sa mekill noy,
Quhen scho perforce wes brocht to Troy.
I leif hir than with hart full sore,
And speik now of this squyer more.

[1] communicate.
[2] her destiny she daily cursed. [3] tenth.

Quhen this squyer wes haill and sound,
And softlie micht gang on the ground,
To the regent he did complane:
Bot he allace wes richt sone slane,
Be David Hume of Wedderburne[1],
The quhilk gart monie Frenchemen murne,
For thare was nane mair nobill knicht,
Mair valzeand, mair wyse, mair wicht,
And sone efter that crueltie,
The knicht was put to libertie;
The quhilk the squyer had opprest,
Sa wes his matter left undrest.
Becaus the king was young of age,
Than tyrannis rang into thair rage.
Bot efterward, as I hard say,
On Striviling brig upon ane day,
This knicht was slane with crueltie:
And that day gate na mair mercie,
Nor he gaif to the young squyer:
I say na mair, let him ly thare:
For cruell men ye may weill see,
They end oft times with crueltie.
For Christ to Peter said this word,
Quha ever straikis with ane sword,
That man sal be with ane sword slane,
That saw is suith[2], I tell you plane.

[1] Pitscottie gives an account of the murder of De la Bastie, in p. 190, on the 17th of Sept. 1517. [2] That saying is true.

He menis quha straikis cruellie,
Aganis the law without mercie:
Bot this squyer to nane offendit,
Bot manfullie him self defendit.
Wes never man with sword nor knyfe,
Micht[1] saif thair honour and thair lyfe;
As did the squyer all his dayis,
With monie terribill effrayis.
Wald I at lenth his lyfe declair,
I micht weill writ ane uther quair[2]:
Bot at this time I may not mend it,
Bot shaw you how the squyer endit.
Thare dwelt in Fyfe ane agit lord[3],
That of this squyer hard record,
And did desire richt hartfullie,
To have him in his companie:
And send for him with diligence,
And he come with obedience;
And lang time did with him remane,
Of quhome this agit lord was fane[4].
Wyse men desiris commounlie
Wyse men into thair companie:

[1] "*may*," in ed. 1610. [2] book.

[3] Patrick, the fifth lord Lyndsay of Byres, who was made sheriff of Fife, in 1519; and died, in 1526. Douglas's Peerage, 161.

[4] glad.

For he had bene in monie ane land,
In Flanderis, France, and in Ingland:
Quharefor the Lord gaif him the cure[1]
Of his household, I yow assure,
And in his hall cheif marschall,
And auditour of his comptis all.
He was ane richt courticiane[2],
And in the law ane practiciane:
Quharefor during this lordis lyfe,
Schyref depute he wes in Fyfe.
To everie man ane equall juge,
And of the pure he wes refuge:
And with justice did thame support,
And curit thair sairis[3] with greit comfort:
For as I did reheirs before,
Of medicine he tuke the lore[4],
Quhen he saw the chirurgience[5]
Upon him do thair diligence.
Experience maid him perfyte,
And of the science tuke sic delyte,
That he did monie thriftie cure,
And speciallie upon the pure;
Without rewaird for his expensis,
Without regaird or recompensis.

[1] care. [2] a courtier, or courtman, as in Chaucer.
[3] cured their sores. [4] the learning. [5] surgeons.

To gold, to silver, or to rent,
This nobill-squyer tuke litill tent[1].
Of all this warld na mair he craifit,
Sa that his honour micht be saifit.
And ilk yeir for his ladie's saik,
Ane banket royall wald he maik.
And that he maid on the Sonday
Precedand to Aschwednisday.
With wyld foull, venisoun, and wyne;
With tairt, and flam[2], and frutage fyne:
Of bran and geill thare wes na skant,
And ipocras he wald not want.
I have sene sittand at his tabill,
Lordis and lairdis honorabill,
With knichtis and monie ane gay squyar,
Quhilk wer to lang for to declair:
With mirth, musick, and menstrallie;
All this he did for his ladie:
And for hir saik during his lyfe,
Wald never be weddit to ane wyfe.
And quhen he did declyne to age,
He faillit never of his courage.
Of ancient storeis for to tell,
Above all uther he did precell,
Sa that everilk creature
To heir him speik thay tuke plesure.

[1] paid little attention. [2] properly *flan, flawn*, a custard.

Bot all his deidis honorabill
For to descryve I am not abill.
Of everie man he was commendit,
And as he leivit, sa he endit.
Plesandlie till he micht indure,
Till dolent deith come to his dure:
And cruellie with his mortall dart,
He straik the squyer throw the hart.
His saull with joy angelicall,
Past to the hevin imperiall.
Thus at the Struther[1] into Fyfe,
This nobill squyer loist his lyfe.
I pray to Christ for to convoy
All sic trew luferis to his joy:
Say ye amen for cheritie.
Adew! ye get na mair of me[2].

[1] Lord Crawfurd's seat.

[2] This is a very frequent conclusion of Lyndsay.

THE TESTAMENT

OF THE NOBILL AND VALZEAND

SQUYER WILLIAME MELDRUM

OF THE BINNIS.

THE holie man Job, ground of pacience,
In his greit trubill trewlie did report,
Quhilk I persave now be experience,
That mennis lyfe in eirth bene wounder short.
My youth is gane, and eild[1] now dois resort[2];
My time is gane, I think it bot ane dreame,
Yit efter deith remane sall my gude fame.

I persave[3] shortlie that I man pay my[4] det,
To me in eirth no place ben permanent:
My hart on it no mair now will I set,
Bot with the help of God omnipotent,
With resolute mind go mak my Testament:
And tak my leif at cuntriemen, and kyn[5],
And all the warld, and thus I will begyn.

Thrie Lordis to me sal be executouris,
Lindesayis all thrie, ane surname of renoun:

[1] age.

[2] In the ed. 1610, the verses are altered thus:

"My by past time was spent in weir and sport,
My youth is gane, I think it bot a dreame,
Yet, after death remaine sal my gude fame."

[3] I perceive. [4] the. [5] kindred.

Of my Testament thay sall have hail the cure[1],
To put my mind till executioun:
That surname failzeit never to the croun,
Na mair will thay to me I am richt sure,
Quhilk is the caus that I give them the cure.

First David erll of Craufuird wise and wicht[2],
And Johne lord Lindesay my maister special,
The thrid sal be ane nobill travellit knicht,
Quhilk knawis the coistis of feistis funeral:
The wise sir Walter Lindesay they him cal,
Lord of St. Johne, and knicht of Torfichane[3],
Be sey and land ane valzeand capitane.

[1] *cure*, in ed. 1610; *curis*, in ed. 1792.

[2] David, the seventh earl of Crawfurd, who succeeded his father, in 1517, died aged, in 1542: and he was succeeded by David, the eighth earl, who died in 1570.

John, the sixth lord Lyndsay, of Byres, who succeeded his grandfather in 1526, and died, in 1563; leaving by lady Helen Stuart, the daughter of John, earl of Athol, three sons, and six daughters. Douglas's Peer. 161.

Sir Walter Lyndsay, lord of St. John. In Monteith's Theatre of Mortality, 1719, there is the monument, in the parish church of Torphichen, of "Walterus Lindsay, Justiciarius Generalis de Scotland, et Principalis Præceptor Torphichensis, 1538. The same inscription is in Sibbald's Hist. Linlithgowshire, 25. This, then, was of Squyer Meldrum the third executor, who died, in 1538, if we may believe his tombstone.

[3] "*Forphichane*," in the ed. 1594 and 1792: "*Torphichane*," in ed. 1610, rightly.

Thocht age hes maid my bodie impotent,
Yet in my hart hie courage doeth precell:
Quharefor I leif to God, with gude intent,
My spreit, the quhilk he hes maid immortall;
Intill his court perpetuallie to dwell:
And nevir moir to steir furth of that steid,
Till Christ descend to judge baith quick and deid.

I yow beseik, my lordis executouris,
My geir geve till the nixt of my kynrent[1],
It is well kend, I never tuik na cures
Of conquessing of riches nor of rent:
Dispone as ye think maist expedient:
I never tuke cure of gold more than of glâs:
Without honour, fy! fy! upon riches.

I yow requeist, my freindis ane and all,
And nobill men, of quhome I am descendit:
Faill not to be at my feist funerall;
Quhilk throw the warld I traist sal be commendit.
Ye knaw how that my fame I have defendit,
During my life unto this latter hour,
Quhilk suld to yow be infinit plesour.

First of my bowellis clenge my bodie clene,
Within and out, syne wesche it weill with wyne;
Bot honestie see that nothing be sene,
Syne clois it in ane coistlie carvit schryne
Of ceder treis, or of cyper fyne:

[1] kindred.

Anoynt my corpis with balme delicious,
With cynamome and spycis precious.

In twa caissis of gold and precious stanis,
Inclois my hart and toung richt craftelie:
My sepulture syne gar mak for my banis,
Into the Tempell of Mars triumphandlie,
Of marvill stanis carvit richt curiouslie:
Quharein my kist and banis ye sall clois
In that triumphand tempill to repois.

Mars, Venus, and Mercurius, all thre,
Gave me my natural inclinatiounis;
Quhilk rang the day of my nativitie,
And sa thair hevinlie constellatiounis
Did me support in monie natiounis;
Mars maid me hardie like ane feirs lyoun,
Quharethrow I conqueist honour and renoun.

Quho list to knaw the actis bellical,
Let thame ga reid the legend of my life;
Thare sall thay find the deidis martial,
How I have stand in monie stalwart strife[1];
Victoriouslie with speir, sheild, sword, and knife:
Quharefor to Mars, the God armipotent,
My corpis incloisit ye do till him present.

Mak offering of my toung rhetoricall
Till Mercurius quhilk gaif me eloquence,

[1] This verse of this stanza was omitted in the ed. 1610.

In his tempill to hing perpetuall,
I can mak him na better recompence;
For quhen I was brocht to the presence
Of kings in Scotland, Ingland, and in France,
My ornate toung my honour did avance.

To fresche Venus my hart ye sall present,
Quhilk hes to me bene ay comfortabill:
And in my face sic grace scho did imprent,
All creatures did think me amiabill;
Wemen to me scho maid sa favorabill;
Wes never ladie that luikit in my face,
But honestlie I did obtene hir grace.

My freind sir David Lyndsay of the Mont
Sall put in ordour my processioun;
I will that thare pas formest in the front,
To beir my penseil[1] ane wicht campioun,
With him ane band of Mars his religioun,
That is to say, in steid of monkis, and freiris,
In gude ordour ane thowsand hagbutteris.

Nixt them ane thowsand futemen in ane rout,
With speir and sheild, with buckler, bow, and brand,
In ane luferay[2] young stalwart men and stout.
Thridlie in ordour thare sall cum ane band

[1] penon.

[2] In one, or the same *livery*, a garb worn as a token.

Of nobill men, abill to wraik[1] thair harmes;
Thair capitane with my standart in his hand,
On bairdit[2] hors ane hundreth men of armes.

Amang that band, my baner sal be borne,
Of silver schene, thrie otteris into sabill:
With tabroun, trumpet, clarioun, and horne,
For men of armes very convenabill:
Nixt efter them, ane campioun honorabill
Sall beir my basnet[3] with my funerall;
Syne efter him in ordour triumphall,

My arming sword, my gluifis of plait, and sheild,
Borne be ane forcie campioun, or ane knicht,
Quhilk did me serve in monie dangerous feild;
Nixt efter him, ane man in armour bricht,
Upon ane jonet[4], or ane cursour wicht;
The quhilk sal be ane man of greit honour,
Upon ane speir to beir my coit armour.

Syne nixt my beir sall cum my corspresent[5],
My bairdit hors, my harnes, and my speir:
With sum greit man of my awin kynrent;
As I wes wont on my bodie to beir,

[1] revenge. [2] caparisoned. [3] helmet.
[4] a Spanish horse. [5] mortuary.

During my time, quhen I went to the weir;
Quhilk sal be offerit with ane gay garment,
To Mars his preist at my interrement.

Duill weidis[1] I think hypocrisie and scorne,
With huidis heklit doun ovirthort thair ene[2],
With men of armes, my bodie sal be borne,
Into that band see that no blak be sene:
My luferay sal be reid, blew, and grene,
The reid for Mars, the grene for freshe Venus,
The blew, for lufe of God Mercurius.

About my beir, sall ryde ane multitude,
All of ane luiferay of my cullouris thrie;
Erles, and lordis, knichtis, and men of gude;
Ilk barroun beirand in his hand on hie,
Ane lawrer branche, insigne of victorie;
Becaus I fled never out of the feild,
Nor yit as presoner unto my fois me yeild.

Agane that day, faill not to warne, and call
All men of musick, and of menstrallie,
About my beir, with mirthis musicall,
To dance and sing with hevinlie harmonie,

[1] mourning-garments.

[2] With hoods pulled down over their eyes.

Quhais plesant sound redound sall in the sky:
My spreit I wate sal be with mirth and joy;
Quharefor with mirth my corps ye sal convoy.

This beand[1] done, and all thing reulit richt;
Than plesantlie mak your progressioun,
Quhilk I beleif sal be ane plesant sicht:
Se that ye thoill[2] na preist in my processioun,
Without he be of Venus professioun;
Quharefor gar warne al Venus chapel clarkis,
Quhilk hes bene most exercit in hir warkis[3].

With ane bischop of that religioun,
Solemnitlie gar thame sing my saull mes,
With organe, timpane, trumpet, and clarioun,
To shaw thair musick, dewlie them addres,
I will, that day, be hard na hevines:
I will na service of the requiem,
Bot alleluya with melodie, and game.

Efter the evangell, and the offertour,
Throw all the tempill, gar proclame silence:
Than to the pulpet gar ane oratour,
Pas up and schaw in oppin audience,

[1] being. [2] suffer.

[3] Dunbar says, in his Golden Terge:

"The birdis sang upon the tender croppis,
With curious nottis, as *Venus chapel clarkis.*"

Solempnitlie with ornate eloquence,
At greit laiser, the legend of my life,
How I have stand in monie stalwart strife.

Quhen he hes red my buik fra end till end,
And of my life maid trew narratioun;
All creature I wate will me commend,
And pray to God for my salvatioun:
Than efter this solempnizatioun,
Of service trew, and all brocht to ane end;
With gravitie than with my bodie wend[1],

And clois it up into my sepulture,
Thare to repois till the greit judgement;
The quhilk may not corrupt I yow assure,
Be vertew of the precious oyntment,
Of balme, and uther spyces redolent:
Let not be rung for me, that day, saull knellis;
Bot greit cannounis gar them crak for bellis.

Ane thousand hagbuttis gar schute al at anis,
With swesche[2], talburnis[3], and trumpettis awfullie:
Lat never spair the poulder, nor the stanis,
Quhais thundring sound redound sall in the sky;

[1] go. [2] roar, or rather clatter.

[3] probably tabors, or tabrets, a kind of drums.

That Mars may heir, quhare he triumphandlie
Above Phœbus is situate full evin,
Maist awfull God, under the sternie hevin.

And syne hing up above my sepulture,
My bricht harnes, my scheild, and als my speir;
Togidder with my courtlie coit armour,
Quhilk I wes wont upon my bodie beir,
In France, in Ingland, being at the weir;
My baner, basnet, with my temperall[1],
As bene the use of feistis funerall.

This beand done, I pray yow tak the pane,
My epitaphe to writ upon this wyis,
Above my grave in goldin letteris fyne:
The maist invincibill weiriour heir lyis,
During his time, quhilk wan sic laud and pryis,
That throw the hevinis sprang his nobil fame;
Victorious William Meldrum wes his name.

Adew, my lordis, I may na langer tarie,
My lord Lindesay, adew above all uther:
I pray to God, and to the virgine Marie,
With your lady to leif lang in the Struther,
Maister Patrik, with young Norman your brother;

[1] his temporall things, in opposition to secular.

With my ladeis, your sisteris, all adew[1]!
My departing I wate weill ye will rew.

Bot maist of all the fair ladies of France,
Quhen thay heir tell but dout that I am deid;
Extreme dolour will change thair countenance,
And for my saik will weir the murning weid.
Quhen thir novellis dois into Ingland spreid;
Of Londoun than the lustie ladies cleir
Will for my saik mak dule and drerie cheir.

Of Craigfergus my dayis darling adew,
In all Ireland of feminine[2] the flour.

[1] John, lord Lyndsay, before mentioned, who succeeded his grandfather, in 1526, married Helen, the daughter of the earl of Athol; who lived at *the Struther*, in Fife; and who died in 1563; leaving by his said wife, Patrick, his heir, the ruffian, who, by personal violence, compelled Mary Stuart to resign her diadem; John, who died in France; Norman, of Kilwhiss; Isabel, who married Norman Leslie, the assassin of cardinal Beaton; Catharine, who married Thomas Myreton, of Cambo; Margaret, who married David Beaton, of Melgum, a son of the cardinal; Janet, who married first Henry, the heir of lord Sinclair, and secondly sir George Douglas, of Lochlevin; Helen, who married Thomas Fotheringhame, of Powrie; and Elizabeth, who married David Kinnier, of that ilk. Douglas's Peer. 161.

[2] womankind, as in Chaucer.

In your querrell twa men of weir I slew,
Quhilk purposit to do yow dishonour.
Ye suld have bene my spous and paramour,
With rent and riches for my recompence,
Quhilk I refusit throw youth and insolence.

Fair weill, ye leman[1] lampis of lustines
Of fair Scotland! adew, my ladies all:
During my youth with ardent besines,
Ye knaw how I was in your service thrall,
Ten thowsand times adew above thame all,
Sterne of Stratherne, my ladie soverane,
For quhom I sched my blud with mekill pane[2].

Yit wald my ladie luke at evin, and morrow,
On my legend at lenth scho wald not mis,
How for hir saik I sufferit mekill sorrow,
Yit give I micht at this time get my wis,
Of hir sweit mouth, deir God, I had ane kis:
I wis in vane, allace we will dissever,
I say na mair: sweit hart, adew for ever!

Brether in armes, adew in generall!
For me, I wate your hartis bene full soir:
All trew companyeounis into speciall,
I say to yow, adew for evermoir!
Till that we meet agane with God in gloir:

[1] flaming. [2] Lady Gleneagles.

Sir curat, now gif me incontinent
My crysme with the holie sacrament.

My spreit hartlie I recommend
In manus tuas, Domine:
My hoip to the is till ascend,
Rex, quia redemisti me,
Fra syn *resurrexisti me*;
Or ellis my saull had bene forlorne:
With sapience *docuisti me*;
Blist be the hour that thow wes borne!

ANE DIALOG

BETWIX

EXPERIENCE AND ANE COURTEOUR,

OF THE

MISERABILL ESTAIT OF THE WARLD.

Absit gloriari nisi in Cruce Domini Jesu Christi.

LYNDSAY, who seems to have exhausted all his merriment in the *Historie of Squyer Meldrum*, sat down to write his *Dialog of the miserabill Estait of this Warld*, in the vain hope of benefiting mankind, by his labours. Musing on the misery, which he saw daily increase on earth, notwithstanding his efforts of twenty years, he tried to divert himself, and to instruct others, by a Dialogue, between Experience and a Courtier, on the instability of states, and the sad changes of sublunary things. He had lived to see much of that instability, within his own country; and he was in the frequent habits of giving vent to his feelings, in order to make others feel. He had obviously before him two books, which prompted his purpose, supplied him with thoughts, furnished him with facts, and taught him manner: Gower's *Confessio Amantis*,

he had always before him; and Lydgate's *Fall of Princes* showed him, where to find examples of "the chaunge of worldly variance;" and how "his "style to dresse;" and how "ditties of mournyng "and complayning do not partayne unto *Caliope.*" With those works before his eyes, and a recollection of Chaucer in his mind, "lamenting Lyndsay" seems to have meditated many years on this *Dialogue* of the *World's Miserie.* It was put down, perhaps, and taken up, at many intervals of several years: It was undoubtedly ended, in 1553, whenever it may have been begun. A manuscript of this poem, in the Lambeth Library [No. 332.], states it to have been begun on the 11th of June 1556, as the elaborate historian of English Poetry has remarked: Yet, the meaning is, that *the transcript* was begun on that day, according to a common practice, in that age, of transcribing what was already printed; owing to the fewness of copies, and the abundance of transcribers. Warton regards *The Dreme* and *The Monarchie,* as the principal of Lyndsay's performances. In the Prologue to the *Dreme,* the critic sees, in Lyndsay, strong talents for high description, and rich imagery: In his Prologue to the *Monarchie,* our poet has, perhaps, outdone himself, in a grand display of the higher qualities of his art; in elegant metaphors, artful fictions, mythological retrospections, and picturesque recitals.

Nor, ought we to be surprised at this exhibition of poetic talent, when we recollect that, after rejecting the *mischeant muses, beforetime used in poetrie,* he beseeched the great God himself to be his *heavenlie muse.* Yet, at this elevation, Lyndsay seems not to have delighted to remain for any length of continuance, out of his natural port of level thinking, and colloquial writing. After that prefatory effort, our poet cries out,

" I lose my tyme, allace! for to rehers
" Sik unfrutefull and vane discriptioun;
" Or wryte into my rural raggit vers,
" Mater, without edificatioun."

After his brilliant prologue of seven-line stanzas, consisting of ten-syllable verse, he proceeds to his historical poem, which, like other *universal histories,* at the revival of learning, begins with the creation of the world, and ends with the day of judgment. This poem is said, by Warton, to contain much learning: But, when we advert to his facilities, from preceding writers, in prose, and rhyme, he can only be allowed to have made a great display, without much exertion of original thought, or literary retrospect. This Dialogue, between Experience and a Courtier, is the largest of Lyndsay's labours. This mode of conducting a narrative, by means of an imaginary mystagogue, was adopted from Boetius, says the

learned historian of English Poetry. Our *Maker* now enters a park, which was decorated well by dame Nature, where he saw the sun rise, and heard the birds sing, like other poets, who seem all to have taken their pleasure, in such inspired inclosures; and where he was joined by Experience. They now ran over the story of the world together; making such remarks, as occasion offered, or the purpose required. This history is written merely on the plan of the *old romances*, with a religious cast. At length Experience left the poet; and the dialogue ended, as the evening approached,

" When Phœbus downwart dois descend
" Toward his palice in the occident."

This instructive, but tedious *Dialog* was at length finished, and was sent to the press, at the supposed expense of Doctor Maccabæus, who certainly died, at Copenhagen, in 1557, as we learn, from the *Annales* Biörnonis. After much of this work had been printed, Mr. Heber had the goodness to put into my hand, an edition of this *Dialog*, which has the year 1552, at the conclusion; and which he yet supposes to be a different edition, from that of Mr. Hill, before mentioned, and from an edition in the Bodleyan library, that is the same, as Mr. Hill's. Mr. Heber's copy is the same as the edition, which Herbert had before him, and which was the only

one, that he had ever seen. Typ. An. vol. iii. p. 1484. By collation with the edition, in the Bodleyan, Mr. Heber had satisfied himself, that his copy is certainly different. And, indeed, there cannot be a doubt about the fact. For, the first edition was said to have been printed, at the expensis of Doctor *M*achabæus; whereas, this third edition calls the doctor *N*achabeus: But, there is an instructive insertion, in the title-page of this third edition, which is very decisive; and which is as follows:—

☞ "Attouir thare is bukis imprentit in France, of "twa sortis, the quhilkis ar verray fals as it is "knawin, and wantis mekle that this buke hes, for "this is juste and trew, and nane bot this buke. "Be war with thame for thay wyll dissave yow." The *twa sortis* of *bukis*, which are herein said to have been *imprentit*, in *France*, are obviously the two Jascuy editions, in 1558; the one in 4to., and the other in 12mo. This intimation shows, that Mr. Heber's copy must have been printed, certainly, after the year 1558; and I think, probably, in 1559, from the alertness of the printer, though he has deceptiously put the year 1552, at the conclusion of the whole. We have here, also, an additional proof, that the first edition of this *Dialog* was printed by John Scott, at St. Andrew's: For, this third edition is printed with the same types, and characters, as the first; to say nothing of the deception,

and struggle, that we may perceive throughout the whole transaction. Whatever there may be in all this, there can be no doubt, whatever any of the title-pages may say, that Lyndsay finished this *Dialog*, in the year

1553.

THE PROLOG.

Musing, and mervelling, on the miserie,
From day to day, in erth, quhilk dois increș;
And of ilk stait, the instabilitie,
Proceding of the restles besynes,
Quhareon the maist part dois thair mynd addres,
Inordinatlie, on houngrie covetyce,
Vaine glore, dissait, and uther sensuall vyce:

Bot, tumlyng[1] in my bed, I micht nocht lye,
Quharefor, I fuir furth[2], in ane May morning;
Confort to get of my melancolye,
Sumquhat afore fresche Phebus uprysing,
Quhare I micht heir the birdis sweitlie sing;

[1] "*trembling*," in the ed. 1592 and 1597.
[2] sallied forth.

Intill ane park I past, for my plesure,
Decorit weill, be craft of dame Nature.

How I resavit confort naturall,
For till discryve, at lenth, it war to lang:
Smelling the hailsum[1] herbis medicinall,
Quhareon the dulce, and balmie, dew doun dang[2],
Lyke orient perlis on the twistis[3] hang,
Or how that, the aromatik odouris
Did proceid, from the tender fragrant flowris;

Or how, Phebus, that king etheriall,
Swiftlie sprang up into the orient[4]:
Ascending in his throne imperiall,
Quhais bricht, and beriall[5] bemis, resplendent,
Illuminat all unto the occident;

[1] wholesome. [2] down fell.

[3] twigs:—"Like *orient perlis*, on the twistis hang."
Lyndsay preceded Shakspeare, in the use of the elegant figure of the *orient pearls*:

"The liquid drops of tears, that you have shed,
Shall come again, transform'd to *orient pearls*."

And Milton thus:

"——————— the crisped brooks
Rolling on *orient pearl*——."

[4] *the orient*; the east; as used by the English poets.

[5] brilliant.

Confortand everye corporall creature,
Quhilk formit war, in erth, be dame Nature:

Quhais donk impurpurit vestiment nocturnal,
With his embrowderit mantill matutyne;
He left intill his regioun auroral,
Quhilk on him waitit, quhen he did declyne
Towart his occident palice vespertyne;
And rais in habite gay, and glorious,
Brichter nor[1] gold, or stainis precious.

Bot, Cynthea, the hornit nychtis quene,
Scho lost hir licht, and led ane lawer[2] saill:
From tyme, hir soverane lord, that scho had sene,
And, in his presence, waxit dirk, and paill,
And ovir hir visage keist[3] ane mistye vaill;
Sa, did Venus, the goddes amorous,
With Jupiter, Mars, and Mercurious.

Richt sa, the auld intoxicate Saturne,
Persaving Phebus powre, his bemis bricht,
Abufe the erth, than maid he na sojourne,
Bot, suddanlye, did lose his borrowit licht,
Quhilk he durst never schaw, bot on the nicht,
The pole artik, ursis, and sterris[4] all,
Quhilk situat ar, in the septentrionall:

[1] *nor*; than. [2] lower. [3] did cast, threw.
[4] "*sternis*" in ed. 1597.

Tyll errand schippis quhilks ar the souer gyde[1],
Convoyand thame upon the stormie nicht,
Within thair frostie circle, did thame hyde;
Howbeit, that sterris have nane uther licht,
Bot the reflexe of Phebus bemis bricht;
That day durst nane into the hevin appeir,
Till he had circuite all our hemispheir[2].

Me thocht, it was ane sicht celestiall,
To se Phebus, sa angellyke ascend,
Intill his fyrie chariot, tryumphall;
Quhais bewtie bricht, I culd not comprehend,
All warldlie cure did fro me anone wend[3],
Quhen fresche Flora spred furth hir tapestrie,
Wrocht, be dame Nature, queynt[4], and curiouslie;

Depaynt, with mony hundreth hevinlie hewis,
Glaid of the rysing of thair royall roy,
With blomes brekand on the tender bewis,
Quhilk did provok myne hart to naturall joy,
Neptune, that day, and Eolus[5] held thame coy[6],

[1] "*that ar without al gyde*," in the ed. 1574, 1592, 1597, and others.

[2] made the circuit of our hemisphere.

[3] "*All warldlie cure did from me then wend*," in ed. 1597:—*cure* is care; and *wend* is go.

[4] *queynt*; nice: as in Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton.

[5] "*Eoll*," in the early editions. [6] quiet.

That men, on far, micht heir the birdis sound,
Quhais noyis did to the sterrie hevin redound:

The plesand pawne prunzeand his fedrem fair[1],
The mirthfull maveis maid greit melodie,
The lustye lark, ascending in the air,
Numerand hir naturall notis craftelie,
The gay goldspink, the merle[2] richt merilie,
The noyis of the nobill nychtingaillis,
Redoundit throw the montanes, meidis, and vaillis.

Contempling this melodious harmonie,
How everilk bird drest thame[3] for til advance,
To salute Nature, with thair melodie,
That I stude gaising, halflings, in ane trance,
To heir thame mak thair naturall observance;
Sa royallie, that all the roches rang,
Throuch repercussioun of thair suggerit sang.

I lose my tyme, allace! for to reheirs
Sik unfrutefull, and vane, discriptioun;
Or wryte into my rural raggit vers[4],

[1] The pleasant *peacock trimming* his *feathers* fair.

[2] the blackbird.

[3] prepared themselves.

[4] *ragged* verse, for unpolished, as in Spenser.

Mater, without edificatioun:
Considering how that myne intentioun,
Bene till deplore the mortall misereis,
With continuall, cairfull, calamiteis,

Consisting in this wrechit vaile of sorrow[1]:
Bot, sad sentence suld have ane sad indyte;
Sa termes bricht, I list not for to borrow,
Of murning mater men hes na delyte;
With rousty termis, tharefor, will I wryte[2],
With sorrowful sichis, ascending from the splene,
And bitter teiris, distelling from myne ene.

Without ony vaine invocatioun,
To Minerva, or to Melpomené:
Nor yit will I mak supplicatioun,
For help, to Clio, nor Calliopé:
Sic marrit musis may mak me na supplé[3],
Proserpine, I refuse, and Appollo,
And richt sa Euterpe, Jupiter, and Juno;

Quhilks bene to plesand poetis conforting:
Quharefor, becaus I am nocht one of tho;
I do desyre of them na supporting:

[1] "*vaill of sorrow*," and "*vale of misery*," are common terms for *this world*, with the old poets.

[2] "*I will now write*," in the ed. 1597, and 1634.

[3] supply.

For, I did never sleip on[1] Parnaso,
As did the poetis of lang tyme ago;
And, speciallie, the ornate Ennius,
Nor, drank I never, with Hesiodus;

Of Grece, the perfyte poet soverane,
Of Helicon, the sours of eloquence,
Of that mellifluous, famous, fresche, fontane:
Quharefor to thame, I aw na reverence,
I purpose nocht to mak obedience,
To sic mischeant[2] musis, nor Mahumetrie,
Afore tyme usit intill poetrie.

Raveand Rhamnúsia, goddes of dispyte,
Micht be to me ane muse, richt convenabill,
Gif I desyrit sic help for till indyte,
This murning mater mad, and miserabill,
I mon ga seik ane muse mair confortabill;
And sic vane superstitioun to refuse,
Beseikand the greit God to be my muse:

Be quhais wysedome[3] al maner of thing bene wrocht,
The hie hevinis, with all thair ornamentis:
And without mater maid all thing of nocht,
Hell in mid center of the elementis;
That hevinlie muse, to seik my haill intent is,

[1] "*in*," in ed. 1597, and 1634. [2] scurvy.
[3] "*Be his wisdome*," in the ed. 1597, and 1634.

The quhilk gaif sapience to king Salomon,
To David grace, strenth to the strang Sampson[1]:

And of pure Peter, maid an prudent preichour,
And be the power of his deite,
Of cruell Paule, he maid ane cunning teichour:
I man beseik, richt lawlie, on my kne,
His heich superexcellent majeste,
That, with his hevinly spreit, he me inspyre,
To wryte nathing, contrarie his desyre:

Beseikand als his soverane sone Jesu,
Quhilk was consavit be the halie spreit;
Incarnat of the purifyet Virgin trew,
And in quhom the prophecie was compleit,
That prince of pece, most humyl, and mansweit[2],
Quhilk under Pilate sufferit passioun,
Upon the croce, for our salvatioun:

And be that cruell deith intolerabill,
Lowsit we war, from bandis of Beliall:
And mairatour[3], it was sa profitabill,
That, to this hour, come never man, nor sall,
To the tryumphant joy imperiall,

[1] "*and strength to strang Samson*," in ed. 1597, and 1634.

[2] meek. [3] moreover.

Of lyfe, howbeit, that thay war never sa gude,
Bot, be the vertew of that precious blude:

Quharefor, insteid of the Mont Parnaso,
Swiftlie, I sall ga seik my soverane:
To Mont Calvarie, the straucht way mon[1] I go,
To get ane taist of that maist fresch fontane,
That sours to seik my hart may nocht refrane,
Of Helicon, quhilk wes baith deip, and wyde,
That Longinus did grave intill his syde.

From that fresche fontane sprang ane famous flude,
Quhilk redolent river throw the warld rinnis:
As chrystall cleir, and mixit bene with blude,
Quhais sound abufe the hiest hevinis dinnis,
All faithfull peple purging from thair sinnis;
Quharefor I sall beseik his excellence,
To grant me grace, wisedome, and eloquence.

And bath me, with those dulce, and balmy strandis,
Quhilk on the croce did spedelie outspring,
From his maist tender feit, and hevinlie handis;
And, grant me grace, to wryte, nor dyte, na thing,
Bot, tyll his heich honour, and lowd loving:
But[2] quhase support, thare may na gude be wrocht,
Till his plesure, gude warkis, word, nor thocht.

[1] "*sal*," in ed. 1597. [2] without.

Tharefor, O Lord, I pray thy majeste,
As thow did schaw thy heich power divyne:
First planelie in the Cane of Galile,
Quhare thou convertit cauld water in[1] wyne:
Convoy my mater tyll ane fructuous fyne,
And save my sayings, baith from schame, and sin;
Tak tent[2], for now I purpose to begin.

THE DIALOG.

Into that park, I saw appeir,
Ane agit man, quhilk drew me neir;
Quhais berd was weill thrie quarter lang[3],
His hair doun ovir his schulders hang,
The quhilk, as ony snaw, was quhyte,
Quhome to behald, I thocht delyte:
His habite angellyke of hew,
Of colour, lyke the sapheir blew.
Under ane holyne[4] he reposit,
Of quhais presence I was rejoisit.

[1] "*into*," in the ed. 1597, and 1634.
[2] take heed.
[3] whose beard was full three quarters of an ell long.
[4] holly.

I did him salute reverentlie,
Sa did he me richt courteslie.
To sit doun, he requeistit me,
Under the schadow of that tre;
To saif me frome the sonnis heit,
Amangis the flowris soft, and sweit:
For, I wes weirie for[1] walking;
Than, we began to fall in talking;
I speirit[2] his name, with reverence.

EXPERIENCE.

I am, said he, Experience.

COURTEOUR.

Than, schir, said I, ye can nocht faill,
To geve ane desolate man counsaill.
Ye doe appeir ane man of fame,
And sen Experience bene your name,
I pray yow, father venerabill,
Geve me sum counsall confortabill.

EXPERIENCE.

Quhat bene, quod he, thy vocatioun,
Makand sic supplicatioun?

[1] "*with*," in the ed. 1597, and 1634.

[2] asked,

COURTEOUR.

I have, quod I, bene, to this hour,
Sen I could ryde, ane courteour,
Bot now, father, I think it best,
With your counsall to leif in rest:
And from thyne furth[1] to tak myne eis,
And, quyetlie, my God to pleis:
And renunce curiosite;
Levyng the court, and lerne to de.
Oft have I salit over the strandis,
And travellit throuch divers landis,
Baith south, and north, eist, and west,
Yit, can I never find, quhare rest
Doith mak his habitatioun,
Without your supportatioun:
Quhen, I beleve, to be best eisit,
Maist suddentlie I am displeisit,
From trubyll quhen I fastest fle,
Then, find I maist adversite.
Schaw me, I pray yow, hartfullie,
How I may leve maist plesandlie;
To serve my God of kingis King,
Sen, I am tyrit for travelling:
And lerne me for to be content,
Of quyet lyfe, and sober rent;
That I may thank the king of glore,
As thocht I had ane milzeoun more:

[1] thenceforth.

Sen everilk court bene variant[1],
Full of invy, and inconstant:
Micht I, but trubbyll leif in rest,
Now, in my age, I thynk it best.

EXPERIENCE.

Thow art ane gret fule, sonne, said he,
Thyng[2] to desyre quhilk may nocht be;
Yarning[3] to have prerogatyve,
Above all creature on lyve:
Sen father Adam create bene[4],
Into the camp of Damascene,
Mycht na man say unto this hour,
That ever he fand perfyte plesour.
Nor never sall, till that he se
God in his divyne majeste:
Quharefor, prepair the for travell,
Sen, mennis lyfe bene bot battell.
All men beginnis for till die,
The day of thair nativitie.
And journelly thay do proceid,
Till Atropos cut the fatall threid.
And in the breif tyme that thay have,
Betwix thair birth unto thair grave,

[1] is varying.

[2] "*that*," in ed. 1597, and 1634.

[3] desiring. [4] created was.

Thow seis quhat mutabiliteis,
Quhat miserabill calamiteis:
Quhat trubill, travel, and debait,
Seis thow in every mortall stait.
Begin at pure law creaturis,
Ascending syne to senaturis,
To gret princes and potestatis,
Thow sall nocht fynd in nane estatis,
Sen the beginning, gennerallie,
Nor, in our tyme now, speciallie,
But tedious, restles, besynes,
But ony maner of sikernes.

COURTEOUR.

Prudent father, quod I, allace!
Ye tell to me ane cairfull cace:
Ye say, that na man, to this hour,
Hes found in erth perfyte plesour,
Without infortunate variance.
Sen we bene thrall to sik mischance,
Quhy do we so set our[1] intentis
On riches, dignitie, and rentis?
Sen, in the erth, bene na man sure,
Ane day, but trubbill till indure;
And warst of all, quhen we leist wene,
The creuell deith we mon sustene;

[1] "*our haill*;" in ed. 1597, and 1634.

Gif[1] I your fatherheid durste demand
The caus, I wald faine understand.
And als, father, I yow implore,
Schaw me sum trubill gane afore;
That heiring utheris indigence,
I may the mair haif patience.
Marrowis[2], in trybulatioun,
Bene wrecheis consolatioun.

EXPERIENCE.

Quod he, Efter my small cunnyng,
To the I sall mak answeryng:
Bot, ordourlie, for to begin;
This miserie procedis of sin:
Bot, it wer lang for to defynit,
How all men ar to sin inclynit.
Quhen sin aboundantlye doith ring,
Justly God makith punyssing:
Quharefor, gret God, into his handis,
To dant the warld, hes divers wandis;
Efter our evill conditioun,
He makis on us punitioun:
With hunger, derth, and indigens,
Sum tyme, gret plagis, and pestilens;
And sum tyme, with his bludye wand,
Throw creuell[3] weir, be sey, and land;

[1] If. [2] fellows.
[3] "*civill*," in ed. 1597, and 1634

Concludyng all our miserie,
Proceidis of sin, alluterlie[1].

COURTEOUR.

Father, quod I, declare to me
The cause of this fragyllitie:
That we bene all to sin inclynde,
In wark, in word, and in our mynde:
I wald the veritie wer schawin,
Quha hes this seid amang us sawin;
And quhy we ar condampnit to dede,
And how that we may get remede.

EXPERIENCE.

Quod he, The Scripture hes concludit,
Men from felicite wer denudit
Be Adam, our progenitour,
Umquhyle[2] of Paradyse possessour:
Be quhais maist wilfull arrogance
Wes mankynd brocht to this mischance,
Quhen, he wes inobedient,
In breking God's commandiment:
Be solystatioun of his wyfe,
He loste that hevinlye plesand lyfe.
Etand of the forbiddin tre,
Thare began all our miserie:

[1] entirely. [2] some time.

Sa Adam wes cause radicall,
That we bene fragyll sinnaris all.
Adam brocht in this natioun,
Sin, deith, and als dampnatioun;
Quha will say he is na sinnar,
Christ sayis he is ane gret liar.
Mankynde sprang furth of Adamis loynis,
And tuke of him flesche, blude, and bonis,
And sa efter his qualytie,
All ar[1] inclynit sinnaris to be.
Bot yit, my sonne, dispare thow nocht;
For, God, that all the warld hes wrocht,
Hes maid ane soverane remede,
To saif us baith frome sin and dede:
And frome eterne dampnatioun;
Tharefor, tak consolatioun;
For, God, as Scripture doith recorde,
Haveyng of man misericorde,
Send doun his onlye sonne Jesu,
Qphilk lychtit in ane virgin trew;
And cled his heych divynitie
With our pure, vyle, humanytie:
Syne, frome our sinnis, to conclude,
He weische[2] us with his precious blude;

[1] "*Ar all*," in ed. 1597, and 1634, which last seems chiefly copied from the former.

[2] washed.

Howbeit, throw Adam, we mon de,
Throuch that Lord we sall raisit be:
And everilk man he sall releve,
Quhilk in his blude doith ferme beleve:
And bring us all unto his glore,
The quhilk throw Adam bene forlore;
Without that we throw lack of faith,
Of his godheid incur the wraith:
Bot, quha in Christ fermely belevis,
Sall be relevit frome all mischevis.

COURTEOUR.

Quhat faith is that, that ye call ferme?
Schir, gar me understand that terme.

EXPERIENCE.

Faith, without hope, and charitie,
Availith nocht, my sonne, said he.

COURTEOUR.

Quhat charite bene, that wald I knaw?

EXPERIENCE.

Quod he, My sonne, that sall I schaw:
First, lufe thy God, above all thyng,
And thy nychtbour, but fenzeyng [1].
Do nane injure, nor villanie,

[1] without feigning, dissimulation.

Bot, as thow wald, wer done to the[1].
Quick faith but cheretabill werkis,
Can never be as wryttis clerkis,
Mair than the fyre intill his micht,
Can be but heit, nor sonne but licht.
Gif cherite into the faillis,
Thy faith, nor hope, nathing availlis.
The Devill hes faith, and trimlis for dreid,
Bot, he wantis hope, and lufe in deid.
Do all the gude, that may be wrocht,
But, cherite all availlis nocht;
Quharefor, pray to the Trinite,
For till support thy charite.
Now, have I schawin the, as I can,
How father Adam, the first man,
Brocht in the warld baith sin, and dede,
And how Christ Jesu maid remede;
Quhilk, on the day of jugement,
Sall us delyver frome torment:
And bryng us to his lestyng glore,
Quhilk sall indure for ever more:
Bot, in this warld, thow gettis na rest,
I mak it to the manifest:
Tharefor, my sonne, be diligent,
And lerne for to be patient:
And into God sett all thy traist,
All thyng sall than cum for the best.

[1] So, Gawin Douglas, more tersely:
"Do to ilk wicht, as done to thou wald be."

COURTEOUR.

Father, I thank yow, hartfullye,
Of your conforte and cumpanye,
And hevinlye consolatioun;
Makand yow supplicatioun,
Gif I durst put yow to sik pyne,
That ye wald pleis for to defyne,
And gar me cleirlye understand,
How Adam brak the Lord's command;
And how throw his transgressioun
Wer punyst his successioun.

EXPERIENCE.

My sonne, quod he, wald thow tak cure,
To luke on the divyne Scripture,
Into the buke of Genesis,
That storye thare[1] thow sall nocht mis:
And alswa syndrie cunnyng clerkis
Hes done rehers into thair werkis,
Of Adamis fall full ornately,
Ane thowsand tymis better, nor I
Can wryte of that unhappie man:
Bot, I sall do the best I can,
Schortlie, to schaw that cairfull cace,
With the support of Goddis grace.

[1] That *storye thare*, in ed. 1552, and 1558; that *historie thare*, in ed. 1568, and 1574; that *historie* thow sal not mis, in ed. 1597.

ANE EXCLAMATIOUN TO THE REDAR, TWYCHEYNG THE WRYTTYNG OF VULGARE AND MATERNALL LANGUAGE[1].

Gentyl redar, haif at me na dispyte,
Thinkand that I presumpteously pretend,
In vulgair toung, sa heych mater, to wryte;
Bot, quhare I mis, I pray the till amend,
Till unlernit, I wald the cause wer kend[2],
Of our maist miserabyll travell, and torment,
And how, in erth, na place bene permanent.

Howbeit that divers devote cunnyng clerkis,
In Latyne toung, hes writtin syndrie bukis:
Our unlernit knawis lytill of thair werkis:
Mair than thay do the ravyng of the rukis:
Quharefor to coilzearis, carteris, and to cukis,
To Jok, and Thome, my ryme sal be directit,
With cunnyng men howbeit it wil be lackit[3].

Thocht every commoun may nocht be ane clerk,
Nor, hes na leid[4], except thair toung maternall,

[1] This apology, for writing in the *maternal language*, was also made by Chaucer, and Lydgate, by Gawin Douglas, and Wedderburn, the author of The Complaynt of Scotland, 1549.

[2] known. [3] dispraised. [4] learning.

Quhy suld of God the marvellous hevinly werk
Be hid frome thame, I thynk it nocht fraternall:
The Father of hevin, quhilk wes and is eternal,
To Moyses gaif the law, on Mont Sinay,
Nocht into Greik, nor Latyne, as I heir say.

He wrait the law, in tablis hard of stone,
In thair awin vulgare language of Hebrew;
That all the bairnis[1] of Israell, every one,
Mycht knaw the law, and so the same ensew.
Had he done wryte in Latyne, or in Grew[2],
It had to thame bene bot ane savirles jest,
Ye may weill wyt, God wrocht all for the best.

Aristotell, nor Plato, I heir sane[3],
Wrait nocht thair hie philosophie naturall,
In Duche, nor Dence[4], nor toung Italiane,
Bot, in thair maist ornate[5] toung maternall,
Quhais fame, and name, dois ryng perpetual:

[1] children, people.

[2] Greek; as in Gawin Douglas:

"Like, as in Latine, bene *Greue* termes sum:"

and so, "*Gru*," for Greek, in R. of Brunne's translation of bishop Grosethed's Castle of Love.

[3] *sane*, for *sayen*, say: *sayen* is the Saxon form of the verb, as in Wiclif, and Chaucer.

[4] In Dutch, nor Danish.

[5] "*proper*," for *ornate*, in the ed. 1597.

Famous Virgill, the prince of poetrie,
Nor, Cicero, the flowr of oratrie,

Wrait not, in Caldie language, nor in Grew;
Nor yit, into the language Saracene;
Nor, in the naturall language of Hebrew;
Bot, in the Romane toung, as may be sene,
Quhilk was thair proper language, as I wene,
Quhen Romanis rang dominators, indeid,
The ornate Latyne wes thair proper leid.

In the mein tyme, quhen that thir bald Romanc[1]
Over all the warld had the dominioun,
Maid Latyne sculis, thair glore for till avance,
That thair language micht be over all commoun,
To that intent, be my opinioun,
Traistyng that thair impyre suld ay indure,
Bot, of fortune alway thay wer nocht sure.

Of languagis, the first diversytie
Wes maid be Goddis maledictioun;
Quhen Babylon wes buildit in Caldee,
Thae buildaris[2] gat nane uther afflictioun,
Afore the tyme of that punyssioun,

[1] Romans: *Romance* for the rhyme.

[2] "*Those buildars,*" in the earliest ed.; THAY builders, in ed. 1597; *thae* is the proper spelling: Scott, the printer of the ed. 1552, first began to introduce the English orthography.

Wes bot ane toung, quhilk Adam spak him self,
Quhare now of toungis thare bene threscore and twelf.

Nochtwithstandyng, I thynk it gret plesour,
Quhare cunnyng men hes languagis anew;
That in thair youth, be diligent laubour,
Hes leirnit Latyne, Greik, and auld Hebrew;
That I am nocht of that sort, sair I rew[1]:
Quharefor, I wald all bukis necessare,
For our faith, wer intill our toung vulgare.

Christ, efter his glorious ascentioun,
Till his disciplis, send the halie Spreit,
In toungis of fyre, to that intentioun,
Thay beand of all languagis repleit,
Throuch all the warld, with wordis fair, and sweit,
Till every man the faith thay suld furth schaw[2],
In thair awin leid[3] delyverand them the law:

Tharefor, I think, ane gret derisioun,
To heir thir nunnis, and sisters, nycht, and day,
Singand, and sayand, psalmes, and orisoun;
Nocht understandyng quhat thay sing, nor say;
Bot, lyke ane stirlyng, or ane papingay,
Quhilk leirnit ar, to speik, be lang usage;
Thame, I compair to birdis, in ane cage.

[1] sorely I repent. [2] should show forth. [3] own language.

Richt sa, children, and ladyis of honouris,
Prayis in Latyne, to thame ane uncouth leid,
Mumland thair matynis, evinsang, and thair houris[1],
Thair Paternoster, Ave, and thair Creid:
It wer als plesand to thair spreit, indeid,
God have mercie on me, for to say thus,
As to say, *Miserere mei, Deus.*

Sanct Jerome, in his proper toung, Romane,
The law of God he trewlie did translait:
Out of Hebrew, and Greik, in Latyne plane,
Quhilk hes bin hid frome us lang tyme, God wait,
Untill this tyme; bot, efter myne consait,
Had Sanct Jerome bene borne intyll Argyle,
Into Irische toung, his bukis had done compyle.

Prudent Sanct Paull doith mak narratioun,
Twychyng the divers leid of every land:
Sayand thare bene mair edificatioun,
In fyve wordis, that folk doith understand,
Nor to pronunce of wordis ten thowsand,
In strange langage, syne wait not quhat it menis:
I think sic pattryng[2] is not worth twa prenis[3].

[1] morning prayers.

[2] *pratling*, in ed. 1597: *pattering* means reciting rapidly: To *patter*, to make a noise, like the quick steps of many feet; as in Dryden:—"*Patt'ring* hail comes pouring on the main."

[3] two pins.

Unlernit pepill, on the halie day,
Solemnitlye thay heir the evangell sung;
Nocht knawyng quhat the preist dois sing, nor say:
Bot, as ane bell, quhen that thay heir it rung:
Yit wald the preistis, into thair mother tung,
Pas to the pulpite, and that doctryne declare,
Tyll lawid pepill, it wer mair necessare.

I wald prelatis, and doctouris of the law,
With us lawid[1] pepill wer nocht discontent;
Thocht we into our vulgare toung did knaw,
Of Christ Jesu the lyfe[2] and testament,
And quhow that we suld keip commandement,
Bot, in out language, let us pray, and reid
Our Paternoster, Ave, and our Creid.

I wald sum prince of greit discretioun,
In vulgare language, planelye gart translait
The neidfull lawis of this regioun;
Than, wald thare nocht be half sa greit debait,
Amang us pepill of the law estait;
Gif every man the veryte did knaw,
We neidit nocht to treit[3] thir men of law.

Till do our nichtbour wrang we wald bewar,
Gif we did feir the lawis punysment:

[1] unlearned, laity. [2] "*law*," in the ed. 1597.
[3] to fee; to entreat.

Thare wald nocht be sic brawlyng at the bar,
Nor men of law loup to sic royall rent[1]:
To keip the law, gif all men wer content,
And ilk man do, as he wald be done to,
The jugis wald get lytill thyng ado.

The propheit David, kyng of Israell,
Compyld the plesand psalmes of the Psaltair,
In his awin proper toung, as I heir tell,
And Salomon, quhilk wes his sone, and air,
Did mak his buke intill his toung vulgair;
Quhy suld nocht thair saying be till us schawin,
In our language, I wald the caus wer knawin.

Lat doctouris wryte thair curious questionis,
And argumentis, sawin full of sophistrie;
Thair logick, and thair heich opinionis,
Thair dirk jugements of astronomie,
Thair medecyne, and thair philosophie;
Lat poets schaw thair glorious ingyne,
As ever thay pleis, in Greik, or in Latyne:

Bot, let us haif the buikis necessare,
To commounweill, and our salvatioun,
Justlye translait in our toung vulgare:
And als I mak the supplicatioun,

[1] Such had been the effect of the court of session, during twenty years, that *men of law* acquired royal estates.

O gentyll redar, haif na indignatioun,
Thinkand I mell[1] me with sa hie matair:
Now to my purpose fordwart will I fair[2].

THE CREATIOUN OF ADAM AND EVE[3].

QUHEN God had maid the hevinis bricht,
The sone, and mone, for to gyf licht,
The sterry hevin, and christallyne,
And, be his sapience divyne,
The planeitis in thair circles round,
Quhirling about with merrie sound;
Of quhome Phebus was principall,
Juste in his lyne eclipticall:
And, gave[4] be divyne sapience,
Till every ster thair influence,
With motioun continuall;
Quhilk doith indure perpetuall:
And farrest frome the hevin empyre,
The erth, the water, air, and fyre,
He cled the erth with herbis, and treis,
All kynd of fisches in the seis;
All kynd of beist, he did prepair,
With fowlis, fleing in the air:

[1] meddle. [2] go, pass.

[3] For the creation of Adam and Eve, see the first chapter of Lydgate's Tragedies.

[4] [3] and, *God* gave, &c.

Thus, be his word, all thyng was wrocht,
Without materiall maid of nocht:
Sa be his wysdome infinyte,
All wes maid plesand, and perfyte.
Quhen hevin, and erth, and thair contentis,
Wer endit, with thair ornamentis;
Than, last of all, the Lord began,
Off maist vyle erth to mak the man:
Nocht of the lillie, nor the rose,
Nor cyper tre, as I suppose;
Nouther of gold, nor precious stanis;
Of erth he maid, flesche, blude, and banis:
To that intent, God maid him thus,
That man suld nocht be glorious:
Nor, in himself, nathyng suld se,
Bot, mater of humilite.
Quhen man wes maid, as I have tauld,
God, in his face, did him behauld;
Breithand in him ane lyflie spreit:
Quhen all thir werkis wer compleit,
He maid man to his similitude,
Precelland into pulchritude,
Dotit with giftis of nature,
Abufe all erthlye creature:
Syne, plesandlye, did him convoy
To ane regioun, repleit with joy,
Of all plesour, quhilk buir the pryce[1],
And callit erthly paradyce;

[1] bore the prize

And brocht, be divyne providence,
All beistis and birdis till his presence:
Adam did craftelye impone
Ane speciall name till every one;
And to all thyngis materiall
Ane name he gaif in speciall:
How he thame namit yit bene kend,
And sal be, to the warldis end.
Into that gardyng of plesance,
Twa treis grew maist till avance;
Abufe all uther, quhilk buir the pryce,
In middis of that paradyce:
The ane was callit the tre of lyfe,
The uther tre began our stryfe:
The tre to knaw, baith gude, and evill,
Quhilk, be perswasioun of the devill,
Began our miserie, and woe:—
Bot, lat us to our purpose go.

How God gave Adam strait command,
That tre to twyche nocht[1] with his hand:
All uther fructis of paradyse
He bad him eit at his devyse[2];
Sayand, Gif thou eit of this tre,
With doubill deith than sall thou de[3];
Tharefor, I the command, bewar,
And fróme this tre, thou stand afar:

[1] "*That trie not to twitch,*" in ed. 1597. [2] will, pleasure.
[3] "*then thou sall die,*" in ed. 1597.

Yit, father Adam wes allane,
But cumpanye of ony ane:
Than, thocht the Lord it necessare,
Till hym to create ane helpare[1].
God pat in Adam sic sapour[2],
That for to sleip he tuke plesour,
And laid him doun upon the grounnd;
And[3] quhen Adam was sleipand sound,
He tuke ane rib furth of his syde,
Syne fill'd it up with flesche, and hyde:
And maid ane woman of that bone,
Fairer of forme wes never none:
Than, till Adam, incontinent,
That fair lady he did present;
Quhilk schortlye said, for to conclude,
Thow art my flesche, my banis, and blude.
And Virago he callit hir than,
Quhilk is interpreit, maid of man;
Quhilk Eva efterwart wes namit,
Quhen, for hir falt, scho was defamit:
Than, did the lord thame[4] sanctifie,
Saying, Incres and multyplie.
Be this, men suld leif all thair kyn,
And, with thair wyffis, mak dwellyn:

[1] "*To creat to him ane helper*," in the ed. 1597.
[2] soporiferousness.
[3] "*and*," in the first editions; "*syne*," in ed. 1597.
[4] "*thame*," in the first editions; "*him*," in ed. 1597.

And, for thair saik, leif father and mother,
And lufe thame best, abufe all uther:
For, God hes ordanit thame trewlye,
To be twa saulis, in ane bodye.
My wit is waik[1] for till indyte
Thair hevinlye plesouris infinyte.
Wes never na erthlie creature
Sen syne had sic perfyte plesure,
Thay had puissance imperiall,
Abufe all thingis materiall.
Als cunnyng clerkis dois conclude,
Adam precellit in pulchritude,
Maist naturall, and the fairest man,
That ever wes, sen the warld began;
Except Christ Jesu, Goddis sonne,
To quhome wes na comparisone.
And Eva, the fairest creature,
That ever wes formit, be nature.
Thocht thay wer nakit, as thay wer maid,
Na schame ather of uther had[2].
Quhat plesour mycht ane man haif more,
Nor haif his lady him before:
Sa lustye, plesand, and perfyte,
Reddye to serve his appetyte.
Thay had nane uther cure, I wis[3],
Bot, past thair tyme with joy, and blis,

[1] dull. [2] each of the other had. [3] know.

Wyld beistis did to thame repair,
Sa did the fowlis of the air,
With noyis maist angelicall,
Makand thame mirthis musicall.
The fisches swemand in the strandis,
Wer haillye at thair commandis.
All creaturis, with ane accorde,
Obeyit him, as thair soverane lorde:
Thay sufferit nouther heit, nor cald,
With every plesour that thay wald.
Als to the deith thay wer nocht thrall,
And richt sa suld we have bene all:
For he and all his successouris
Suld have possedit[1] those plesouris:
Syne, from that joye materiall,
Gane to the glore imperiall.
Thay had, gif I can richt discryve,
Greit joy, in all thair wittis fyve;
In heiryng, seing, gusting, smelling;
Induring thair delytesum dwelling;
Heiryng the birdis harmoneis;
Taistyng the fructis of divers treis:
Smellyng the balmye dulce odouris,
Quhilk did proceid frome fragrant flowris;

[1] "*possedit*," in the four first editions; "*possessit*," in the ed. 1597:—*possedit* was the word in use; as in G. Douglas:
"Than, lat us strive, that realme for to *possede*."

Seing sa mony hevinlye hewis,
Of blomes brekyng on the bewis;
Of twycheyng als thay had delyte,
Of utheris bodeis soft, and quhyte;
But dout, induryng that plesour,
Thay luffit uther paramour.
Na marvell bene thocht swa suld be[1],
Consideryng thair greit bewte.
Als God gave thame command expres,
To multiplie and till incres;
That thair seid and successioun
Micht pleneis every natioun.
I list nocht tarye till declare[2]
All properteis of that place, preclare:
How herbis, and treis, grew ay grene[3],
Nor of the temperat air serene:
How fructis indeficient,
Ay, alyke[4] rype, and redolent:
Nor of the fontane, nor the fludis,
Nor, of the flowris pulchritudis.
That mater clerkis dois declair;
Quharefor I speik of thame na mair.

[1] This is the reading of the ed. 1552, 1558, 1568; "Na marvell thought swa suld be," in ed. 1574: "Na marvell thought *that* sa suld be," in ed. 1597.

[2] "*for to* declare," in ed. 1597.

[3] "*sa* grene," in the ed. 1597.

[4] "*wer alyke*," in ed. 1597.

The Scripture makis na mentioun,
How lang they rang in that regioun:
Bot, I beleve, the tyme wes schort,
As dyvers doctours dois report.

OF THE MISERABILL TRANSGRESSIOUN OF ADAM [1].

FATHER, how happinit that mischance?
Quod I, schaw me the circumstance;
Declair to me that cairfull cace,
How Adam lost that plesand place;
Frome him, and his successioun,
How did proceid that transgressioun?

EXPERIENCE.

Quod he, Efter my rude ingyne,
I sall rehers the that rewyne.
Quhen God, the plasmatour[2] of all,
Into the hevin imperiall
Did creat all the angels bricht,
He maid ane angell maist of micht,
To quhome he gaif preheminence
Abufe thame all in sapience;

[1] This great event is treated of in the first chapter of Lydgate's Tragedies.

[2] maker, creator; as in Gawin Douglas, speaking also of God: "Hie *plasmatour* of thyngis universal."

Because all uther he did prefer,
Namit he wes bricht Lucifer.
He wes sa plesant, and sa fair,
He thocht himself without compair;
And grew sa gay, and glorious,
He gan[1] to be presumpteous;
And thocht, that he wald set his sait
Into the north, and mak debait,
Agane[2] the majeste divyne,
Quhilk wes the cause of his rewyne:
For, he incurrit Goddis yre,
And baneist from the hevin impyre;
With angellis mony ane legioun,
Quhilks wer of his opinioun,
Innumerabill with him thare fell,
Sum lychtit in the lawest hell;
Sum in the sey did mak repair,
Sum in the erth, sum in the air:
That maist unhappy cumpanye
At father Adam had invye;
Persaveyng Adam, and his seid,
Into thair places to succeid.
The serpent wes the subtellest,
Above all beistis, and craftiest.
Than Sathan, with ane fals intent,
Did enter into that serpent;

[1] began. [2] "*contrair*," in ed. 1597.

Imagenyng sum craftie wyle,
How he micht Adam best begyle,
And gar him brek commandement;
Bot, to the woman first he went,
Traistyng the better to prevaill,
Full subtellye did hir assaill.
With facund wordis fals, and fair,
He grew with hir familiar;
That, he his purpose micht avance,
Belevand in hir inconstance.
Quhat is the cause, madame, said he,
That ye forbeir yon plesand tre,
Quhilk bene, but peir[1], maist precious,
Quhais fruct bene maist delicious?
I n'ill[2], quod scho, thareto accord,
We ar forbiddin be the Lord;
The quhilk hes gevin us libertie
Till eit of every fruct, and trie,
Quhilk growis into paradyse;
Brek we command we ar nocht wyse,
He gave till us ane strait command,
That tre to twyche nocht with our hand;
Eit we of it, without remeid,
He said, but dout, we sall be deid.

[1] Which is, without equal.

[2] I will not, quoth she; as in Chaucer: *n'ill* is an abbreviation of *ne will*, will not: So in The Geste of Kyng Horn:

"Drynke *nulle* of dysh:"—*Ne wil i.*

Beleif nocht that, said the serpent,
Eit ye of it incontinent;
Repleit ye sall be with science,
And haif perfyte intelligence;
Lyke God himself, of evill, and gude,
Than haistelie for to conclude.
Heiryng of this prerogatyve,
Scho pullit doun the fruct, belyve[1],
Throuch counsall of the fals serpent,
And eit of it to that intent[2],
And pat hir husband in beleve,
That plesand fruct gif he wald preve[3],
That he suld be als sapient
As the greit God omnipotent;
Think ye nocht that[4] ane plesand thing,
That we lyke God suld ever ring?
He heirand this narratioun,
And be hir solistatioun,
Movit be prydefull ambitioun,
He eit on that conditioun:
The principall poyntis of this offence
War[5] pryde, and inobedience;
Desyring for to be equall
To God, the creatour of all,

[1] immediately.

[2] "*to that intent,*" in the first editions; "*incontinent,*" in ed. 1597.

[3] would taste. [4] "*that,*" in the first ed.; "*it,*" in ed. 1597.

[5] "*war,*" were; in the first editions; "*was,*" in ed. 1597.

Allace! Adam, quhy did thow so?
Quhy causit thow this mortall wo?
Had thow bene constant, firme, and stabill,
Thy glore had bene incomparabill;
Quhare wes thy consideratioun,
Quhilk had the dominatioun
Of every levand creature,
That God had formit, be nature,
Till use thame at thy awin devyse?
Wes thow nocht prince of paradyse?
Wes never man, sensyne, on lyve,
That God gave sik prerogatyve.
He gaif the strenth above Sampson,
And sapience mair then Salomon.
Young Absolon, in his tyme, maist fair,
To thy bewte, wes na compair.
Aristotyll, thow did precell,
Into philosophie naturall;
Virgill intill his poetrie,
Nor Cicero, intill oratrie,
War never half sa eloquent:
Quhy brak thow Goddis commandement?
Quhare wes thy wit, that wald nocht flee,
Far from the presence of that tree?
Gave nocht thy maker the fre will,
To tak the gude, and leif the evill?
How micht thy forfault be excusit,
That Goddis commandement refusit?

Throuch thy wyffis perswasioun,
Quhilk hes bene the occasioun;
Sen syne, that monie nobill men,
Be the evill counsale of wemen,
Alluterlye destroyit bene,
As in the storeis[1] may be sene;
Quhilk, now, we neid nocht till[2] declair,
Bot fordwart till our purpose fair[3].
Quhen thay had eitin of the frute,
Of joye than war thay destitute:
Than, gan thay baith for to think schame,
And to be naikit thocht defame:
And maid them breikis[4] of leifis gren e,
That thair secreitis suld nocht be sene:
Bot, in the stait of innocence,
Thay had nane sic experience,
Bot, quhen thay war to sin subjectit[5],
To schame and dreid[6] thay war coactit:
And, in ane busk[7] thay did thame close,
Aschamit of the Lordis voce;
Quhilk callit Adam, be his name,
Quod he, My Lord, I think greit schame,

[1] "*storeis*," in ed. 1552, and 1558; "*historyis*," in the subsequent editions.

[2] "*not to*," in ed. 1597. [3] go, pass. [4] breeches.

[5] so in the first editions; "*quhen to sin they were subjectit*," in the edition 1597.

[6] *sin*, in ed. 1597.

[7] a bush; so *busk* in R. of Brunne, and Chaucer.

Naikit to cum to thy presence.
Thow had nane sic experience,
Quod God, quhen thow wes innocent;
Quhy brak thow my commandement?
Allace! quod Adam, to the Lord,
The verite I sall record:
This woman, that thow gaif to me,
Gart me eit of yon plesand tre.
Richt sa, the woman hir excusit,
And said, The serpent me abusit.
Than, to the serpent, God said thus:
O thow dissaver venemous!
Because the woman thow begylit,
From thynefurth, sall thow be exylit,
Curst, and waryit, sall thow be;
Sa, sall thy seid be efter thee:
Cauld erth sal be thy fude also,
And creipand on thy breist sall go:
Als[1], I sall put enemité
Betwix the woman, ever, and the,
Betwixt thy seid, and womanis seid,
Sal be continuall mortall feid;
Howbeit, thow hes wrocht thir mischevis,
It sall nocht be as thow belevis:
Sic seid sal be, in woman, sawin,
That thy power sal be down thrawin;

[1] The edition 1597 has interpolated "*and*" before *als*.

Treddyng thy heid, that thow may feill,
And thow sall tred him on the heill.
This was his promys, and meining,
That the immaculate virging
Suld beir the prince omnipotent,
Quhilk suld tred doun that fals serpent:
Sathan, and all his cumpanye,
And thame confounde alluterlye.

COURTEOUR.

Quod I, Gif Sathan, prince of hell,
Spak, in the serpent, as ye tell,
And beistis can na way sinne at all,
Quhy wes the serpent maid sa thrall?
I heir men say, affore that hour,
The serpent had ane fair figour:
And yeid straucht up[1] upon his feit,
And had his membris all compleit,
As utheris[2] beistis upon the bent.

EXPERIENCE.

Quod he, For he wes instrument
To Sathan, in this miserie,
Puneist he wes, as ye may sie;
As, be experience, thow may knaw,
Expres into the common law:

[1] walked straight up. [2] "*uther*," in ed. 1597.

Ane man convickit for bugerie,
The beist is brynt, als weill as he:
Howbeit the beist be innocent,
And sa befell of the serpent.
It was the feynd full of dispyte,
Of Adamis fall, quhilk had the wyte[1];
As he hes had of many mo,
Bot, till our purpose lat us go,—
Than to the woman, for hir offence,
God did pronunce this sair sentence:
All plesour that thow had afforrow[2],
Sall changit be in lesting sorrow:
Quhare that thou suld with mirth, and joy,
Have borne thy birth, but pane, or noy[3];
Now, all thy bairnis sall thou bair
With dolour, and continuall cair:
And thow sal be, for oucht thou can,
Ever subjectit to the man.
Be this sentence, God did conclude,
Wemen, from libertie, denude;
Quhilk, be experience, ye may se,
How quenis of maist hie degre
Ar under maist subjectioun,
And sufferis maist correctioun:
For, thay, lyke birdis intill ane cage,
Ar keipit ay under thirlage[4]:

[1] blame. [2] "*beforrow*," in ed. 1597.
[3] trouble. [4] restriction.

Sa, all wemen, in thair degre,
Suld to thair men subjectit be:
Howbeit, sum yit will stryve for stait,
And for the maistrie mak debait;
Quhilk, gif thay want, baith evin, and morrow,
Thair men will suffer mekill sorrow.
Of Eve, thay tak that qualite,
To desyre soveranite.
And than, till Adam said the Lord:
Becaus, that thow hes done accord
Thy will[1], and harknit to thy wyfe,
Now, sall thow lose this plesand lyfe:
Thow wes till hir obedient;
Bot, thow brak my commandement:
Cursit, and barren, the eirth sall be,
Quhare ever thow gois, till that thow de,
Bot, thrissill, nettill, breir, and thorne,
But laubour, it sall beir na corne,
For fude, thow gettis nane uther beild[2],
Bot, eit the herbis upon the feild;
Sair laubouring till thy browis sweit,
From thyne furth, sall thow win thy meit:
I maid the of the eirth certane;
And thow, in eirth, sall turne agane:
Than, maid he thame abuilzement[3],
Of skinnis, ane raggit rayment;

[1] according to thy own will.
[2] *beild*, for the rhyme; refuge. [3] clothing.

Thame, to preserve, from heit, and cauld;
Than, grew thair dolour monyfauld:
Now, Adam, ye ar lyke till us,
With your gay garment glorious.
To thame, thir wordis, said the Lorde;
Than, cryit thay baith misericorde,
Quhen, frome that garth[1], with hartis sore,
Banischit thay wer, for evermore,
Into this wrechit vayle of sorrow,
With daylie laubour, evin, and morrow:
Efter quhais dolorous departing,
The Lord gave paradyse, in keping,
Till ane angell of cherubin,
That nane suld have entres tharein;
At the quhilk entres, he did stand,
With flammand, fyrie sword, in hand:
To keip that Adam, and his wyfe,
Suld nocht taist of the tre of lyfe;
For, gif thay of that tre had previt[2],
Perpetuallye they micht have levit:
So Adam, and his successioun,
Of paradyse tynt possessioun:
And, be this sin originall,
War men, to miserie, maid thrall.
My sonne, now may thow cleirly sé
This warld began with miserie;

[1] garden. [2] *gif*, if;—*previt*, tasted.

With miserie it doith proceid,
Quhais fyne[1] sall dolour be, and dreid.

COURTEOUR.

Father, quod I, quhat kynd of lyfe
Led Adam, with his lustye wyfe,
Efter thair bailfull banisching?

EXPERIENCE.

Quod he, Continuall waimenting[2]:
My hart hes yit compassioun,
How thay went wandryng, up and doun;
Weipyng, with mony loude allace!
That thay had lost that plesand place,
In wildernes to be exylde,
Quhare thay fand nocht, bot beistis[3] wylde;
Menassing thame, for till devore,
Quhilkis, all obedient, war affore.

COURTEOUR.

Father, quod I, in quhat countre.
Did Adam leif[4], efter that he
Was banischit from that delyte?

EXPERIENCE.

Clerkis, quod he, hes put in wryte,

[1] end. [2] lamentation; as in Chaucer:
"The grete clamour, and *waimenting*."
[3] "*tries*," in ed. 1597. [4] live.

How Adam dwelt with mekill baill[1],
In Mamre, in that lustye vaill,
Quhilk efter was the Jewis land,
Quhare yit his sepulture dois stand:
I list nocht tarie till discryve
The wo of Adam, nor his wyve:
Nor tell, how[2] thay had sonnis two,
Cain, and Abell, and no mo:
Nor, how curst Cain, for invy,
Did slay his brother, cruelly:
Nor, of thair murnyng, nor thair mone,
Quhen thay, but sonnis, wer left alone:
Abell lay slane upone the ground:
Curst Cain flemit[3], and vagabound:
Nor, how God of his speciall grace,
Send thame the thrid sonne fair of face,
Maist lyke Adam of flesche, and blude;
Seth was his name, gracious, and gude:
Nor, how blinde Lamech, rakleslie[4],
Did slay Cain, unhappelie:
Adam, as clerkis dois discryve,
Begat with Eve, his wofull wyve,
Of men children, threttie and twa,
And of dochteris, alyke alswa:
Be this thou may weill understand,
That Adam saw monie ane thowsand,

[1] much sorrow.
[2] "*quhen*," in the first edition.
[3] banished.
[4] carelessly.

That of his bodie did discend,
Or he out of the warld did wend.
Adam leifit, in eirth, but weir[1],
Compleit nyne hundreth and thretty yeir,
And all his dayis war bot sorrow,
Rememberyng, baith evin, and morrow,
Of paradyse, the prosperitie,
Syne of his greit miseritie[2],
His hart micht never be rejoysit,
Remembryng how the hevin wes cloisit,
Frome him, and his successioun,
And that, be his transgressioun,
Efter his deith, as I heir tell,
His saul discendit to the hell,
And thare remanit presoneir,
In that dungeoun, thre thowsand yeir,
And mair, sa did baith evill, and gude,
Till Christ for thame had sched his blude;
Than, be that maist precious ransoun,
Thay wer delyverit of presoun.
I have declarit, now[3], as I can,
The miserie of the first man.

[1] without doubt.
[2] *miseritie*, for the rhyme; *miserie*.
[3] "*now declairit*," in ed. 1597.

HOW GOD DESTROYIT ALL LEVAND CREATURES IN EIRTH, FOR SIN, AND DROWNIT THAME, BE ANE TERRIBILL FLUDE, IN THE TYME OF NOE.

COURTEOUR.

PRUDENT father, Experience,
Declair to me, or ye ga hence;
Quhat wes the cause, God did destroye
All creatures, in the tyme of Noye?

EXPERIENCE.

Quod he, I trimmyll for to tell,
That infortune how it befell:
The caus bene sa abhominabill,
And the mater sa miserabill:
Bot, for to schaw the circumstance,
Manifestlye, of that mischance,
First, I mon gar the understand,
How Adam gaif expresse command,
That those quhilks come[1] of Sethis blude,
Becaus thay wer gracious, and gude,
Suld nocht contract with Cainis kin,
Quhilkis wer inclynit all to sin.
Till observe that commandiment,
Cain past into the orient[2],
With his wyfe, callit Calmana,
Quhilk was his awin sister alswa;

[1] "*To those that came*," in ed. 1597. [2] the *east*.

Quhare his offspryng did lang remane,
Besyde the Montane of Tarbane.
And Seth did lang tyme lede his lyfe,
With Delbora, his prudent wyfe;
Quhilk wes his sister gude, and fair,
In Damascene, maid thair repair:
In that countre, of Sethis clan
Discendit monie haly man.
Sa lang as Adam wes levand,
The pepill did observe command;
Quhen he wes dede, and laid in ground,
And pepill greitlie did abound:
And Cain slane, as I have schawin,
And Sethis dayis all over blawin.
The sonnis than of Sethis blude,
Seand the plesand pulchritude,
Off the ladyis of Cainis kin,
Howbeit, thay knew weill it wes sin[1],
Opprest with sensuall lustis rage,
Did tak thame into mariage;
And sa corruptit wes that blude,
The gude, with evill, and evill, with gude:
Than, as the pepill did incres,
Thay did abound in wickitnes;
As halie Scripture dois rehers,
Quhilk, I abhor to put in vers:

[1] "*Howbeit thay knew that it was sin,*" in ed. 1597.

Or tell, with toung, I am nocht abill,
The suthe bene sa abhominabill:
How men, and wemen, schamefullye,
Abusit thameselfis unnaturallye;
Quhais foull abhominatioun,
And uncouthe fornicatioun,
I think greit schame to put in wryte
All, that Paul Orose doith indyte[1]:
Quhilk, gif[2] I wald at lenth declair,
It wer yneuch to fyle the air.
Gret clerkis of antiquiteis
Hes wryttin mony trew storeis,
Quhilks ar worthy to be commendit,
Howbeit thay be nocht comprehendit,
At lenth in the divyne Scripture;
Bot, I sall do my besye cure,
To tak the best, (as I suppose)
That maist pertenis to my purpose[3]:
And, with support of Christ, our king,
I purpose to confirme na thing,

[1] "*Evin as Paul Orose dois indyte*" is the reading of the ed. 1597: Orosius lived, at the beginning of the 5th century: His history was translated into A.-Saxon by the great Alfred; and translated into English, by the Hon. Daines Barington; and published by him, in 1773.

[2] "*and gif*," in the ed. 1597.

[3] Such is the reading of the ed. 1568, 1574, and 1597, in opposition to the ed. 1552, and 1558, which have, "That *most* pertenis my purpose."

Of the auld historicience[1],
Contrarious till his excellence;
Howbeit, that sum mennis traditiouns
Be contrair Christis institutiouns,
Of thame, thocht sum thing, I declair,
Now, lat us proceid further mair;
And with ane language lamentabill,
Declair this mater miserabill.

COURTEOUR.

Father, the causis wald I knaw,
Quhy thay of nature brak the law?

EXPERIENCE.

I traist, quod he, that wickitnes
Generit throw slewthfull idilnes:
The devill, with all the craft he can,
Quhen he persavis ane idill man,
Or woman, gevin till idilnes,
He gettis esylie entres;
And sa, be this occasioun,
And be the feindis perswasioun,
The hail warld, universallye,
Corruptit was, alluterlye.

COURTEOUR.

Quhat wes the caus thay idill ware?
That cace, quod I, to me declare.

[1] old historians: *historicience* for the rhyme.

EXPERIENCE.

Quod he, Be my imaginatioun,
For lack of vertuous occupatioun:
For, of craftis, thay had small usage,
Of marchandyce, nor lawborage:
The eirth then wes sa plenteous,
Of fruct, and spyce, delicious:
The herbis wer sa confortabill,
Delytesum, and medicinabill:
The fontanis fresche, and redolent,
To laubouring, thay tuke lytill tent:
All maner of beistis, at thair plesour,
Did multyplie, without lawbour,
The tyme, betwix Adam and Noye,
To se the eirth, it wes greit joye;
Plantit with precious treis of pryce,
Four famous fludis of paradyce
Ran throw the eirth, in syndrie partis;
Spreidyng thair branchis, in all airtis.
The water was sa strang, and fyne,
They wald nocht lawbour, to mak wyne;
The fruct, and herbis, wer sa gude,
Thay maid na cair, for uther fude:
And sa, the pepill tuke na cure,
Bot, past thair[1] tyme, at thair plesure;
Ay fyndand new inventionis,
To fulfill thair intentionis:

[1] "*the*," in ed. 1537.

Sa, that the Lord, omnipotent,
That he maid man, did him repent;
And schew untill his servand Noy,
That he wald all the warld destroy,
Except himself, and his meinye.
Allace! quod Noe, quhen sall that be?
Than, said the Lord, Sen thow sa speiris,
I sall prolong sax scoir of yeiris;
Tarying upone thair repentence,
Or I fulfyll my just sentence.
In the meine tyme, fall thow to wark,
Incontinent, and build ane ark;
Quhilk, Noe began, obedientlye,
And wrocht on it, continuallye:
And, to the pepill, daylie preichit,
To cry, for grace, he to them teichit:
And to thame planelie, did declair,
That God, his wand, na mair wald spair;
Bot, on thame, he wald wyrk vengence;
To Noe yit gave thay na credence;
And sa, thay wer incounsolabill,
Using thair luste abhominabill:
And tuke his preiching, in despyte;
Ay, followyng thair foull delyte;
Mair, and mair, till that dulefull day,
Quhilk all the warld pat in effray.

COURTEOUR.

Father, ye gart me understand,
Quhen Adam brak the Lordis command,

Till augment his afflictioun,
God gave his maledictioun
Unto the eirth, quhilk wes sa fair,
That it suld barren be, and bair,
And without lawbour, beir na corne,
Nor fruct, bot thrissill, breir, and thorne;
Now, say ye, in the tyme of Noy,
To se the eirth, it wes gret joy,
Plantit with fructis, gude, and fair,
The suthe of this, to me declair:
Thir sayingis twa, gar me considder,
How ye mak thame agre togidder?

EXPERIENCE.

God maid that promys sickerlye,
Howbeit, it come nocht instantlye;
Quod he, as clerkis dois conclude,
Bot efter, quhen the furious flude
Distroyit the eirth, allutterlye,
Than, came that promys, sickerlye.
Evin siclyke as God gave command,
Adam to twyche nocht[1] with his hand;
Nor eit of the forbiddin tre,
Gif he did sa, that he suld de:
Howbeit, he deit nocht, but weir[2],
Efter that day nyne hundreth yeir:
Richt sa the propheit Esaias,
Speikand of Christ the greit Messias:

[1] "*Adam sould not touch,*" in ed. 1597. [2] without doubt.

Sayand the barne is till us borne[1],
To saif mankynd, quhilk is forlorne,
As he had bene borne instantlye,
Yit wes he nocht borne verelye,
Efter that saying mony ane yeir,
As in the Scripture thow may heir,
Ane thowsand yeir quha recknith richt,
Is bot[2] ane houre in Goddis sicht:
Exemplis mony, I micht tell,
Wer it nocht tedious, for to dwell.
Till our purpois lat us proceid;
Schawand the heycht[3], the lenth, and breid,
And qualite[4] of Noyis ark,
Quhilk wes ane richt excellent wark:
Of pyne tre maid, bound weill about,
Laid ovir with pik, within, and out,
Joynit full clois with nailes strang,
And wes thre hundreth cubitis lang,
Fifty in breid, thretty in hicht,
Thre chalmeris, joynit weill, and wicht,
And everilk loft above ane uther,
Withouttin anker, air, or ruther[5],
Ane richt cubite, as I heir tell,
Of mesour now, micht be ane ell[6];

1 "*bairne is to be borne,*" in the ed. 1597. 2 "*as,*" in ed. 1597.
3 *and,* after *heycht,* in ed. 1552, and 1558.
4 "*quantitie,*" in ed. 1597, for "*qualitie,*" in the early editions.
5 without *anchor, oar,* or *rudder.*
6 Lyndsay seems not to have had a distinct notion of the

In the mid syde, ane dure thare wes,
For beistis ane esie entres.
This ark, quhilk wes baith lang, and large,
Maid in the bottome, lyke ane barge;
Coverit with buirdes weill abufe,
Maist lyke ane hous, with set on rufe;
Quhais riggin was ane cubit braid,
Quharein thare wes ane windo maid;
Sum sayis, weill closit with christall cleir,
Quharethrouch the daylicht micht weill appeir.
This wark the mair wes to be prysit[1];
Becaus, be God, it wes devysit.
The makyng of this ark, but weir,
Indurit weill ane hundreth yeir.
Quhen Noe had done compleit[2] this wark,
God did him close within the ark,
With him his wyfe, and sonnis thre,
With thair thre wyfis, but mo menze.

cubit. In the Scripture, the *cubit* is of two different lengths: The one, according to Dr. Arbuthnot, is equal to 1 foot 9 inches $\frac{888}{1000}$ of an inch English measure, being the fourth part of a fathom: The other cubit is equal to 1 $\frac{824}{1000}$ foot. The cubit, which was in use, among the antients, was taken from the ordinary extent of a man's arm, between the elbow and the tip of the hand. The Jewish cubit was equal to 1.8245 English feet, or 21.894 inches. See the table, in Calmet's Dict. iii. p. 571.

[1] the edition 1597 has "*praisit.*"

[2] "*endit,*" in ed. 1597.

And of all fowlis[1] of the air,
Of everilk kynde, enterit ane pair.
Richt sa, twa beistis of everilk kynde,
For quhy, it wes the Lordis mynde,
That generatioun suld nocht faill;
Quharefor, of femaill and of maill,
Of everilk kynde, wer keipit two,
Bot, to reheirs, myne hart is wo,
The dolent lamentatioun,
That tyme, of everilk natioun;
Sayand allace! ane thowsand syis[2],
Quhen wynd, and rane, began to ryis:
The rokis, with reird, began to ryve,
Quhen uglie cluddis did overdryve;
And dirkinnit sa the hevinnis bricht,
That sunne, nor mone, micht schaw na licht,
The terribill trimling of eirthquaik
Gart biggingis bow, and cities schaik:
The thounder raife the cluddis sabill,
With horribill sound espouventabill[3].
The fyreflauchtis[4] flew overthorte the fellis[5],
Than, wes thare nocht, bot yowtis, and yellis[6].
Quhen thay persavit, without remede,
All creaturis to suffer dede:

[1] "*Of all the fowlis*," in the ed. 1597. [2] times.
[3] *espouventabill*; frightful, horrible. [4] lightnings.
[5] across the hills. [6] bellows and roars.

All fontanis frome the eirth up sprang,
And frome the hevin the rain doun dang:
Fourty dayis, and fourty nichtis;
Than ran the pepill to the hichtis:
Sum clam in craigis, and sum in treis,
And sum to heichest montanis fleis,
With mair terrour, nor I can tell,
Bot, all for nocht, the fludis fell,
And wynd did rout, with sic ane reird,
That everilk wicht waryit his weird[1],
Cryand allace! that thay war borne,
Into that floud to be forlorne.
Men micht na help mak to thair wyfis[2],
Nor yit, support thair bairnis lyfis.
The fludis rais with sa greit michtis,
That thay overcoverit all the hichtis;
Thay micht na mair thair lyfis lenth,
Bot, swame, sa lang, as thay had strenth;
And sa, with cryis lamentabill,
Endit thair lyfis miserabill.
Above muntanis, that war maist hie,
Fifty cubitis rais the sie.
Men may imagyne, in thair mynd,
All creature into thair kynd;
Baith beistis, and fowlis, in the air,
In thair maner, maid mekill cair:

[1] cursed his destiny.

[2] "*mak na help for thair wyfis,*" in ed. 1597.

The fisches thocht them evyll[1] begylde,
Quhen they swam throuch the woddis wylde.
Quhalis tumland amang the treis,
Wyld beistis swomand in the seis:
Birdis with mony ane piteous pew,
Afferitlye in the air[2] thay flew;
Sa lang, as they had strenth to flee,
Syne, swatterit doun into the see:
Na thing, on eirth, wes left on lyfe,
Beistis, nor foulis, man, nor wyfe.
God haillye did thame distroye,
Except thame, in the ark, with Noye;
The quhilk lay fleitand on the flode;
Welterand amang the stremis wode,
With mony terrabyll affrayis,
Remanit ane hundreth and fyfty dayis,
In greit langour, and hevynes,
Or wynd, or raine, began to ceis:
Sumtyme, effectuouslye prayand,
Sumtyme, the beistis vesyand:
For, be the Lordis commandement,
He maid provisioun sufficient:
For, Noye dwelt, in that ark, but dout,
Ane yeir compleit, or he come out.
How, at mair lenth, in haly wryte,
This dulefull storye bene indyte:

[1] "*selfis*," for *evyll*, in ed. 1597.

[2] "*earth*," in ed. 1597, put absurdly for *air*.

And how that Noye gan to rejois,
Quhen conduitis of the hevin did clois:
Sa that the rain na mair discendit,
Nor, the flude na mair ascendit.
Quhen he persavit the hevinnis cleir,
He send furth corbie[1] messingeir,
Into the air, for to espy,
Gif he saw ony montanis dry.
Sum sayis the ravin did furth remane,
And come nocht to the ark agane.
Furth flew the dow[2], at Noyis command,
And, quhen scho did persave dry land,
Off ane olyve scho brak ane branche,
That Noye mycht knaw the watter stanche[3].
And thare na mair scho did sodjorne,
Bot, with the branche, scho did returne;
That Noe micht cleirly understand,
That felloun flude was decressand:
And sa it did, till at the last,
The ark, upone the ground, stak fast,
On the tope of ane montane hye,
Into the land of Armenye.

[1] *corbie* is the raven: Hence *corbie messenger* is proverbially applied to one, who does not return on his errand.

[2] the dove; as in the old *Mystery* of *Candlemas-day*; "here are *dowys* tweyne."

[3] So in the early editions: "That Noy *knew* the watter *did* stanche," in the ed. 1597.

And quhen that Noe had done espye,
How that the eirth began to drye;
Than, dang he doun the duris all,
And lowsit thame, the quhilk wes thrall.
The foulis flew furth in the air,
And all the beistis, pair and pair,
Past furth to seik thair pasturages:
Thare wes nane bot aucht personages;
Noe, his thre sonnis, and thair wyvis,
On eirth, that left was with thair lyvis,
Quhom God did blis, and sanctifie;
Sayand, Incres, and multyplie.
God wat gif Noe was blyth, and glaid,
Quhen, of that presoun, he wes fred.
Quhen Noe had maid his sacrifyce,
Thankand God of his benefyce,
He standand on Mont Armenye,
Quhare he the countre micht espye;
Ye may beleve, his hart was sore;
Seing the eirth, quhilk was affore
The flude sa plesand, and perfyte,
Quhilk, to behald, wes greit delyte,
That now was barren maid, and bair,
Afore, quhilk fructuous was, and fair.
The plesand treis, berying frutis,
Wer lyand, revin up be the rutis.
The holsum herbis, and fragrant flouris,
Had tynt baith vertew, and colouris.

The feildis grene, and flüryest meidis,
Wer spulzeit of thair plesand weidis.
The erth, quhilk first wes sa fair formit,
Wes be that furious flude deformit.
Quhare umquhyle[1] wer the plesand planis,
Wer holkit glennis[2], and hie montanis;
Frome clattring craigis, gret, and gray,
The erth was weschin quyte away.
Bot, Noe had greitest displesuris,
Behaldand the dede creaturis;
Quhilk wes ane sicht, richt lamentabill,
Men, wemen, beistis, innumerabill:
Seing thame ly upone the landis,
And sum wer fleitand on the strandis:
Quhalis, and monstouris of the seis,
Stickit on stobis[3], amang the treis;
And quhen the flude was decressand,
Thay wer left welteryng on the land.
Affore the flude, düring that space,
The sey wes all into ane place:
Richt sa, the erth, as bene decydit,
In syndrie partis wes nocht devydit:
As bene Europe, and Asia,
Devydit ar from Africa.

[1] *umquhyle;* some time.
[2] hollowed-out valleys.
[3] sharp-pointed stumps.

Ye se now divers famous ilis,
Stand frome the main land mony mylis[1]:
All thir gret ilis, I understand,
War than equall with the firme land.
Thare wes na sey Mediterrane,
Bot, onely the greit occeane;
Quhilk did nocht spred sik bulryng strandis[2],
As it dois now overthort the landis:
Than, be the ragyng of that flude,
The erth of vertew wes denude;
The quhilk afore wes to be prysit,
Quhais bewtie than wes disagysit:
Than wes the maledictioun knawin,
Quhilk wes be God till Adam schawin.
I reid how clerkis dois conclude,
Induryng that maist furious flude,
With quhilk the erth wes sa opprest,
The wynd blew furth of the south west;
As may be sene, be experience,
How throw the watters violence,
The heich montanis, in every art,
Ar bair fornenst[3] the south west part;
As the montanis of Pyreneis,
The Alpis, and rochis in the seis:

[1] "*Standand from land richt mony myles*," in the ed. 1597.

[2] boiling streams.

[3] *fornenst*; opposite; as in Wiclif.

Richt sa, the rochis gret, and gray,
Quhilk standis into Norroway.
The heichest hillis, in every art[1],
And in Scotland, for the maist part,
Throuch weltryng[2] of that furious flude,
The cragis of erth war maid denude:
Travelling men may considder best
The montanis, bair, nixt the south west.

COURTEOUR.

Declare, quod I, or ye conclude,
How lang levit Noe, efter the flude.

EXPERIENCE.

Quod he, In Genesis, thou may heir,
How that Noe wes sax hundreth yeir,
The tyme of this gret punysment,
And aye to God obedient:
And wes the best of Sethis blude,
And als he levit, efter the flude,
Thre hundreth and fyftie yeiris:
As the same Scripture[3] witnes beiris,
And wes, or he randerit the spreit,
Nyne hundreth and fyftie yeiris compleit.
To schaw this storie, miserabill,
At lenth, my wittis ar nocht abill:

[1] every point of the compass. [2] rolling.
[3] "*As halie Scripture*," in ed. 1597.

And als, my sonne, as I suppose,
It langis[1] nocht till our purpose,
To schaw how Noeis sonnis thre
Gan[2] to incres, and multiplie;
Nor, how that Noe plantit the vyne,
And drank till he wes drounken syne:
And sleipit, with his membris bair,
And how Cham maid, for him, na cair:
Bot leuch[3] to se his father so,
Howbeit, his brether wer richt wo:
Nor how Noe, but restrictioun,
Gave Cham his maledictioun:
And put him under servitude,
To Shem, and Japhet, that wer gude:
Nor how God maid ane covenant,
With Noe, to mak na punysment:
Nor, be na flude, the pepill droun;
In signe of that conditioun,
His rainbow sett into the air,
Of divers hevinlye colouris fair;
For to be ane perpetuall sing[4],
Be flude, to mak[5] na punyssing.
This story gif thow list to knaw,
At lenth, the Bibyll sall the schaw.

[1] it belongs not: So Gawin Douglas:
"All dantyis *langand* till ane kingis feist."
[2] began. [3] laughed. [4] *sing*, for the rhyme; sign.
[5] "*send*," in ed. 1597.

THE SECUND BUKE;

CONTENING THE BUILDING OF BABYLONE BE NIMROD: AND HOW KING NINUS BEGAN THE FIRST MONARCHIE. OF THAIR IDOLATRIE. AND HOW SEMIRAMIS GOVERNIT THE IMPYRE, EFTER HIR HUSBANDE KING NINUS.

COURTEOUR.

FATHER, I pray yow, to me tell,
The first infortune, that befell,
Immediatlye, efter the flude,
And quha did first sched saikles[1] blude:
And quha[2] idolatrye began.

EXPERIENCE.

Quod he, I sall do, as I can:
Efter the flude, I finde na storye,
Worthy to put in memorye,
Till Nimrod began to ring,
Abufe the pepill, as ane king,
Quhilk[3] wes the principall man of one,
That builder was of Babylone.

COURTEOUR.

That story, maister, wald I knaw,
Quod I, gif ye the suthe wald schaw:

[1] guiltless. [2] "*how*," in the ed. 1574, and 1597.
[3] "*and*," in ed. 1597.

Quhy, and for quhat occasioun,
Thay buildit sik ane strang dungeoun.

EXPERIENCE.

Than said to me Experience,
I sall declare, with diligence,
Those questionis, at thy command:
Bot first, sonne, thow mon understand,
Of Nimrod the genológie,
His strenth, curage, and quantitie:
Howbeit, Moyses, in his first buke,
That story lichtlye did ovirluke:
Of him, na mair he doith declare,
Except he was ane strang huntare;
Bot, uther clerkis curious,
As Orose doith, and Josephus;
Discryvis Nimrod, at mair lenth,
Baith of his stature, and his strenth.
This Nimrod was the fourt persoun,
From Noe, be lyne, discending doun:
Noe generit Cham, Cham generit Chus,
And Chus, Nimrod, the suthe bene thus.
This Nimrod grew ane man of micht,
That time in eirth wes nane sa wicht:
He wes ane gyant stout, and strang,
Perforce wyld beistis he doun thrang.
The pepill of that hail[1] regioun
Come under his dominioun.

[1] whole.

Na màn thare wes, in all that land,
His stalwartness, that durst ganestand.
Na marvell wes thocht he wes wicht,
Ten cubitis large he wes of hicht;
Proportionat, in lenth, and breid,
Efferand to his hicht, we reid:
He grew sa greit, and glorious;
Sa prydefull, and presumteous;
That he come inobedient
To the greit God, omnipotent.
This Nimrod was the principall man,
That first idolatrye began.
Than, gart[1] he all the pepill call,
To his presens, baith greit, and small:
And, in that greit conventioun,
Did propone his intentioun:
My freindis, said he, I mak it knawin,
The greit vengeance, that God hes schawin,
In tyme of our fore father, Noe,
Quhen he did all the warld destroye,
And drownd thame in ane furious flude,
Quharefor, I think we suld conclude,
How we may mak ane strang defence
Aganis sik wateris violence:
For to resist his furious ire,
Contrair baith to flude and fyre:
Lat us ga spye sum plesand feild,
Quhare, ane strang bigging we may beild;

[1] caused.

Ane citie, with ane strang dungeoun,
That na ingyne may ding it doun:
Sa heich, sa thik, sa large, and lang,
That God till us sall do na wrang:
It sall surmonte the planetis sevin,
That we frome God may win the hevin.
Those pepill, with ane ferme intent,
All till his counsell did consent:
And did espy ane plesand place,
Harde on the flude of Euphrates.
The pepill thare did them repair[1],
Into the plane feilde of Synear;
Quhilk now of Chaldie beris the name,
Quhilk did lang tyme flureis in fame.
Thair greit fortres than did thay founde[2],
And keist till that thay gat souer[3] grounde:
All fell to wark, baith man and chylde,
Sum holkit[4] claye, sum brynt the tylde[5],
Nimrod, that curious campioun,
Devyser wes of that dungeoun.
Nathing thay spairit thair lawbouris,
Lyke besy beis upone the flowris;
Or emmettis, travelling into June;
Sum under wrocht, and sum abone,

[1] "*prepair,*" in the ed. 1552, and 1558.
[2] "*thay did found,*" in the ed. 1597.
[3] "*sure,*" in ed. 1597 [4] digged.
[5] tiles; *tylde*, for the rhyme.

With strang ingenious masonrye,
Upwart thair werk did fortefye:
With brynt tylde, stanis large, and wicht,
That towre thay raisit to sic hicht[1],
Abufe the airis regioun,
And joynit of sa strang fassioun,
With syment maid of pik and tar,
They usit nane uther mortar:
Thocht fyre or water it assailit,
Contrair that dungeoun, nocht availit;
The land about wes faire and plane,
And it rais lyke ane heich montane.
Those fulische pepill did intende,
That to the hevin it suld ascende:
Sa greit ane strenth wes never sene,
Into the warld, with mennis ene[2]:
The wallis of that wark they maid,
Twa and fyftye faldome[3] braid.
Ane faldome than, as sum men sayis,
Micht bene twa faldome in our dayis;
Ane man wes than of mair stature,
Nor twa be now, thareof be sure.
Josephus haldis opinioun;
Sayand the hicht of this dungeoun,

[1] "*up sa hicht,*" in ed. 1597. [2] men's eyes.

[3] "*faddome*" is repeatedly put, in ed. 1597, for "*faldome*" in the prior editions.

Of large pasis of mesure bene,
Fyve thowsand, aucht score, and fourtene.
Be this reckning, it is full richt,
Fyve[1] mylis and ane half in hicht,
Ane thowsande pais, tak for ane myle,
And thow sall fynd it neare that style.
This towre, in compass, round aboute,
Wer mylis ten, withouttin doute;
About the cetie, wes of staidis[2],
Four hundreth and four score, I wis:
And be this noumer, in compas,
Aboute threscore of mylis it was;
And as Orosius reportis,
Thare wes fyve score of brasen portis.
The translatour of Orosius
Intill his cronicle wryttis thus:
That quhen the sonne is at the hicht,
At none, quhen it doith schyne maist bricht,
The schaddow of that hideous strenth,
Sax myle and mair it is of lenth:
Thus may ye juge into your thocht,
Gif Babylone be heich, or nocht.

[1] "*Sax*," in ed. 1552 and 1558: "*Fyve*," in ed. 1568, 1574, &c. must be the true reading: For, he mentions before, 5 thousand, 8 score and 14 large paces: There are only 1056 geometrical paces in a mile: So, this number would only make 4 miles, 7 furlongs, and nearly 8 poles.

[2] The Jewish *stadium*, or furlong, was equal to 125 geometrical paces, or 667½ English feet. Warton remarks that, the old poets were always happy to get into a *catalogue*.

HOW GOD MAID THE DIVERSITIE OF LANGUAGIS, AND MAID IMPEDIMENT TO THE BUILDARIS[1] OF BABYLON.

THAN the greit God, omnipotent,
To quhome all thingis bene present,
That wes, and is, and ever sall be,
Ar present till his majeste:
The hid secretis of mannis hart,
From his presens may not depart.
He seand the ambitioun,
And the prydefull presumptioun,
How thir proud pepill did pretend[2],
Up throuch the hevinnis till ascend;
Quhilk wes greit folye till devyse
Sik ane presumptuous interpryse:
For, quhen thay wer maist deligent,
Gode maid thame sik impediment,
Thay wer constraynit, with hartis sore,
Frome thyne depart, and build no more;
Sik languagis, on thame he laid,
That nane wist[3] quhat ane uther said;
Quhare wes bot ane language afore,
God send thame languagis threscore;

[1] "*buylding*," in ed. 1597.
[2] "*intend*," in ed. 1597. [3] knew.

Affore that tyme, all spak Hebrew,
Than, sum began for to speik Grew:
Sum Duche, sum language[1] Sarasyne,
And sum began to speik Latyne.
The maister men gan to ga wylde[2],
Cryand for treis, thay brocht thame tylde.
Sum said, Bring mortar heir atanis,
Than, brocht thay to thame stockis and stanis,
And Nimrod thair greit campioun
Ran rageand, lyke ane wylde lyoun,
Menassyng thame with wordis rude;
Bot never ane word thay understude.
Affore thay fand him gude, and kynde,
Bot than, thay thocht him by his mynd[3],
Quhen he sa furiouslie did flyte,
Than turnit his pryde into dispyte;
Sa dark eclipsit wes his glore,
Quhen they wald wyrk for him no more.
Behald! how God wes sa gracious,
To thame, quhilk wer sa outrageous:
He nother braik thair leggis, nor armis,
Nor yit did thame[4] nane uther harmis;
Except, of toungis divisioun,
And for fynall conclusioun,

[1] "*language*" is left out, *before* Sarasyne, in the ed. 1597.
[2] began to go wild.
[3] out of his mind; mad.
[4] "*Nor did to them,*" in the ed. 1597.

Constraynit thay wer for till depart,
Ilk cumpanye in ane syndrie art.
Sum past into the orient,
And sum into the occident:
Sum south, sum north, as thay thocht best,
And sa, thair poleysie left waist:
Bot, how that citie wes repairit,
Heirefter, it sal be declairit.

OF THE FIRST INVENTIOUN OF IDOLATRIE. HOW NIMROD COMPELLIT THE PEPILL TILL ADORE THE FYRE IN CALDEA.

COURTEOUR.

Now, schir, said I, schaw me the man,
Quhilk first idolatrie began.

EXPERIENCE.

That sall I do, with all my hart,
My sonne, said he, or we depart:
Quhen Nimrod saw his purpose failit,
And his greit laubour nocht availit:
In maner of contemptioun,
Departit furth of that regioun:
And, as Orosius doith reherse,
He past into the land of Perse;
And mony ane yeir did thare remane;
And syne, to Babylone come agane,

And fand huge pepill of[1] Caldie,
Remainand in that greit citie;
That wer glaid of his returning,
And did obey him as thair king.
Nimrod, his name for till avance,
Amang thame maid new ordinance;
Sayand, I think ye ar nocht wyse,
That to nane God makis sacrifyce.
Than, to fulfill his fals desyre,
He gart be maid ane flammand fyre:
He maid it of sik breid and hicht,
He gart it byrn, baith day, and nicht:
Than, all the pepill of that land,
Adorit the fyre, at his command:
Prostermit[2] on kneis, and facis,
Beseikand thair new God of gracis,
To geve thame mair occasioun,
He maid thame greit perswasioun:
This God, said he, is maist of micht,
Schawand his bemis on the nicht,
Quhen sone, and mone, ar baith obscure,
His hevinlie brichtnes doith indure;
Quhen mennis memberis sufferis cald,
Fyre warmis thame, evin as thay wald:
Than cryit the pepill, at his desyre,
Thare is na God, except the fyre.

[1] "*in*," in ed. 1597. [2] prostrated.

Or thare was ony imagerie,
Began this first idolatrie.
At that tyme, thare was nane usage,
To carve, nor for to paynt image:
Than maid he proclamatioun,
Quha maid nocht adoratioun
To that new God, without remede,
Into that fyre suld suffer dede.
I find na man, into that lande,
His tyrannie, that durste ganestande,
Bot Abraham, and Aram, his brother,
That disobeyit, I fynd nane uther;
Quhilk dwelland war, in that cuntré,
With thair father callit Tharé.
Thir brether, Nimrod, did repreve;
Sayand till him, Lord, with your leve,
This fyre is bot ane element:
Pray ye to God omnipotent,
Quhilk maid the hevinnis, be his micht,
Sone, mone, and sterris, to geve licht.
He maid the fischis in the seis,
The erth, with beistis, herbis, and treis:
And last of all, for to conclude,
He maid man to his similitude.
To that greit God geve pryse, and glore,
Quhais ring induris ever more.
Than, Nimrod, in his furious yre,
Thir brether baith keist in the fyre.

Abraham, be God, he wes preservit,
Bot, Aram, in the fyre he stervit.
Quhen Thare hard his sonne wes dede,
He did depart out of that stede:
With Abraham, Nachor, and thair wyvis,
As the Scripture, at lenthe, discryvis:
And left the land of Caldia,
And paste to Mesopotamia:
And dwelt in Tharan, all his dayis,
And deit thare, as the storye sayis.
The lyfe of Abraham, I suppose,
Na thing langis till our purpose.
Into the Bybill, thow may reid,
His verteous lyfe, in worde, and deid.
Now, to the, I have schawin the man,
That firste idolatrie began.

OF THE GREIT MISERE AND SKAYTHES THAT CUMIS OF WEIRIS. AND HOW KING NIMUS BEGAN THE FIRST WEIRIS, AND STRAE THE FIRST BATTAILL.

COURTEOUR.

FATHER, I pray yow, with my hart,
Declair to me, or we depart,
Quha first began thir mortall weiris,
Quhilk everilk faithfull hart effeiris;

[1] periahed.

And everie polesye doun thrawis,
Expres agane the Lordis lawis;
Sen Christe, our kyng, omnipotent,
Left peace intill his Testament.
How doith proceid this creueltie,
Aganis justice, and equitie?
In lande quhare ony weiris bene,
Greit miserie, thare may be sene:
All thing, on eirth, that God hes wrocht,
Weir doith distroye, and puttis at nocht:
Citeis, with mony strang dungeoun,
Ar brynt, and to the eirth dung down:
Virginis, and matronis, ar deflorit,
Templis, that richelie bene decorit,
Ar brynt, and all thair preistis spulzeit,
Pure orphelenis under feit ar fulzeit[1];
Mony auld men maid childerles,
And mony childer fatherles,
Of famous sculis, the doctryne,
Baith naturall science, and devyne;
And everilk vertew trampit down,
Na reverence done to religioun:
Strenthis distroyit alluterlie,
Fair ladyis forsit schamefullie,

[1] *fulzeit* properly means defiled; but, the *sense* is here, as in other instances, sacrificed to the *sound*: a rhyme was wanted for *spulzeit*, or robbed; and *fulzeit* was used in the meaning of *trampled*.

Young widowis spulzeit of thair spousis,
Pure lawboraris houndit from thair housis,
Thare dar na merchand tak on hand,
To travell nother be sey nor land,
For boucheouris, quhilk dois thame confounde,
Sum murdrest bene, and sum ar drounde,
Craftismen of curious[1] ingyne,
Alluterlie, put to reuyne.
The bestiall reft, the commounis slaine,
The land, but lawboring, doith remaine.
Of policie, the perfyte warkis,
Beildingis, gardingis, and plesand parkis,
Alluterlie destroyit bene;
Greit grangis brynt, thare may be sene,
Riches bene turnit to povertie,
Plentie intill penuritie.
Deith, hunger, darth, it is weill kende,
Of weir, this is the fatall ende:
Justice turnit into tyrannye,
All plesour in adversitye.
The weir, alluterly, down thrawis,
Baith the civill, and cannoun lawis.
Weir generis murther, and mischeif,
Sair lamenting without releif[2].

[1] "*gude*" is substituted, in the ed. 1597, for "*curious*."

[2] "*Sair lamentatioun but releif*," in ed. 1597.

Weir doith destroy realmes, and kingis,
Greit princis, weir to presoun bringis.
Weir scheddis mekill saikles blude:—
Sen I can say of weir na gude,
Declare to me, schir, gif ye can,
Quha first this miserie began.

ANE SCHORTE DESCRIPTIOUN OF THE FOURE MONARCHEIS. AND HOW KING NINUS BEGAN THE FIRST MONARCHIE.

EXPERIENCE.

Of weiris, said he, the greit outrage
Began into the secunde age:
Be crewell, prydefull, covetous kingis,
Revaris, but richt, of utheris ringis[1];
Howbeit, Cayn, afore the flude,
Wes first scheddar of saikles blude:
Ninus was first, and principall, man,
Quhilk wrangous conquessing began:
And was the man, withouttin faill,
In eirth, that straik the first battaill:
And first inventit imagerye,
Quharethrow came greit idolatrye.
We most knaw, or we further wend,
Of quhome king Ninus did discend:

[1] Spoilers, without right, of others' kingdoms.

Ninus, gif I can richt defyne,
He was, frome Noe, the fyft be lyne;
Noe generit Cham, Cham generit Chus,
And Chus Nimrod, Nimrod Belus,
And Belus Ninus, but lesing[1],
Of Assyria, the secund king,
And beildar of that greit cité,
The quhilk was callit Ninivé:
And wes the first, and principall man,
Quhilk the first monarchie began.

COURTEOUR.

Father, quod I, declare to me,
Quhat signifyis ane monarchie.

EXPERIENCE.

The suth, said he, sonne, gif thow knew,
Monarchie bene ane terme of Grew[2]:
As quhen ane province principall,
Had haill power imperiall,
During thair dominationis,
Abufe all kingis, and nationis:
Ane monarchie, that men doith call,
Of quhome, I find four principall,
Quhilk hes rung[3] sen the warld began.

[1] without lying. [2] Greek.
[3] reigned.

COURTEOUR.

Than, said I, Father, gif ye can,
Quhilk four bene thay, schaw me I pray yow.

EXPERIENCE.

My sonne, said he, that sall I say yow:
First, rang the kingis of Assyrianis,
Secundlye, rang the Persianis;
The Greikis, thridlie, with swerd, and fyre,
Perforce, obtenit the thrid impyre:
The fourte monarchie, as I heir,
The Romanis brukit, mony ane yeir.
Lat us first speik of Ninus king,
How he began his conquessing.
☞ The auld, Greik, historiciane,
Diodorus, he wrytis plane,
At richt greit lenth, of Ninus king,
Of his impyre, and conquessing:
And of Semeramis, his wyfe,
That tyme, the lustyest on lyfe.
It war too lang to put in wryte,
Quhilk Diodore heth done indyte:
Bot, I sall schaw, as I suppose,
Quhilk maist belangith thy purpose.
Quhen Nimrod, prince of Babylone,
Oute of this wrechit warld wes gone,
And his sonne, Belus deid, alswa,
The first king of Assyria,

This Ninus, quhilk wes secunde king,
Tryumphandlie began till ring;
And wes nocht satisfyit, nor content,
Of his awin regione, nor his rent;
Thinkand his glore for till advance,
Be his greit pepill, and puissance;
Throuch pryde, covetyce, and vane glore,
Did him prepare to conques more,
And gatherit furth, ane greit armie,
Contrare Babylone, and Chaldie;
Quhareof, he had ardent desyre,
Till joyne that land till his impyre:
Howbeit, he had thareto na richt,
Bot, be his tyrannie, and micht,
Withouttin feir of God, or man,
His conquessing thus he began.
His pepill beand in arraye,
To Caldea tuke the reddy waye:
Quhen, that the Babylonianis,
Togidder with the Caldeanis,
Hard tell king Ninus wes cumand[1],
Maid proclamatjonis throuch the land,
That ilke man, efter thair degre,
Suld cum, and saif thair awin cuntre:
Howbeit, thay had na use of weir,
Thay past fordwart, withouttin feir:

[1] coming.

And pat themselfis in gude order,
To meit king Ninus, on the border.
In that tyme, ye sall understande,
Thare wes na harnes[1], in the lande;
For till defend, nor till invaid,
Quharethrow[2] mair slauchter thare wes maid.
Thay faucht, throw strenth of thair bodeis,
With gaddis of irne[3], with stanis, and treis.
With sound of horne, and hiddeous cry,
Thay ruschit togidder, richt rudely:
With hardie hart, and strenth of handis,
Till thowsandis deid lay on the landis.
Quhare men, in battell, naikit bene,
Greit slauchter sone thare may be sene.
Thay faucht, sa lang, and crewellie,
And with uncertane victorie:
Na man micht juge, that stude on far,
Quha gat the better, nor the war[4]:
Bot, quhen it did approche the nicht,
The Caldeanis thay tuke the flicht.
Than the king, and his cumpanye,
Wer richt glaid of that victorye;
Because, he wan the first battaill,

[1] warlike implements.

[2] "*quhairby*," in ed. 1597.

[3] rods of iron. [4] worse.

That strikkin wes, in eirth, but faill[1]:
And peceably of that regioun,
Did tak the haill dominioun.
Than, wes he king of Caldea,
Alsweill as of Assyria.
As for the king of Arabie,
In his conqueist, maid him supplie.
Of this, yit wes he nocht content,
Bot, to the realme of Mede, he went;
Quhare, Farnus, king of that cuntrie,
Did meit him with ane greit armie:
Bot, king Ninus the battaill wan,
Quhare slane war mony nobill man.
And to that king wald gevé na grace,
Bot, planelie, in ane publict place,
With his sevin sonnis, and his ladie,
Crewellie did thame crucifie.
Of that tryumphe, he did rejois,
Syné, fordwart to the feild he gois:
Than, conquest he Armenia,
Perse, Ægypt, and Pamphylia;
Cappadoce, Lyde, and Mauritane,
Caspia, Phrygia, and Hyrcane,

[1] without doubt: But, the battle of Thimbria, which was fought 548 years before the birth of Christ, is the first victory, that skill, and discipline, obtained over numbers, and valour.

All Africa, and Asia,
Except, greit Inde, and Bactria;
Quhilk he did conques eſterwart,
As ye ſall heir, or we depart.
Now wald I, or we farther wend,
That his idolatrye war kend:
Syne eſter that, without ſudjorne,
Till our purpose, we ſall returne.

HOW KING NINUS INVENTIT THE FIRST IDOLATRIE OF IMAGIS.

Ninus, ane image, he gart maik,
For king Belus, his fatheris saik;
Maist lyke his father, of figoure,
Of quantite, and portratoure:
Of fyne golde wes that figour maid,
Ane craftie[1] croun upon his heid;
With precious stanis, in tokning,
His father Belus wes ane king.
In Babylone, he ane tempill maid,
Of crafty wark, baith heich, and braid;
Quharein that image, gloriouslie,
Wes thronit upe tryumphandlie.

[1] *crafty*; neat, ingenious, skilfully made, as in Chaucer.

Than, Ninus gaif ane strait command,
Till all the pepill of that land;
Alsweill intill Assyria,
As in Syrea, and Caldea,
Under his dominatioun;
Thay suld mak adoratioun,
Upon thair kneis, to that figour,
Under the pane of forfaultour.
Thare wes na lorde in all that land,
His summonding, that durst ganestand.
Than young, and auld, baith greit, and small,
Till that image, thay prayit all;
And changit his name, as I heir tell,
From Belus to thair greit god Bell.
In that tempill he did devyse,
Preistis, for till mak sacrifyse;
Be consuetude, than come ane law,
Nane uther god that thay wald knaw;
And als, he gaif to that image,
Of sanctuarie, the privilege.
For quhatsumever transgressour,
Ane homicide, or oppressour;
Seand the image, in the face,
Of thair gylt, gat the king's grace.

COURTEOUR.

Declare to me, sweit schir, said I,
Wes thare na mair idolatry?

Efter that, this fals idoll Bell
Wes thronit up, as ye me tell.

EXPERIENCE.

My sonne, said he, incontinent,
The novellis throuch the warld thay went,
How king Ninus, as I haif said,
Ane curious image, he had maid;
To the quhilk, all his natioun
Maid devote adoratioun.
Than, everye cuntré tuke consait,
Thay wald king Ninus counterfait:
Quhen ony famous man wes deid,
Set up ane image in his steid;
Quhilk thay did honour, from the splene[1],
As it immortall God had bene.
Imagis sum maid, for the nanis[2],
Of fyne gold, sum of stokis, and stanis[3]:

[1] *from the splene.* Lyndsay, and the other poets of his time, frequently use the *splene*, for the *heart*: On other occasions, he has, "His courage raise up from the *splene*." Again,

"Some prayit to Venus, *from the splene*,
That they their luffis mycht obtene."

Dunbar, in his *Thistle and the Rose*, says, "A lark sang *fro the splene*."

[2] for the *nonce*; as in Chaucer.

[3] "*Of fyne gold, and precious stanis*," in the ed. 1597.

Of silver sum, and ever bane[1],
With divers namis till every ane.
For sum, thay callit Saturnus,
Sum, Jupiter, sum, Neptunus.
And sum, thay callit Cupido,
Thair god of lufe, and sum Pluto:
Thay callit sum Mercurius,
And sum, the windie Eolus:
Sum, Mars maid, lyke ane man of weir,
Enarmit weill, with sword, and speir:
Sum Bacchus, and sum Apollo,
Of namis, thay had ane hundreth mo.
And quhen ane lady of greit fame
Wes dede, for till exalt hir name,
Ane image of ane portrature,
Wald set up, in ane oratour,
The quhilk thay callit thair goddes:
As Venus, Juno, and Pallas;
Sum Cleo, sum Proserpina,
Sum Ceres, Vesta, and Diana[2].
And sum the greit goddes Minerve[3],
With curious colouris, thay wald carve.
Amang the poetis thow may see,
Of fals goddis, the genologie.

[1] ivory bone.

[2] The ed. 1597 has placed the last line first.

[3] The ed. 1597 calls Minerva a god, though the old editions had called her a *goddes*.

Sa, thair abhominationis
Did spred overthort all nationis,
Except gude Abraham, as we reid,
Quhilk honourit God, in word, and deid:
For, Abraham had his beginning,
Into the tyme of Ninus king.
Ninus began, with tyranie,
And Abraham, with humilitie:
Ninus began the first impyre,
Abraham, of weir, had na desyre:
Ninus began idolatrye,
Abraham, in spreit, and veritye,
He prayit to the Lord alone,
Fals imagery he wald have none.
Of him discendit, I heir tell,
The twelf greit trybis of Israell.
Thir pepill maid adoratioun,
With humbill supplicatioun:
Till him, quhilk wes of kingis King,
That hevin, and eirth, maid of nathing:
Dede imagis thay held at nocht,
That wer with mennis handis wrocht,
Bot, the almichtie God of lyve.
My sonne, now, haif I done discryve
Thir questionis, at thy command,
The quhilkis thow did at me demand.

COURTEOUR.

Quhat wes the caus, schir, mak me sure,
Idolatrye did sa lang indure,

Out throuch the warld, sa generallie,
And with the gentylis, speciallie?

EXPERIENCE.

Quod he, Sum causis principall,
I fynd in my memoriall:
First wes throuch princis commandement,
Quhilk did idolatrye invent;
Syne singulare profeit of the preistis,
Paynters, goldsmithis, masonis, wrichtis,
Thir men of craft, full curiouslie,
Maid imagis, sa plesandlie:
And sauld thame, for ane sumptuous pryce,
So be thair crafty merchandyce,
They wer maid riche above mesure;
As for the preistis, I the assure,
Large profeit gat overthort all landis,
Throuch sacrifyce, and offerandis;
And be thair fenzeit sanctitude,
Abusit mony ane man of gude[1]:
As in the tyme of Daniell,
The preistis of this idoll Bell,
Quhen Nabuchodonozor king,
In Babylone, royallie, did ring,
Thir preistis the king gart understand,
That image maid be[2] mennis hand,
He wes ane glorious god of lyfe,
And had sic ane prerogatyfe,

[1] *man of gude*; worthy man. [2] "*with*," in ed. 1597.

That be his greit power divyne,
Wald eit, beif, mutton, breid, and wyne:
And sa, the king gart, everie daye,
Affore Bell, on his aulter laye
Fourty fresche wedderis fat and fyne,
And sax greit rowbouris of wicht wyne[1],
Twelf greit laifis[2] of bowtit[3] flour,
Quhilk wes all eittin, in ane hour;
Nocht, be that image, deif, and dum,
Bot, be the preistis, all, and sum[4];
As, in the Bibill, thow may ken,
Quhais nummer wer threscore and ten:
Thay, and thair wyfis, everilk day,
Eit all that on the aulter lay:
Than, Daniell, in conclusioun,
Schew the king thair abusioun;
And of thair subtilty maid him sure,
How underneth the tempill flure,
Throuch ane passage, thay cam be nicht,
And eit that meit, with candell licht.
The king quhen he the mater knew,
Thir preistis, with all thair wyfis, he slew:
Thus, subtillie, the king was sylit[5],
And all the pepill wer begylit.

[1] six great *measures* of *strong* wine.
[2] loaves. [3] boulted.
[4] *all, and sum*; every one; a play of words, for the rhyme.
[5] deceived.

My sonne, said he, now may thow ken,
How, be the preistis, and craftis men,
And be thair craftines, and cure,
Idolatrye did sa lang indure.
Behald how John Boccacius[1],
Hes writtin warkis wonderous,
Of gentilis superstitioun,
And of thair greit abusioun;
As in his greit buke, thow may see,
Of fals goddis the geneologie:
Of Demogorgon, in speciall,
Fore grandschir till the goddis all,
Honourit amang Archadianis,
And of the fals Philistianis;
With thair greit, devilische, god Dagone,
With utheris idolis mony one.
Bot, I abhore the treuth to tell,
Of the princis of Israell,
Chosen be God omnipotent,
How thay brak his commandement:
King Salomon, as the Scripture sayis,
He doitit, in his latter dayis;

[1] It is apparent, that Lyndsay had his eye constantly on Lydgate's *Tragedies.* The boke of Johan Bochas; "descryving the fall of princes, princesses, and other nobles;" was printed by R. Pinson, in 1494, 1527; by R. Totell, 1554; and by J. Wayland, 1558, fol. The two first, Lyndsay might have had before him.

His wantoun wyffis, to compleis[1],
He curit nocht God till displeis;
And did commit idolatrye,
Worschiping carvit imagerye;
As Moloch, god of Ammonitis,
And Chamos, god of Moabitis,
Astaroth, god of Sydoniens:
Sa, for his inobediens,
And foull abhominatioun,
Wer puneist his sucesssioun:
His sonne, Roboam, I heir tell,
Tynt the ten trybis of Israell;
For his fatheris idolatrie;
As, in the Scripture, thow may se.

[1] to please: the ed. 1597 has substituted "*for to pleis,*" in place of "*to compleis*" in the four first editions.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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